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**SPANISH TOWNS
AND PEOPLE**



The Church of El Cristo de la Luz, Toledo, erected in 922 as a Mohammedan mosque.

By

ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE



**WITH PICTURES BY
EDWARD C. CASWELL**

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TO THE MEMORY
OF MY BROTHER

FOREWORD



It is curious and a little pathetic sometimes that the sentimental valuations which we place on countries we have not visited should so often be entirely without warrant. Thus, to the untraveled, France is a glorified cabaret, Russia a continual snow scene, Italy a land devoted exclusively to vineyards and street singers, and Spain a place where one passes to a daily bull fight through streets lined with balconies occupied by dashing and beautiful señoritas, each with a rose tucked over her ear. Fans and *mantillas*, color and romance! One finds little enough of them in the Spain of to-day.

The truth is that the average person who does not know Spain at first hand has, as a rule, drawn an unconscious conception of the country from cigar-box labels, Spanish shawls, displayed in shop windows at home, and the vagaries of the usual musical comedy. And the stage Spaniard is just as untrue to type as the stage American or the stage Englishman. The strange compulsion that this preconceived mental pic-

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ture engenders shows itself even in many of those who have been to Spain and who have returned to write of what they have seen—or have thought they saw. In the course of my Spanish reading I have pored through many volumes, and in many instances I have found a species of rhapsody that painted a country glowing with life and color, sparkling with romance, and glittering with an exotic grandeur that was as enticing as it was unreal. Spain has a beauty of its own, but it is not the beauty that is too often accredited to it by the overzealous. Depicted as it actually is, Spain has no more need of literary pyrotechnics than the proverbial lily has of gilt. It is well able to stand on its own merits, but it is unfair to expect it to exhibit the alien merits ascribed to it by those who are more fatuous than accurate in their observation. Rose-colored glasses are all very well in their way, but they do not make for clear vision.

After leaving the rolling coastal districts of the Cantabrian Mountains to the north, where there is verdure in plenty, one finds to the south, east and west a country stark, arid and defiant. There is color, yes, but it is a raw color with little of the softness that one finds in the Italian landscape, for example. There is something of the quality of the Painted Desert and the Western prairies about it, and, like the desert and prairie, it has the virtues of its faults. If it is stark it is also majestic; if it is hard and arid it has a grandeur that these qualities beget. One does not demand that an armored knight be dressed in the silks of the courtier nor does one desire that the severity of Norman architecture be tempered with Gothic pinnacles. Neither can one ask either softness or prettiness of Spain, for not only will they not be forthcoming, but it would be very regrettable if they were substituted for the Spain of reality. The tinkling of a mandolin and the strumming of a guitar can be very

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pleasant, but they lack the clarion quality of a trumpet. Indeed, they are not comparable.

There is only an echo left to-day of the golden trumpets of old Spain, for modern Spain is a land of echoes and shadows. The old glory has departed, but the ancient dignity remains. The barren plains and stark hillsides furnish a fitting background for cities that once were great, and whose greatness to-day lies only in a living memory. Once Spain was. Perhaps one day Spain will be again. For the present it is enough that she has the rugged grandeur of her past on which to base the promise of her future.

In conclusion, I wish especially to thank (and I am sure the reader will share my gratitude) the artist, Edward C. Caswell, whose work has done so much to enrich these pages. My own debt to Mr. Caswell is double for I owe him thanks not only as an artist, but as a traveling companion. And I feel sure that if I have erred at all in throwing the, sometimes, harsh light of reality on a romantic subject, Mr. Caswell's pictures and sketches will go far in giving my work a warranted correction.

R. M. McB.

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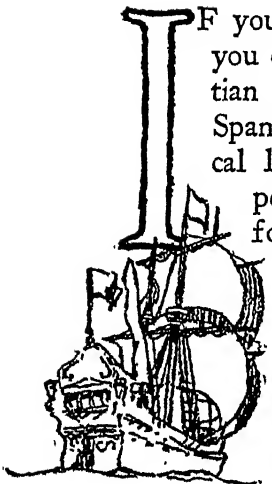
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I. ACROSS THE BORDER TO SAN SEBASTIAN



IF you enter Spain from the north, and if you come overnight from Paris, San Sebastian will offer you your first glimpse of Spanish life. It is not, however, the typical life of Spain, and if the reason impelling you to visit the country is a quest for the unusual and picturesque, and not merely a desire for conventional amusement with the fashionable people of the country, you are not apt to linger long in this smartest of seaside resorts. Still, for all that, it is a good starting place for a tour of the peninsula, for it is always amusing in any country to see how the "other half" lives, and it is often a pleasant experience to enter a land of romance through portals hewn in conventional form so that the contrasts later on will be the more vivid.

Even before you reach the shimmering sands of Biscay's beautiful spa your twentieth-century sensibilities will have been aroused to the echoes of the past. No sooner have you crossed the border than the curtain rises on the Spain that

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changes only with the centuries. Towns with Castilian silhouettes clamber up the hillsides, and oxen move dreamily along the furrows of the fields drawing primitive wooden plows of a design which was old when Ferdinand and Isabella drove the Moors out of Spain.

Indeed, at the seat of customs, where your baggage is examined and chalked by officials clad in impressive military uniforms resplendent in color, and adorned with patent-leather hats and a dazzling display of swords and firearms, you will be conscious of the exotic quality of your coming travels. Articles of apparel and the more conventional things to be found in a modern suit case do not, it appears, excite the suspicion of these impressive guardians of the frontier. But if you possess articles concealed within wrappings that are unfamiliar to the restricted vision of the inspector you are bound to have an apprehensive time of it.

The artist, my traveling companion, had no difficulty whatever. He carried what might be termed a very frank suit case. That is to say, in common with most members of his fraternity, order had little consideration in his scheme of packing. Chaos was rampant and, to the inspector, the interior presented a very dull enterprise. Combs and brushes, socks, ties, shoes, pencils and brushes, rubbing elbows in happy confusion, contained little to intrigue the highly imaginative mind of the border guardian. This motley array of innocuous merchandise was quickly passed. Alongside, the baggage of a feminine fellow traveler, among whose more daintily packed valises was found an unopened parcel which proved, upon diligent inquiry, to be a bottle of dark glass concealing a mysterious liquid, caused the examiner a compensating ripple of excitement.

But this was a mere commonplace compared to the excite-

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ment caused by my own modest suit case. Neatness has ever been with me a consuming virtue and I harbored a superb conviction that my methodically arranged bag would find instant commendation and would secure my release long before the officials had sorted out and card-indexed the artist's miscellany. But here I had deceived myself. For, had I not in open view a carefully wrapped package of camera films and was not each roll concealed in a bright yellow, cylindrical box? In all the years I have practiced amateur photography it had never occurred to me how closely a roll of films resembled a stick of nitroglycerine! With the unerring attraction of a magnet for steel filings the inspector's roving eyes were drawn to the innocent parcel and off came the wrappings. A dozen sticks of dynamite —perhaps! Or maybe some other forbidden articles. With splendid insouciance and disdain, and to show what I thought of the danger and value of the contents, I tore open one of the little yellow cylinders and exposed to all beholders the spool of ruby-clad films. Did this magnificent gesture of courage and contempt for values impress my fascinated audience of one, who regarded me and my ridiculous antics as a snake which fixes its beady eyes on the toad that it has marked for its own? Not at all! Seizing one of the offending cylinders, and volubly expressing his suspicions in official Castilian, he made a hasty examination and then without further ceremony dashed off to report the case to his superior officer who may have been, for all I knew, the commander of His Majesty's forces. My ultimate status I was confident of, but in the meantime was I to suffer fine, duty, confiscation or only delay at the hands of this Spanish cavalier; and was the artist, with his disheveled suit case now inscribed with the magic hieroglyph that is bestowed with such splendid abandon by customs inspectors the world over, to see me toppled from my high estate?

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Fortune was with me. The major-domo of the customs had evidently seen these little yellow boxes before, and my inspector soon reappeared, somewhat crestfallen, concealing his self-consciousness by quickly stuffing my things back and without further examination chalking my bag.



Emerging from the ordeal of the customs, we sought the station restaurant and there enjoyed our first Spanish lunch which consisted of interminable courses of food, well but strangely seasoned, and quite different both in flavoring and in delicacy from the cuisine of France or of that at home.

You have to be a good trencherman really to enjoy the meals of Spain. They are long-drawn-out affairs, exceedingly utilitarian, and devoid of the frills and dainty morsels

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that tempt the jaded appetite. Invented, probably, at the time when Spain was breeding a hardy race of mariners and adventurers, it was of such food that her daring explorers were made. Except for a bit of pastry or an ice at the end of the meal, and the invariable fruit that follows, sweets are practically absent from the menu. It abounds



instead in meats, of which there are always two courses, spaghetti or a vegetable, preferably beans, well saturated with oil and served as a separate course, and the inevitable *tortilla*, or eggs in a form other than omelette. Eggs you can always count upon. Indeed, so thoroughly entrenched is the egg as a component part of lunch and dinner that the hens of the country, should they organize and strike, could wreck the gastronomic structure of the nation. The hens of Spain have never grasped their power.

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Lunch being at an end, we mounted the local train with its picturesque coaches of antiquated design and rattled off on our way to San Sebastian through a pretty rolling country studded with farms and time-scarred villages perched on the hillsides, a pleasant introductory journey to a country that holds many surprises in the strongly contrasting character of its vast interior.

It is very difficult to write of San Sebastian because, in its essence, it bears a close resemblance to all the other seashore watering places of Europe and presents, apart from its distinctive natural surroundings, few aspects of individuality. It has its beach and its casino where the life of the resort centers and, in season, thanks to the liberal patronage and enthusiasm of the King of Spain for the sport of sailing, its yacht races. Besides these attractions, possessed for the most part by other Continental spas, it has, in common with all well-populated cities of Spain, its bull ring which distinguishes it from Biarritz just over the border in France. But San Sebastian is *par excellence* the principal watering place of Spain and, if you have any desire to see the Spanish aristocracy at play, you must make it a visit in summer when it becomes the Mecca of the inhabitants of the sun-baked interior. The fact that Lafayette sailed from this port to the United States when the young colonies were fighting for their liberty is perhaps of less importance to the foreign visitor than that San Sebastian is the summering place of the royal family, and that here the King and his court repair during August and September to escape the torrid heat of the capital. Here gather the pleasure seekers from every part of the country and here, in many instances, the officials of great commercial companies live and maintain their summer offices, until the rays of the sun in the interior and in the south are tempered by the advance of autumn.

There is a natural beauty about San Sebastian that relieves

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it of the flat monotony that is characteristic of so many sea-shore places. It is really a diminutive inlet of the vast Bay of Biscay, the entrance guarded by bold rock-seamed headlands which on the maps are dignified as mountains. At this point on the shore the sea has broken through the rocky bluffs of the coast and has fashioned, seemingly by intent, a sand-fringed harbor to serve as a playground for the parched inhabitants of the peninsula.

The harbor of San Sebastian, hardly a mile in diameter, is called La Concha, and it is well named, for it is very like a shell glistening by the sea. The rim of the nearly land-locked harbor sweeps in an almost perfect circle beginning with the rugged promontories on either hand and softening down to a broad band of yellow sand not much more than half a mile in length. Along this fringe of sand is a promenade, the Paseo de la Concha, arched over by rows of tamarisk trees, whose branches weave a canopy overhead. This promenade terminates in a large public garden with flower beds, palms and walks where people stroll, and nursemaids with flaring white coifs sit and sew and gossip, paying scant attention to their charges who play about in the fashion of children the world over. This garden is never deserted, for it serves as a plaza for the turreted casino which graces one end and as a thoroughfare to the imposing *kursaal* near by, the two lodestones that in the late afternoon and evening draw the pleasure-seeking visitors. The central part of the Paseo de la Concha fringing the beach is lined with hotels, giving way at one end to private villas. On the heights, at the western end, is the summer home of the King—the Palacio de Miramar, a comfortable and unpretentious structure, built thirty or forty years ago. Below the promenade, the sandy beach is liberally supplied with gaily striped bathing machines mounted on solid wheels, and on sunny days the sands are covered with tents and

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awnings under which, protected from the blazing glare of the summer sun, the holiday seekers enjoy the sea and sand and air while the bathers and paddlers disport themselves in the sparkling waters.

It is a paradise for the children who swarm on the sands and even on the adjacent thoroughfares in bewildering numbers, bathing and paddling and romping. One of the favorite amusements of the boys is to play at bull fighting and



you will see them at their imitation *toros* all through Spain. One of the boys impersonates the bull while another plays the part of the *matador*, flashing his coat over the head and body of the infuriated bull, alias the other small boy, as he charges his tormentor just as the real *matador* plays the bull with his scarlet cloak. The other boys in the game play the part of the *capeadores* and *banderilleros* and keep the energetic animals from goring imaginary horses and *picadores*. I have never seen any decisive outcome of these games of make believe, but presumably the bull comes to an inglorious end and yields up his life, as is inevitable in a real contest. Then, doubtless, a new bull is introduced in

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the ring until each boy has had a chance to demonstrate his prowess as a skillful *matador* or his ferocity as a mad-dened *toro*.


It is very gay on the sea front during the late morning hours when fashionable San Sebastian comes down to bathe. People disappear into the bathing machines and emerge shortly, clad in bathing suits that are far from being the fashion in the resorts of countries to the north. The men enjoy the freedom of one-piece suits, but the women demurely array themselves in costumes with ample skirts, and stockings, such as was the style with us many years ago. If the tide is well out and the bathing boxes are away from the water's edge, the bathers, whether from modesty or protection, envelop themselves in robes or sheets which are shed on racks at the water's edge and recovered when the bath is done. In the late afternoon people repair to the casino for tea and dancing, and in the evening the gaming rooms of the *kursaal* are thronged with the same people dining, dancing and engaging in *roulette*, *boule*, *trente et quarante* and other games of chance. The evening pastimes get under way rather late, for dinner is nowhere served before eight-thirty and in the very fashionable places no one dines before nine or ten. Presumably because he takes his afternoon *siesta*, the Spaniard shifts along his daytime schedule and goes to bed late. Throughout all Spain, even in the smaller towns, dinner in the hotels is rarely obtainable before eight-thirty, thus making necessary a peculiar adjustment of time and activity on the part of the energetic visitor who is unaccustomed to the habit of an afternoon nap, a habit to which it is difficult to adapt oneself in a short stay. Luncheon is generally served at one-thirty or two. The lateness of the dining hour, whatever may be its drawbacks, provides at least a long afternoon for indulging in the art of sight-seeing if that is the object of your journey in Spain.

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For all its reputation as the greatest watering place of Spain and one of the most fashionable seaside resorts of Europe, San Sebastian is relatively small. It boasts of paved streets and fine avenues of business buildings, street-car lines and a splendid promenade along the open sea front, hewn out of the rocky cliffs, and it is said to have a population of thirty thousand people, but in spite of all this the extent of the beach is small and, when compared with Atlantic City, Brighton, Nice or Ostend, it must surely take second rank if mere size is to be considered.

II. BURGOS. THE CATHEDRAL CITY

IF you are energetic enough to rise before your neighbors and catch the early train you will be delivered at Burgos at midday, but the transition is infinitely greater than this space of time seems to portend. For in this journey you pass from the well-watered, green-clad landscape of the coast to the vast, waterless upland plain of the interior. There, in old Castile, you are more than half a mile above the sea and in the midst of sun-baked stretches of grain lands.



Albert B. Osborne has an excellent description of this province in his *Finding the Worthwhile in Europe*:

"The train is running through a desert, drenched in an intense sunshine that pours down, white and dazzling, from a sky of hard, enamel blue. No trees anywhere, but on the horizon, incredibly distinct, are naked cliffs, carven grotesquely as from sand, their summits of vivid white, while shades of pansy purple lie along their base and up the deep gashes cut by passing cloudbursts. Here and there the surface of the desert is blurred by some small town whose adobe buildings are of the color of the sands, a town that more clearly defines itself as the train comes near. The shadows have that distinct

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blue quality you so often see in paintings on the walls of galleries, but so seldom find in nature. Illy defined roads lead from these villages to the station, always a mile or more away; here, in broad-brimmed hats and rusty clothes a few men lounge in the shade, and mules stand with drooping heads awaiting their riders when the train has passed. No trees, no vines, no grass, no flowers anywhere, only a vast range of country of uniform dull yellow overlaid with the blue shadows, the lavender shades on the distant mountains, and the arch of the opaque sky of burning blue.

"This is Castile, a vast and desert plateau lifted far above the level of the sea."

If you have not traveled on the peninsula before you will begin to realize that Spain is not altogether the country of our romantic imagination—a fruitful land of exotic verdure, of mellow sunshine, of gardens, flowers, music and softly glowing nights. Except for the fringe of coast in the north, bordering the Bay of Biscay, where rain is fairly abundant, Spain is a parched, waterless country comparable to Wyoming, New Mexico or Southern California. It blossoms like a rose to be sure, but only through the process of irrigation. The interior, for the most part, is a vast rolling table-land where immense stretches of grain are harvested. In the sub-tropical south olives, oranges, pomegranates and grapes replace the abundant grain raised in the less hospitable north. In the east there is desert and sand and choking dust, where agriculture is carried on under great difficulties, but along the tawny rivers the desert soil renders its rich tribute in fruit and other produce.

We were abundantly warned that summer travel in Spain was utterly devoid of comfort, that indeed it was almost impossible because of its excessive heat, its habitual uncleanness and annoying insects. If, however, we insisted on exposing ourselves to these discomforts we were advised at least not to expose ourselves to the sun, to follow the

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example of the natives and sleep or rest during the mid-day hours. Yet we wanted to visit Spain when everyone was living out of doors; when the harvest was in full swing and the farmers were winnowing their grain or at work in the olive orchards, vineyards and orange groves; when the shepherds were tending their herds, the country folk selling fruit in the market places and the entire rural population were engaged in various summer pursuits. Midsummer, moreover, best suited our time and we knew there would be fewer tourists.

So we went, in complete disregard of all advice. And not a single one of these dire predictions was fulfilled! Many times in that August journey we laughed over the forebodings of our friends and at the guide books that are vehement in their warnings of withering heat in this town or that. The temperature, of course, was high, but the heat was dry and in the shade it was usually cool. The summer sun was blisteringly hot, but the air was never oppressive with humidity. The nights were usually cool for, mark you, except for those bordering the Mediterranean, the cities are perched at altitudes that insure relief from the heat of the day. Burgos is situated at 2,785 feet, Salamanca at 2,650, Segovia at 3,280, Avila at 3,715, Madrid at 2,130, Toledo at 1,735, and Granada at 2,195. There may be summers, to be sure, when even these heights are not sufficient to mitigate the torrid rays of the sun.

Coming by rail into Burgos, you are in the city almost before you know it. There are no suburbs by way of warning, no straggling rows of houses and factories, clinging to the outskirts of the town, no street-car lines reaching out to dependent communities. Like nearly all the cities of the Spanish plain and desert, Burgos is huddled together, withdrawn from the plain that surrounds it, seemingly altogether self-sufficient. The magic of the name of Burgos is due,

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of course, to the glory of its cathedral, which is considered to be one of the finest Gothic churches in all Spain. But Burgos has a personality apart from its mighty church and is worth knowing for its other attractions—for its multitudinous life, for the great panoramic views from its castle hills, for its typical streets and houses so characteristic of northern Spain.

The stations are almost invariably outside the cities, because every old town was perched on its hill and settled within its walls before steam was discovered. The hotels, in accommodating fashion, have their buses awaiting the trains, but if you let them take your baggage and set out afoot you have, as you approach the massed contours of the city, the sensation of a discoverer.

At Burgos the walk is a short one along a tree-arched roadway, thickly carpeted with dust. Suddenly, at the end, it enters a plaza by the river bank planted with a miniature forest of giant poplars and sycamores whose canopied branches defy the sun. A refreshing place is this tree-arched promenade, bordered on one side by a group of convent buildings partly screened by trees, though the dust is heavy underfoot and has even spread a thick veneer on tree trunks and leaves. On the other side lies the river, a dangerous stream when on rare occasions the rains descend and flood its narrow banks, but now an extremely docile and chastened rivulet, threading its slender way among the stones at the bottom, in places almost lost to sight as it endeavors to hide from the pitiless glare of the sun. On the opposite bank is the solid phalanx of the city.

But even now your dusty walk is already rewarded, for there, in the river bed, kneeling by an elongated pool that parallels the walled and poplar-lined bank, are scores of housewives vigorously scrubbing their weekly washing, as primitive in method as it is picturesque. Throughout the

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Spanish countryside you see constant repetitions of this engaging procedure. Every stream that is adjacent to a town has its daily quota of vigorous laundresses who line its banks during every daylight hour. Frequently the women make their pilgrimages to remote springs and watercourses, coming from neighboring communities and distant *haciendas*, the bulging panniers of their burros laden with the household linen. Running water in the house is a luxury quite unknown to the poorer folk of the smaller cities and towns, being reserved for the well-to-do who inhabit modern or modernized dwellings. To this fact, however deplorable it may be from the standpoint of cleanliness and economy of effort, is attributable one of the picturesque phases of Spanish life. While water is usually not of local origin, it is abundant in the distant hills, and from this source it is piped into the towns, streaming forth in abundance from street fountains which are placed at frequent intervals throughout the various communities. To these streams of living water, their earthen jugs gracefully balanced on hip and shoulder, flock the women and children in constant procession. And these fountains, sometimes a mere spigot, but more often a finely sculptured basin, are the social centers for the feminine townsfolk who linger and chat over the affairs of their daily lives. Here, to the music of flowing waters, they retail the doings of their families, the petty gossip of the neighborhood, and, judging by their curiosity in regarding the stranger, discuss the diverting advent of visitors who so frankly and unblushingly show delighted interest in their commonplaces.

Presently you come to a bridge across the river and there before you, on the opposite side, looms a huge, medieval stone gateway elaborately adorned with turrets and sculptured figures. Back of it, its pinnacled lantern and lacy spires silhouetted against the blue of the sky, stands the

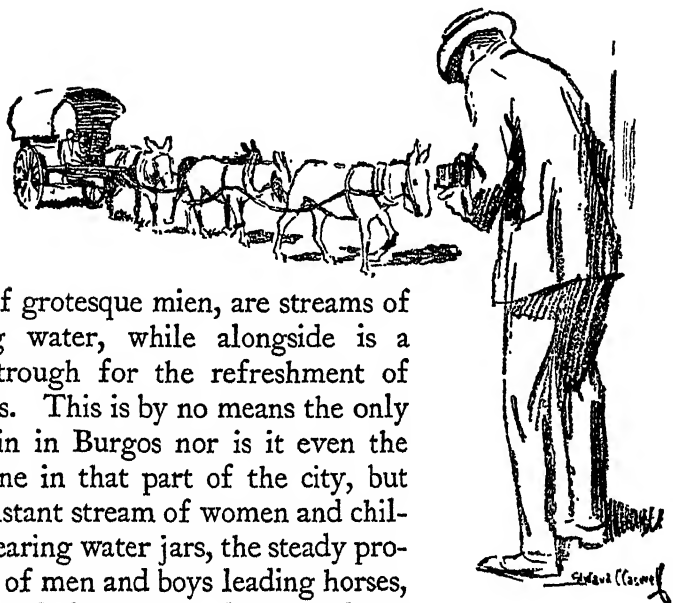
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glory of this ancient capital, her matchless cathedral. It is precisely the entrance to a city of romance that you would expect to find in a fairy tale.

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Even before this enchantment lures you across the bridge, your eyes will be irresistibly drawn to the crowds that revolve about the sculptured fountain under the trees by the river promenade where, issuing from the mouths of two



lions of grotesque mien, are streams of cooling water, while alongside is a stone trough for the refreshment of animals. This is by no means the only fountain in Burgos nor is it even the only one in that part of the city, but the constant stream of women and children bearing water jars, the steady procession of men and boys leading horses, mules and donkeys to drink, and the inexhaustible supply of small boys who use it as an adjunct to their play might very well lead to that assumption.

Over the adjoining bridge moves the ceaseless traffic that will delight the eyes of those folk who are accustomed only to the more conventional types of the western world. For Spain's principal motive power is the mule and donkey, and her goods are transported in panniers slung from the backs of these long-suffering animals and also in two-wheeled, covered carts; there is, in fact, hardly a four-wheeled wagon in the peninsula. Diminutive donkeys draw absurdly big loads, and without saddle or bridle carry their masters, who

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sit far aft, their legs flaring out, on either side in grotesque fashion. The carts are hooded over with a basket frame covered with painted canvas, affording protection both from the blistering heat of the summer sun and from the chill of the winter winds, and the carts are drawn by mules singly, in pairs, or three and sometimes four hitched up in tandem fashion. Carts lumber along, drawn by plodding oxen which seem so admirably suited to the temperament of these leisurely folk, and men and women, loads neatly balanced on their heads, move with the procession.

It is all very picturesque; we are seeing a country where tradition is stronger than progress, where the mania for speed is greeted with contempt, where the flattening process of modern uniformity has received no hospitality and has not destroyed the traditional and characteristic customs of a system that belongs both to the people and to the soil.

The artist would go no further. He must make an immediate sketch of this much frequented fountain by the bridge. Having learned in San Sebastian the omnipresence of the small boy, he selected a spot on the stone coping inconvenient for intimate spectators, and confidently took out his drawing materials. If he had rubbed an Aladdin's lamp and demanded of the genie an immediate plague of boys, they couldn't have assembled with greater rapidity and glee. If you have never traveled in Spain you cannot know the innate curiosity of the Spanish, men, women and children, particularly the latter, and, too, their extraordinary desire, again especially of the children, to be photographed. Joined by some of their elders, they invaded the coping, balanced themselves on the balustrade and pressed so close, in following the artist's pencil movements, that it became impossible to proceed. At this juncture I, with my camera, moved off a few yards and made a great pretense of focusing the instrument. A general rush to me ensued, the chil-

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dren crowding up to the very lens, vying with each other to be the first in the scene, while I snapped the imaginary picture. By and by a policeman appeared. Seizing as an excuse the maintenance of order, he took up a position by the artist's side and watched the development of the drawing with equal curiosity. Order and peace triumphed, and the arm of the law was amused and vindicated.

The Puerta de Santa Maria, the "Gateway of Saint Mary," which affords the chief entry to the main part of the town, is, as I have said, a fitting gate for a medieval city. The walls with which it was doubtless once flanked have long since given way to lofty dwellings, but the gate itself you will find a very satisfying structure, if you are on a hunt for the romantic atmosphere of the past. In the reign of Charles V, in the sixteenth century, Burgos joined the Comuneros who opposed the centralization of authority in United Spain, and it was to appease the displeasure of Charles that this arch was erected by the offending city, during the fifteen years following the laying of its foundation in 1536.

Through this gate you make your way, and emerging on a stone-paved plaza the Cathedral rises before you in all its sculptured beauty, not altogether satisfying to me, however, because of the irregularity of its exterior. Much of Burgos is built on a hill, but this seems small excuse for the Cathedral's builders to have placed this splendid edifice against the sharply rising hillside where its splendor is so effectually obscured. Perhaps in earlier times the houses that now crowd upon three sides of the Cathedral were somewhat less neighborly. At any rate it is necessary to mount the hill and look down over the Cathedral's lofty spires and sculptured towers if you are to get an adequate impression of its massive bulk.

To me, at least, the cathedrals of Spain are one of the

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country's lesser attractions, for they do not possess the dignified simplicity of exterior line, the lofty splendor, the impressive length and transcendent majesty that characterize the English and French churches. The Spanish have ever had little genius for architecture. In the Middle Ages, when the countries of the north were building great houses of worship through native designers and craftsmen, the Spanish were in constant conflict with the Moors and, later, were engaged in discovery and exploration in the new world. This lack of interest, or of genius in building, led to the importation of architects from France, Germany and England who became responsible for most of the notable churches in the kingdom. Thus, architectural art was not, so to speak, indigenous to the soil, and because of this fact Spain's greatest buildings were inferior to those where native art flourished. The interiors of the Spanish cathedrals are even less satisfying, to me, than the exteriors. The walls and chapels are cluttered up with many tawdry figures, decorations and commonplace pictures; the nave as a rule is relatively short, and almost invariably the choir is placed in its center, thus partitioning the interior, and quite destroying the sense of spaciousness and grace that is present when the choir is placed at the end of the nave and the interior is left unobstructed. Can anyone, after standing in Lincoln or Durham or Rouen, where the very majesty of their vast interiors, with their great vaulted ceilings and solemn vistas along forests of mighty columns brings a sob to the throat, find complete satisfaction in cathedrals that are so entirely lacking in these qualities? Should not a cathedral, to be wholly successful, express in the glory of its conception and grandeur the very majesty of God? No, Spain is not the place to go on a hunt for really great ecclesiastical edifices.

Now, when I have said this, I have said the very worst

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about the churches of Spain, for many of them possess distinct interest and are well worth seeing.

Burgos Cathedral is a fine example of pure Gothic and is considered to be one of the country's most notable edifices. The honor of its conception, and the credit for a great part of its glory, as reflected in the purity of its Gothic, must go to an English prelate, Bishop Maurice, who was brought to Burgos by Ferdinand III. But the honor of the very picturesque outline, along with the refinements of ornamentation, must be shared by the Bishop with Meister Hans of Cologne, a German, who, two centuries later, added some of the Cathedral's most distinguishing characteristics. The exquisite spires of lacy texture, the stately octagonal lantern, the splendid rose window, the many projecting chapels of huge proportions, which convey the impression of a group of buildings rather than of a single structure, the diffusion of light within, the magnificent iron grills, the tombs, and the superbly graceful golden stairway, leading from one of the aisles to a door opening from the street in the hill-side above, are not to be regarded lightly.

In this ancient town, which was founded in the ninth century and was once the capital of Old Castile, there is much to see besides the cathedral. There are a host of churches, denoting the city's one-time size and importance, and clerics abound, as indeed they do throughout the length and breadth of Spain, clad in long, black-skirted habits, that seem peculiarly ill-suited to the summer climate, and flat-crowned, broad-brimmed, stiff hats that, in spite of their appearance of discomfort, seem to be worn with becoming serenity. The fact is, if a single habit must be worn throughout the year it had better be one adapted to the cold, for Burgos enjoys no very happy reputation for weather. For three or four months the torrid winds from the south blow over the plains, and the inhabitants, in con-

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sequence, are baked to a turn, but during the rest of the year the penetrating breath of the north descends from the mountains and brings rare discomfort to the unhappy population whose homes are devoid of heat. *Nueve meses de invierno, tres de infierno*: "Nine months of winter, three of hell" is the current saying, and it describes the climate expressively, if not with fine exactness. At any rate, the summer visitor finds a dryness in the air, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the sun, and a relief in the evenings which can be deliciously cool, due to the altitude that makes of this city and its neighbors a better summer resort than many more northerly towns at sea level, where the humidity and the uniformity of heat, night and day, are so much more oppressive. From all I can learn about the winter climate there, I would much rather visit Burgos in summer than in winter, for the cold weather so persists that snow has been known to fall in its streets as late as May and even, on rare occasions, in June. And this has its significance to the pampered traveler when he realizes that the artificial heat of many of the hotels is inadequately conveyed by most pathetic little radiators.

The houses of the well-to-do bear testimony to this fact, for a large percentage of them are equipped with a sun-catching device that takes the form of a projecting glass window, rather resembling a conservatory. Here, on chilly days, the worthy inhabitants sun themselves and trap for their living-quarters such heat as the sun's rays afford. A vista along the more modern streets of the city is characterized by long rows of conservatory windows on either hand, many of which are adorned with plants and flowers.

Burgos is famous for having once been the capital, even if for but a short time, of the ancient kingdom of Leon and Old Castile, but among the Spanish people its fame rests more securely on the fact that it was the home of the Cid, the

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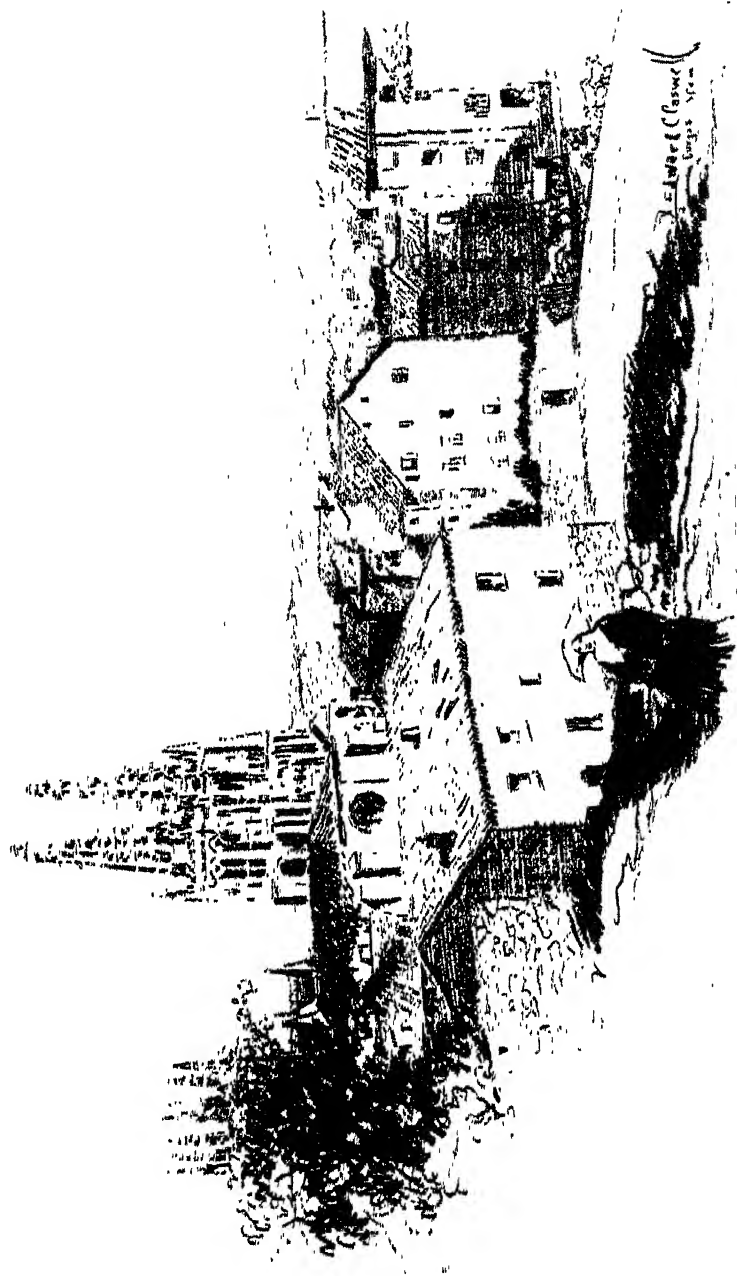
national hero and one of the most romantic figures in the history of their country. Assembling the historical facts and legends surrounding this mighty man of valor, we find him during the early part of his career, in the eleventh century, fighting the sworn enemies of his country, the Moors. Subduing seven of these great Saracenic chieftains in a single battle, he compelled their allegiance and earned the title—whether bestowed on him by his foes or self-assumed is not clear—of *Cid*, from the Arabic suffix *el Cid*, from *Sidi* or *Said*, meaning “lord.” So powerful did he become in his native land that, when Sancho the king died and his death bore evidence of resulting from other than natural causes, the *Cid* was able to compel Sancho’s brother, Alfonso IV, before his succession to the throne, to swear that he was not the murderer. The church of Santa Agueda, an aisleless Gothic edifice hard by the Cathedral and not far from the site of the *Cid*’s palace, is the shrine in which the oath was administered. Three times it is said to have been taken by the docile Alfonso—first before the cross at the portal, then by the bolt of the door (preserved for the edification of modern tourists), and lastly on the high altar. Whether the king possessed a tender conscience or whether he feared that subsequent events might cause him embarrassment it is not certain, but he hesitated to declare himself until a knight exclaimed: “Take the oath and fear naught; never was a king found guilty of perjury or a pope excommunicated.” This seemed like good logic and a comforting reminder of his safe position, and His Majesty took the oath forthwith. After this, the *Cid*, whose real name was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the suffix taken from the village of Bivar, near Burgos, where he was born in 1026, adventured far, hewing his way by valorous deeds, sometimes with the infidels though oftener against them, until he made himself master of Valencia, where he maintained his position

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as Governor until his death in 1099. Legend, ballad and folklore are not always to be commended for accuracy, but so that you may know the Cid was all that history claims for him, you may view his remains, and those of his wife, into the bargain, in a glass-covered coffin in the town hall.

Faring forth in Burgos on an expedition of discovery, you come across an old arcaded square, an assortment of venerable churches, ruins of crumbling arches and walls, and several medieval palaces, plain of exterior but with splendidly sculptured *patios*, noble stairways and finely proportioned rooms, which give one an idea of the luxury of the ancient *noblesse* of Spain. That these stately houses have sunk far from their former high estate is pathetically evident, especially in the instance of two of the most notable which, impressed for service as storehouses and working quarters, are in a state of tragic decrepitude.

My bodyguard in Burgos consisted of a small boy of ten or twelve years who attached himself to us as we were wandering about the cathedral square. In every Spanish city a score of urchins insist on being your guide and are never abashed in the slightest degree when they discover that you don't speak their language nor they yours, accepting the situation with superb confidence and a brazen assurance that you will welcome their chattering and attentions. In most instances they prove to be an unmitigated nuisance and have to be driven off, but this particular little fellow had such a winning smile and proved so likeable that, after ignoring him for a time, I accepted him as my companion, if not my *cicerone*, and he tirelessly walked around with me, gravely pointing out the places of interest and ignoring the calls of some of his intimates to play, as well as the jibes of others, who regarded the foreigner with no great favor. When finally we returned to the artist, who was sketching the Cathedral from the hillside, the youngster proved our



The cathedral at Burgos viewed from the sloping hillside.

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valiant champion for, when one or two of the inevitable spectators among the younger set proved unruly, he cuffed them roundly and stoned them as they made off. He came to accept us as his patrons and his special charges, and his self-satisfaction was complete.

It is a vast panorama of town and plain that you get from the summit of the great hill towering above Burgos. Capping the eminence, in a position of magnificent defense, are the ruins of a castle fortress of great antiquity, the stronghold of the doughty Fernán Gonzalez, Count of Castile, who flourished in the tenth century and strove to maintain the independence of the Kingdom of Leon. Afterwards it became the residence of the Castilian kings. In this historic castle the Cid was married to Ximena in 1074, and Edward I of England to Eleanor of Castile in 1254; here Peter the Cruel was born, and in a much later time, Wellington, at the head of an English army, was successfully checked by the French.

Below you lies the town, dominated by the spires of its cathedral, a checkerboard of zigzag streets and red tiled roofs, and winding through its heart like a gigantic serpent, the bed of the Arlançon with its tree-decked promenades. In the distance, north, east, south and west, stretches the undulating, almost treeless plain of northern Castile. Roads wind sinuously across the sun-baked plain, as white as marble against their yellow and brown background. Fringed by parallel rows of poplars and sycamores, these sharply defined highways can be followed by the eye for miles until they are lost in the dipping of the receding prairie. To the north, the distant mountains rise dimly through the haze of desert heat. Lesser hills, in tints of warm brown, are seen to the east. The horizon, stretching out to infinity over the undulating plain, is like the rim of a gigantic saucer. In the near distance, farmers and

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their families are at work in the sun-parched fields, winnowing the grain on threshing floors, the mules and oxen treading their ceaseless rounds with tireless regularity. Their cries to the animals carry audibly across the expanse of clear upland air, reaching you like an echo. Everywhere you look are brilliant yellows and warm browns, except for the long straight rows of trees fringing the ribboned highways. But the late afternoon sun, viewing his handiwork in parched fields and dried watercourses, catches the cloud-flecked western sky, and with an alchemist's cunning, transforms it into blues, purples and molten gold, gorgeous in their brilliant coloring. Then, not content with painting this celestial canvas, as he sinks below the neighboring hill in the late afternoon he lights up the towers, belfries and spires of his terrestrial empire with a rich yellow light, as full of substance and color as the ochre on a painter's palette.

In the evening hours, the men and maids of Burgos throng the tree-lined promenade on the river bank, enjoying the night-cooled air, observing and being observed. There is a military garrison here and the soldiers, reveling in their evening leave, repair to this happy hunting ground, strolling, laughing and flirting outrageously and unblushingly with the girls who have the temerity to walk there, unchaperoned. To be sure, it is not the aristocracy that frequents this evening rendezvous. If it were, there would be, of course, no such indiscriminate behavior. The people who do, however, are as informal in their relation to each other as a similar crowd would be in Hyde Park on a holiday, or the Boulevards of Paris on Bastille Day or in New York on election night.

III. AN ANCIENT CENTER OF LEARNING



F all the buses in various states of decrepitude that are found in the Iberian peninsula, none can compete in the condition of dilapidation with the one that serves the patrons of the best hotel in Valladolid. And when I say the best hotel, I use that adjective in a purely relative sense. Upon the arrival of our train, we entered this bus late at night, without foreknowledge, the dusk of the evening obscuring the visible blemishes of its exterior as well as the obvious disintegration of its working parts, and it was not until we were well under way, among the ruts and cobblestones of the Valladolidan streets, that we realized our imminent danger of foundering in the silent darkness that brooded over us. Timbers creaked in a terrifying way, seams appeared to open, the cargo shifted, windows rattled in a deafening manner, as we lurched about like a ship lashed by a northerly gale. Finally, however, after threading many dangerous channels bordered by lightless buildings, we cast anchor before the modest doorway that gave

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entrance to our hotel. Stating our needs in French, for English is relatively little understood in the interior of Spain, we were shown to our cheerless room, well above the roofs of the buildings across the way.

The rooms in Spanish hotels, except those of the *de luxe* hostelries in the larger cities, are old-fashioned and are furnished with an austere utilitarianism that conflicts with one's ideas of twentieth-century comfort. The floors are usually bare, their complete nudity being relieved merely by a diminutive mat or two. The chairs are of the simplest design, discouraging to the lounge; brass or unadorned wooden beds, a bureau or table of antiquated style, devoid of embellishment, and a washstand, such as we knew in the nineties, go to make up the ensemble. Running water is almost unknown, and the size of the water pitchers in the rooms, along with the paucity of bathrooms, are eloquent testimony to the indifference of the people of the country in the matter of bathing. Towels are allotted, one to a guest, with faithful precision, though it is only fair to say that we never found a chambermaid who refused to bring us extra towels when we asked for them or who wouldn't bring us additional rations of water upon our demanding *mucho agua*. And, in the matter of water, we found that in the entire Spanish language there are no more priceless words than *agua fria* and *agua caliente*, depending upon whether you want it cold or warm. In defense of this extreme simplicity of hotel accommodation, it may be said with justice that in a hot climate, such plain and unadorned furnishing contributes to good sanitation and hygiene, and on this score alone the hotel keepers may well be excused for not providing more luxurious furnishing and decoration.

It seemed but a moment when the jangling of bells awakened us from a well-earned slumber. The hands of the

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clock pointed to six, and we waited with patience for the clamor to cease. But there was no ceasing. Bewildered at first by the endless sound, we soon discovered them to be the church and monastic bells of the city proclaiming, with becoming elation, the advent of a saint's day. When one set of chimes silenced itself, another took up the refrain. Our room being in an upper floor and on a level with the rooftops of the city, we were favored with the full melody. Six o'clock was, we agreed, an unfair hour for the church bells to raise their voices, even in the exuberance of devotion, and at that moment we felt that we knew the reason why France suppressed her holy orders!

Valladolid, a corruption of the Arabic, *Medīnat al Walid*, meaning "Town of the Governor," is a considerable city, with every aspect of commercial activity. Perhaps this accounts for its relative dullness to those who are seeking the historical and picturesque. The capital of the Spanish Empire in the sixteenth century, under Philip II and Philip III, it was the home of Gil Blas and the place in which he practiced medicine; for three years the residence of Cervantes; the city in which was solemnized the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1469; and the place where Columbus, broken in spirit, died, in 1506. For all that, Valladolid is hardly worth a visit, for beyond an undistinguished cathedral, a few old churches and public buildings, and an occasional vista of medieval aspect, there is nothing to repay the visitor. Her greatest treasure, the house in which Columbus breathed his last, is gone. We looked for it earnestly; our map showed its location and we read its description in our guide book, but find it we could not. In our best, though exceedingly limited, Spanish, we inquired from passers-by for its situation—a tradesman first, who said something that was quite unintelligible to us and pointed toward the museum on the plaza near by. Our next victim

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was a prosperous-looking merchant who, likewise, in indecipherable phrases, vouchsafed information, and, with his index finger, indicated a direction in which we seemed constantly to be headed as we circled about the enchanted ground. Finally, a postman appeared, and we felt that by virtue of his office he was the logical guide. We failed to comprehend even his verbal directions, but his outstretched arm, pointing eloquently toward the museum, seemed to confirm an opinion at which we were rapidly arriving: namely, that the house must have been removed bodily from its site and set up in the museum for safekeeping. Since the museum had not opened for the day, and as our train was leaving shortly, we contented ourselves with going over and gazing at a section of plaster wall that adorned the site indicated on our map. It was not until later that we discovered the whole naked truth. Only a few years ago, and since our guide book was written, the Columbus house was torn down without ceremony to make room for the enlargement of a convent yard! What a crime against posterity, the wanton destruction of a building of priceless historic association that had stood for four centuries! If for no other reason than for this assault on a treasure of world significance, although the early morning bells must always remain a serious count in the indictment, I should shake the dust of Valladolid from my feet forever.

Salamanca, Spain's historic university city, is somewhat off the main railroad route north and south, and for that reason is less visited than any other of the important cities of Spain. Without question, it is one of the most picturesque and unspoiled cities in all the peninsula, one of the richest in historic buildings and one of the most vivid in native life. At Medina del Campo, a junction on the main line not far south of Valladolid, you change for the railroad running into Portugal. On this line, an hour or two away,

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in the former kingdom of Leon, now the province of that name, lies this city, once the capital of the principality.

It is quite generally conceded that the foreign visitor cannot travel third class on the Spanish railroads without great discomfort. The peasants and working folk crowd into the cheerless wooden coaches, which are far from be-



ing models of sanitation, dispose themselves on the bare wooden benches with gay abandon, along with their numerous boxes, baskets and progeny, open up parcels of food and make themselves quite at home, giving little heed to the pressing problems of their neighbors in the crowded compartments. The seats are hard and the windows narrow, and the air is redolent of tightly packed humanity. Going down to Salamanca, however, we discovered that the third-class passengers were unquestionably having the best time

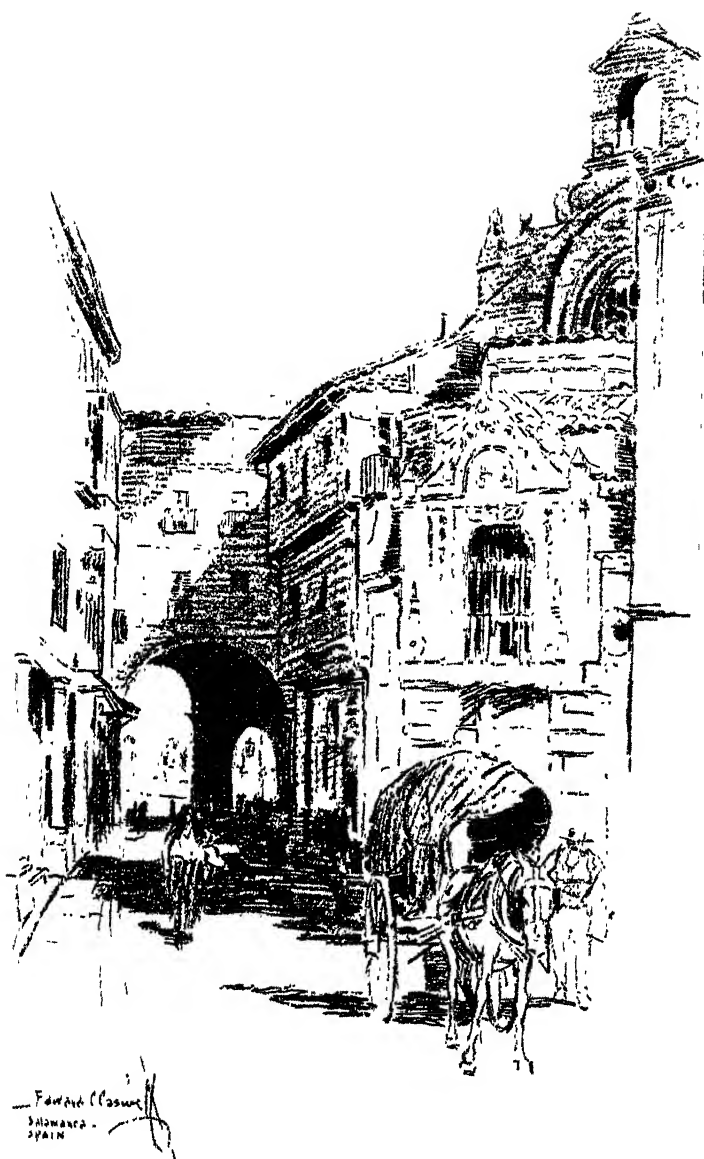
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of it. While we, in coaches of superior class, were effectually enclosed in narrow windowed compartments of the type of all Continental carriages, and were feeling the heat of the day with undue severity, the butchers and bakers and candlestick makers were disporting themselves in brand-new open coaches with slat seats, resembling the summer cars on American street railways. Open to the wind and sun of the rolling prairie, they were cool and clean, and gave the sensation of travel across country in an open motor car. After this discovery, we were not long in changing our places, a maneuver puzzling to the conductor, since we were holding tickets for superior accommodations.

On the return journey, a day or two later, we purchased third-class tickets in the hope that the new open coaches of the previous journey, or proper substitutes for them, would be on active duty. Not only did they accommodately appear, but the same conductor was in charge. He smiled in recognition when he came to punch our tickets and exclaimed, "Ha! you prefer this to the other class, don't you?" thereby establishing an *entente cordiale*.

This pleasant fifty-mile journey across the boundless plain not only afforded us a moving panorama of the rolling, treeless country, stretching away to the distant horizon on the north, and to the dimly outlined Sierra de Gratta on the south, but gave us an opportunity to study at close range the peasant types of the district. Our fellow travelers were the robust people of the towns and country round about, men in blouses, long smocks and corduroy trousers, women hatless or adorned with scarfs tied down over their heads in the fashion of a bonnet, or with shirt waists and skirts of colored materials, but of a conventional pattern.

Across the aisle reposed a man typical of the peasant type, intent on reading, a rare occupation in Spain. A finely set-up fellow he was, clad in corduroy, gay striped socks and



Looking toward the Plaza Mayor in Salamanca, the finest arcaded square in Spain.

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canvas slippers which were secured to his ankles with leather thongs. He presented to the artist a priceless opportunity and the chance was seized eagerly as the sketcher concealed his movements in order to avoid a self-conscious subject and a gallery of spectators among the passengers. To the friendly conductor we revealed the secret; then followed



discovery by the subject himself, who was not only greatly pleased at the compliment paid him, but filled with satisfaction at the accuracy and fancy of the artist's handiwork. Later, we learned that our willing model was a cattleman, the keeper of a bull in the box car. The animal was bound for Burgos to fight in the ring next day. Alas! poor brute, it was his last day on earth. We had just occupied a room in the hotel, situated across the hall from that tenanted by a *matador* who had slain many of the brothers of

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this bull. In passing the open door we could see his resplendent costume, like those we ourselves had once worn at home at a fancy dress ball, draped over the back of a chair, a fragile and artificial attire for so bloodthirsty an undertaking as despatching maddened *toros*. The *matador* himself seemed equally unsuited to so hazardous a task, for, far from being a figure of powerful build and impressive stature, he was short, slender and of modest bearing. Many times on the stage at home have I seen a far more effective *toreador* in appearance.

The artist, in his innocence, quite wrecked the discipline of the train officials, for the conductor and guard became so enthralled in his labors that they neglected their duties most shamefully. Oblivious to all else, they allowed the train to roll into the stations without announcement. Then, shaken into consciousness by a sudden stop, they would tear their fascinated gaze away from the picture and dash off to do what was expected of them. The train crew, however, was not alone in its admiration of the artist's handiwork. Soldiers and other passengers gathered around, and reveled in the excitement. It was thrilling enough merely to see a foreigner, but to find one who was an artist raised these simple folk to the seventh heaven of delight. The more we traveled through Spain, the more were we impressed with the extraordinary curiosity of the people. The artist, wherever he worked with his sketch book, was always surrounded by a fascinated throng in which children predominated. In these uninvited audiences, the little folk would soon become unruly, but there was usually to be found a champion of the artist, who rebuked the boisterous and kept them from pressing too close.

Of all the cities in Spain, none has retained its medieval aspect more completely than Salamanca. And, certainly, no town in the entire country is so lacking in self-consciousness

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or lives more completely aloof from modernism than this venerable city. At the same time, it possesses all the elements that give it every excuse for having conscious pride.

Salamanca has age, for it was important enough in the third century B.C. to attract the attention of Hannibal, who captured it in 217. Afterwards, it became a city of the



Roman province of Lusitania. Salamanca has culture, for its university has always been one of the greatest in Europe. Founded by Alphonso IX, in whose reign northern Spain was freed from Moorish rule, as a result of the victory at Tolosa in 1212, it was subsequently enlarged, so that in the heyday of its glory in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, ten thousand students, from all over the civilized world, were enrolled in its twenty-five colleges. In 1254 Pope Alexander IV placed it on a par with the three great

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seats of learning at Bologna, Paris and Oxford. So many of the nobility sought learning there that four colleges were reserved for their exclusive use. Philip II, a contemporary of Elizabeth of England, founded one college exclusively for Irish students, a slap, it was said, at that Protestant queen whose subjects might thus gain education under Catholic auspices. Indeed, even after all these centuries, Irish students may still be found there. Salamanca has charm, for it possesses the finest public square in Spain, an impressive number of interesting buildings, dating from the time of its greatest eminence, and a leisurely street life that abounds in primitive and picturesque quality.

The city's center is the finely proportioned Plaza Mayor, the "Grand Place," a splendid quadrangle of tall arcaded buildings of the eighteenth century. Cafés and shops line the colonnades and here, in the late morning and at the close of the afternoon, the townsfolk come to take their ease, away from the glare of the sun, sipping their coffee and *apéritifs*, as with indolent delight they watch the endless traffic that passes through the archways and across the square. In the evening it becomes the favorite rendezvous for promenaders. In the center of the plaza is a bandstand, and, clustered around it, benches for the wayfarers. The band plays only on special occasions, but whether it plays or not the loungers are there in liberal numbers, as soon as the sun sinks behind the adjoining buildings. Here, in earlier times, as in the case of the principal squares in other Spanish cities, the bull fights were held, and here, at one period in the nation's history, the flames of the Inquisition took their tragic toll.

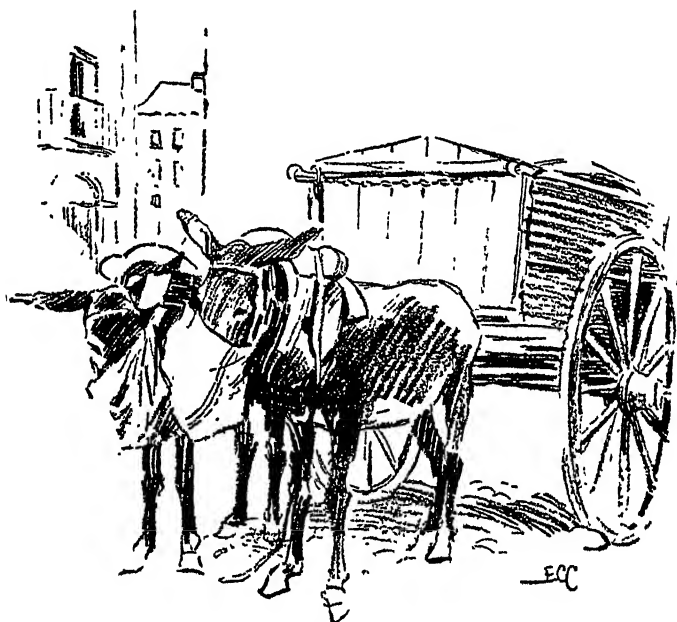
Passing through the eastern portico of the square, you come to the market place. Surrounding a vast, covered building are broad thoroughfares, appropriated by the market folk who, because of preference, economy or lack

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of room inside the covered market, prefer to exhibit their wares under the open sky and within the arcades of the flanking buildings. In all Spain there is no market place that surpasses this one in the movement of its picturesque traffic and in the activity of its traders. The three markets possessing the greatest interest I should set down as those of Salamanca, Cordova and Seville, the first two characterized by the most kaleidoscopic movement of life, as well as its more primitive phases. To this market, in the early morning hours, streams the traffic from the surrounding country; covered carts with circular canopies, like miniature prairie schooners, drawn by single mules or by two or three in tandem; diminutive donkeys, balanced by wicker or hempen panniers, bearing incredible loads of produce, their burdens frequently augmented by master or mistress, both mules and horses plodding soberly along, with backs piled high; small donkeys hitched to lumbering open carts; men, women and children, staggering under the weight of baskets and bundles, headed for the market or homeward bound; donkeys and mules, nozzles thrust in great feed bags tied up to their eyes, vigorously munching or standing contentedly idle, dreaming with the same happy inertia that is characteristic of their masters. This is the life that pulsates about the market; a cinematograph of color and motion, constantly changing, quickly shifting, ever strange; a picture of the transportation methods and trading habits of a century ago. Within the market building is a babel of sound; men and women crying their wares, customers shrewdly bargaining and jostling each other in the narrow aisles. Here are the vendors of fruit and vegetables, fish and meat, perishable provender that must be sold quickly or lost. Without, strewn on the ground under the arcades of the surrounding buildings, are the articles of more permanent stuff—pottery, kitchenware, and household goods of

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every sort, presided over by folk who seem much less concerned over selling their wares. A market place, this, in which to idle and photograph the unceasing procession; a market in which, should one be commercially inclined, to buy the peaches and grapes of the northern country, with their delicious muscatel flavor, unrivaled by any in Spain.



Salamanca's lack of self-consciousness lies to a great extent in her charming disorder. She has done little or nothing to assemble in studied array her wealth of splendid monuments that have descended the stairway of time, proclaiming the glory of her zenith in the distant past. It lies to some extent, also, in her seeming indifference to the traveler, for she makes no pretense whatever in receiving

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him. A town so rich in intellectual heritage and in historic glory might be expected to provide more modern hotels than those that now cater to the visitor. Her buildings, uncatalogued, so to speak, many of them in a state of happy semi-neglect, are far from being on dress parade, but, on the contrary, seem, in their Old World setting, unconscious of their attraction, unspoiled members of an architectural aristocracy, existing, as they have for centuries, for the use and delectation of the people of the community. The irregularity of the streets, and the haphazard setting of the buildings are at variance with all sense of modern precision, and you feel conscious that time has wrought little change in the soul of Salamanca.

There is a pleasant harmony, too, in the color of the city. The materials that went into the construction of the venerable buildings of Salamanca—cathedrals, university, convents, churches—were all of the same light sandstone, the color of the desert sand, and the dominant tone is a soft reddish brown. The native stone of this color, which has been generally used in the north of Spain, may detract from the solemnity and grandeur of the cathedrals and other great edifices, but what is sacrificed in majesty is gained in friendly warmth and in the endowment of a personality that is essentially Spanish.

The cathedrals Vieja and Nueva, the "Old" and the "New," are imposing edifices of ancient lineage. The old cathedral, founded about the year 1100, by Count Raymond of Burgundy, is a massive structure with walls like a fortress, ten feet through, a glory of the Transition or Spanish Gothic style. Rising from the Plaza del Colegio Viejo in stately splendor, its most distinguishing characteristic is its magnificent lantern, in the form of an octagonal tower, adorned with arcades and turrets, an architectural feature that will strike a familiar note to every visitor from New England,

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for this splendid dome is the prototype of the tower of Trinity Church, Boston.

A few years after Columbus made his great voyage of discovery, in 1509 to be exact, the foundations of the new cathedral were laid. We read of it in our guide book. There were minute instructions for finding it. The location of it seemed almost identical with that of the old cathedral, but our efforts to discover it were in vain. We followed directions, studied the map, peered around corners, scanned the sky line, examined the details of the old cathedral before us, which was the only one in sight, thinking that it might after all be the new, but we were completely baffled. Scenting a mystery, but concluding, in any event, that the guide was wrong or that, like Columbus' house at Valladolid, the new cathedral had been torn down, we gave up the search for the night. Next morning, armed with guide book and endowed with clear minds, we renewed vigorously our search for the missing new cathedral. At last we found it, serenely attached to the old cathedral, apparently having been moved to its new site since the guide book was written! Certainly, this close attachment of the one cathedral for the other, was not made clear. The new cathedral, two centuries in building, is somewhat marred by its variety of architectural styles, but, in company with the other, there being no visible division between the two, an edifice of magnificent proportions confronts the beholder.

Flanking another side of the square is the university, dating from the thirteenth century, an institution that elevated Salamanca to her rank as one of the greatest educational centers of Europe. To the savants of this great seat of learning Columbus, a guest of Fray Diego de Deza, in the Dominican monastery hard by, presented his theories, asking for their support in having his data brought before the Spanish monarchs, but they turned a deaf ear to his



The towers and roof tops of the lower city, Segovia.

VALLADOLID AND SALAMANCA

pleas. It was due in no small measure, however, to the support of the learned Brother Diego de Deza, always Columbus' loyal friend and supporter, that he was encouraged to continue his efforts to convince Ferdinand and Isabella of the practicability of his scheme.

Since this volume has no pretense of being a guide book, there is no place in it for a detailed description of the many attractions of Salamanca—its churches and other ecclesiastical buildings, its immense Roman bridge over the broad but shallow Tormes, that in summer is hardly more than a feeble brook, its ancient palaces with their galleried *patios*, its variety of buildings which are scattered informally about the circumscribed city, without any unified plan and seemingly of no particular consequence, of the number of tiny, ever-flowing fountains, to which women come to fill their earthen jars and to gossip. There is much to see, and it can be seen quickly, for the city is relatively small, but there is a spell that the city casts that will make you invoke the *mañana* of the Spaniards when you come to consider your departure.

We left Salamanca in state, negotiating the distance between hotel and station in an early example of that well-known and ubiquitous motor car made in Detroit, accompanied by a personal bodyguard who occupied a place of importance beside the chauffeur on the front seat. This bodyguard attached himself to us one evening, shortly after our arrival in the city, and he was a brown-eyed boy of ten. He spied us that evening as we were sitting in front of the hotel on the little square, waiting for the summons to dinner which so rarely comes in Spain before nine o'clock. Looking us over, he essayed a question in Spanish that brought him no satisfactory response in kind. After that he was not long in deciding that we were *Americanos* and, since we were, that we must be interested in *antigüedades*. With commend-

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able directness and promptitude, he insisted upon making an appointment to meet us the following morning at ten and conduct us to a proper shop. The next morning at nine-forty I emerged from the hotel to the little flower-enlivened square in front, expecting that my young *cicerone* would miss his opportunity, but just as I was slipping off down the street, I saw him detach himself from a taxi, evidently his favorite playground, and dash over to meet me. Would I go to the *antiguedades* now? I first wanted to go to the Plaza Mayor and then to the market place, so he joined me, keeping up a desultory fire of questions and comments which I, with my limited Spanish, could answer only by an ejaculation here and there. At last we went to the shop with the *antiguedades*, a house flanking one side of the market place, the ground floor given over to selling some sort of dry goods. The antiques were upstairs in the apartment of the owner, in a room set aside for the purpose. Here I found some beautiful embroidered shawls, various articles of furniture, and some other treasures that bore the mark of time. Having an insufficient supply of *pesetas* on hand, I went off, accompanied by my diminutive guide, to cash a travelers' check. But there was a *fiesta* that day, and the banks were closed. Undismayed, my little friend suggested that we try the *patron* of the hotel. We found the proprietor at his desk, but he was short of *pesetas* and so was unable to solve our financial problem. For the first time, my young adviser was nonplussed. I showed my purse, which contained but a meager supply of *pesetas* and a number of American greenbacks. I suggested the possibility of American money in our dilemma and he seized on the idea. Off he raced to the good woman of the antiques, who was not at all loath to take this sort of currency, for the fame of the dollar had spread even to out-of-the-way Spain. In fact, she was so well satisfied that she insisted on quoting me in dollars for

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the articles that I priced. And so, after the rate of exchange was decided upon, the purchases were made, to the extreme

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satisfaction of my youthful guide. In payment for his services, I handed him two *pesetas*, which seemed an ample compensation for his trouble, especially as he probably collected a gratuity from the shopkeeper as well. But this he refused, gravely handing back the money. His price was three *pesetas*, and his dignity and sense of justice would permit him to take no less. I am not sure that he knew that in an hour or less we were making our departure, but he declined the money as I parted with him at the door of the hotel, whither I went to pack my baggage. Should we see him again? We had crowded our time so closely that the bus had left for the station. The order was given for a taxi and it proved to be the one that had its stand in the little walled square before the hotel. As we emerged with our baggage, the taxi drew up, and there, on the front seat beside the driver, in an attitude of complete ease and assurance, was our little brown-eyed friend, grave in his dignity. And so we rode to the station. As we disembarked on our arrival there, I paid the driver, and then handed three *pesetas* to our youthful conductor and shook hands with him. Smiling all over, his air of warm camaraderie returned, and he proclaimed himself an *Americano* forthwith.

IV. THE HILLTOP CITY OF SEGOVIA



As you approach Segovia by train from Medina del Campo, the junction to the northwest, the view you get of the distant city is one of the most remarkable in all Spain. The railroad traverses an endless expanse of undulating country, half plain and half desert, a counterpart of the American Southwest.

While you are yet in the immensities of the wilderness, suddenly, on your left, across the sun-baked earth, there appears, rising sheer out of the desert, the outlines of a gigantic mass of buildings, elevated far above the surrounding country. This titanic silhouette bears a striking resemblance to a mighty ship at sea, as it rises among the billows of the plain, the sharply rising cliff, crowned by the medieval *alcazar*, like a figurehead, forming the bow, and the towering cathedral, with its gables, turrets and domes, the masted superstructure. From this distant point, before the train describes the great loop that it makes in its approach to Segovia, one sees that there are no tree-lined avenues leading to the city, no straggling suburbs, and no introductory houses in the environs. Segovia detaches itself

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from the plain, and silhouettes itself against the sky and the distant mountains, as sharply as a vessel looms out of the ocean waste. Then, as the train pursues its vast detour to escape the deep *arroyos* that intervene, you lose sight of the city, until once more it comes into view, this time at close range, and from another point of the compass, and reveals itself. But that fleeting glimpse across the desert of an enchanted city, rising out of an uninhabited plain, will always remain with you as characteristic of Segovia alone.

For medieval flavor, for mellow beauty, for prospects that charm, for enchanting vistas, and for its sense of sprightliness, there is no lovelier city in Spain than Segovia. It is old, but it is orderly; it is isolated, but it never conveys a sense of loneliness; it is not large, but it always seems ample, partly, perhaps, because of the unusual expansiveness of its views. It has, on its crowded hilltop, no parks or boulevards, though there are graceful walks, tree-bordered walls, tiny squares and an omnipresent sense of beauty. And the views over the rolling plain and the encircling rivers that insure a fringe of verdure in the golden wilderness, of red roofs and crumbling masonry in the lower town, and of the extraordinary Roman aqueduct that strides through the city like a Colossus, all set Segovia as a city apart. It has no counterpart in Spain, or for that matter, in all Europe.

If you should have the good fortune to arrive at Segovia, as we did, during the early evening hours, when the Service of the Candles was being celebrated, you would probably be inclined to signify your thanks by burning a taper before the altar of the Goddess of Fortune. From the causeway, ascending the hill to the upper city—in reality a street that like a winding staircase skirts the edge of the rising grade, in places permitting an extensive view of the lower town

SEGOVIA

and plain—we heard the roll of drums and the penetrating notes of an instrument that sounded precisely like the skirl of a bagpipe. Looking off over the parapet, in the rapidly gathering gloom, we distinguished a throng of people and the bobbing of many candles in the narrow plaza that surrounded a church. It was the day of a *fiesta*, and a celebration in honor of its saint was in progress. Setting out for the center of activity, we stood, before long, with the worshippers and spectators, engrossed in the ceremonies, but not before we had made our way through the press of holiday makers in an adjacent square, where booths had been set up and red fire was proclaiming the spirit of the carnival. An infinitely greater throng, it must be admitted, than that in attendance at the religious ceremony near by, was here enjoying the worldly side of a spiritual festival.

But we gained the church plaza just as the participants, who had formed in pairs at one side of the chapel, were marching, lighted candles in hand, in solemn procession around the building, to enter the church by the opposite door. Drawing up the rear, and borne on the shoulders of a company of men, was a statue of the Virgin of almost heroic size, dressed in garments of silk and lace, and seated in a chair on an elaborately adorned platform. Within the church, reposing on benches and standing at attention, the people lined both sides of the interior, those bearing candles coming to rest and forming an aisle to the altar, the flickering flames of the hand-borne torches shedding a mellow light in the gloom, illumining the faces of the worshippers and glinting on the tinsel and gold of both statue and ornamentation. Following the last of the candle-bearers, came the statue of the Virgin, its entry a signal for the devout to drop on their knees in worshipful silence, while it was borne to the side of the altar and there placed at rest.

It was an impressive spectacle, the dancing candles in

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the dusk outside, the mellow glow within, the kneeling throng before a deity that lived in the effigy before them, a ceremony out of the past, embodying the spirit of the Middle Ages, typifying the simple faith of the Spanish townsmen and peasants, and a really suitable introduction to a city that is as venerable and picturesque as this very Service of the Candles.

Like the biblical town of the proverb, Segovia is a city set on a hill which cannot be hid—a city that rises in swelling terraces to reach its climax in the conical towers and monolithic campanile of the enormous cathedral. Its site, a commanding eminence in the middle of a great plain, has been occupied from the beginning of time, ever since men first came to inhabit the Iberian peninsula. The Iberians, the earliest inhabitants, of which a mere remnant, the Basques, remains in the north, built a town here and erected a series of fortifications, the foundations of which served for those constructed later by the Romans which, restored in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are standing to-day. These ramparts, strengthened by semicircular towers and pierced with ancient gateways, rise in some places to frowning heights, but unlike those at Avila and Carcassonne, they are not continuous in their flaunting enfoldment of the city. In some places, the precipitous sides of the hill form natural links in the fortifications, and elsewhere, the walls parallel the rising ground and are almost hidden from view. But, here and there, where the ramparts are visible, they present to the observer a grim picture of the military defenses of the Middle Ages.

Segovia, as small as it is, has two focal centers, the Plaza del Azoquejo which is situated at the entrance to the upper town and city proper, and the Plaza de la Constitución, which sprawls in the heart of the city above. Through the former pulsates the busy life of the city and its environs, and over



A street that becomes a stairway in Segovia.

SEGOVIA

it strides the mighty Roman aqueduct, for two thousand years a silent witness to the changing peoples and civilizations that have swept under its arches—Romans, Visigoths, Moors and finally the triumphant Spaniards who, after many centuries of domination, reclaimed their country from the Mohammedan invaders. Here, in this plaza, the market is held, and to it comes from farm and factory a steady stream of mule and donkey traffic, while through it pass up the sharply ascending street all those who would do business in the commercial center above. In the morning hours it is a kaleidoscope of movement, for an endless flow of folk from the villages of the plain passes over its pavement; those whose stock in trade makes carts unnecessary, riding in state with all appearance of comfort, perched on the backs of their plodding mules and burros. The several lines of cross-country buses make this plaza their depot of arrival and departure, and from their crowded interiors and their commodious roofs emerge people, bundles, boxes and crates destined for market and shop. In all of Spain there is no more entertaining center of traffic than this, for while the market itself is far from being equal in size and activity to that in many other cities, the people who pass this way, clad in the distinctive garb of northern Spain, are among the most engaging to be found anywhere.

Soaring above this square, in the miniature valley formed by the town on one side and the rising ground opposite, are the galleried arches of the Roman aqueduct, a gigantic conduit which still carries water from the distant hills, as it has done for a score of centuries. It is a noble monument to those indefatigable builders of ancient Rome, graceful in line and so staunch in construction that although erected without cement or mortar its immense granite blocks have remained in place from the time of Augustus Cæsar until now. It spans the valley in one gigantic stride, a half mile

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long, and for a part of the distance it consists of a double arcade, one tier of arches surmounting the other, a hundred

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and nineteen in all, reaching, in places, a height of nearly one hundred feet above the level of the valley floor. No other city of Spain has so fine a monument of the Roman era or one that marks the sky line with such a striking and stupendous object of interest.

For all its importance as the gateway to the city, the Plaza del Azoquejo is surpassed in comeliness and, indeed, in importance by the Plaza de la Constitución, which is situated in the geometrical center of the upper town. Its leadership as the civic center is proclaimed by the buildings that flank its sides, and its maturity is attested by the arcaded houses that encircle its treeless expanse. Here is the Ayuntamiento, or "Town Hall," with its clock and pair of squat minareted towers, here is the sixteenth-century church of San Miguel, of Gothic design, and here, as the *pièce de résistance*, rises the cathedral, a vast edifice of warm browns and soft yellows, mounting in swelling cadences from its flanking chapels to a crescendo in flaunting cupola and tower. Adrift, in the surface of the plaza, is a covered stand, the rendezvous of a band that, on occasions, regales an appreciative populace and, adjacent to it, under the arcade, flourishes a café that in late afternoon and evening extends its dominions out into the square where its patrons sit at leisure around little tables, sipping their coffee and wine under the vivid blue dome of the cloudless sky. On days when the fair is held, this square, which is usually the ultimate in decorum and quietude, is transformed by booths of commerce and temples of amusement into a pleasure ground where the townsfolk and peasants in their distinctive Castilian garb come, both to make merry and to worship in the cathedral close at hand.

Radiating from the Plaza de la Constitución, are a number of narrow streets that flow down the slowly receding hillside, joining others that follow the contour of the circum-

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scribed city or wander off at right angles at their own sweet will, some of them eventually becoming stairways in order to accommodate the pedestrian in negotiating the sharply descending grade. These arteries of travel are walled by tile-roofed and balconied houses that have witnessed many generations of passers-by, and, in their twistings, form miniature plazas, and odd corners delight the eye and quicken the sense of romance. Along these narrow, canyon-like streets are to be found occasional factories, not the kind that we know, but workshops, occupying single rooms on the ground floors of ancient stone houses. Without windows in the rear, they resemble caves or storerooms rather than working quarters, but, with their little groups of workmen, they are characteristic of the way much of the manufacturing is still carried on in Spain. The condition of industry there is still medieval in character; big scale production has for the most part made little progress. Indeed, in the smaller cities, the visitor is never conscious of an industrial fabric, for the eye rarely encounters a factory with smoking chimneys or a grim procession of workmen. In cities like Segovia, production is carried on by hand, in little holes in the wall, and its presence is never suspected unless you peer into the gloomy interiors, beyond the open doors, where you hear the beat of the hammer or the sound of the whirling lathe.

There are churches aplenty, too, that had their birth in the Middle Ages. Those structures of gray and somber aspect that elsewhere are so characteristic of that cheerless day are absent here. Instead, the churches, of red and yellow sandstone, have an air of vivacity and some, with open arcades and colonnades, are most alluring in their note of welcome.

The cathedral, which possesses this same gaiety of demeanor, was begun in 1525, from designs of Juan Gil de Ontañón and his son, and follows the plan of the Cathedral

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Nueva, at Salamanca, of which the de Ontañons were also the architects. The cathedral is a fine example of its type, and is characterized by the radiance of its interior lighting, for which its splendid late Gothic stained-glass windows are responsible, and also by the beauty of its Gothic cloisters.

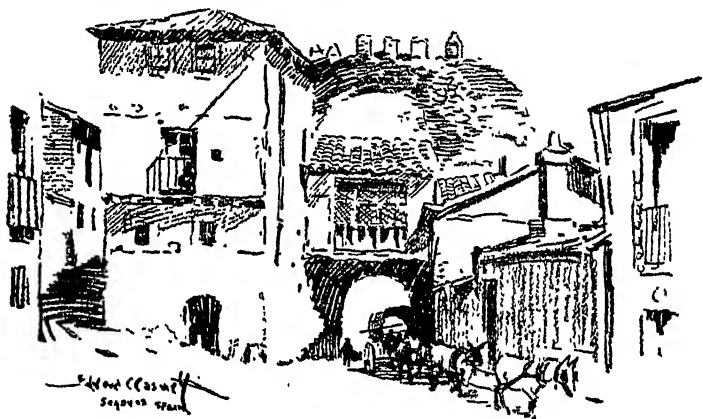
The commanding *alcazar*, situated majestically on the prow of the Segovian ship, is that feature which, more than anything else, emphasizes the striking quality of the magnificent silhouette seen from across the plain. The short stretch of road that connects it with the cathedral possesses an Old World charm and a spirit more typical of romantic Spain than almost any other vista that I know. On one side of the way runs a parapet of stone, at a level with the leafy tops of trees growing from the precipitous cliff below. On the other is a wall, high and mellow with age, enclosing gardens belonging to pleasant villas which face the other way, on a street well within the town. Over this wall clamber vines, vagrants from the gardens within, and above it appear luxuriant bushes and trees, whose leaves seem black in contrast to the gleaming wall and the road of dazzling white dust. Straight across the forested gorge, which the road avoids by describing a loop, looms the castellated *alcazar*, a perfect picture of an old Castilian stronghold. Covered carts drawn by mules in tandem, and donkeys with laden panniers in care of their masters, appear and quickly pass out of sight around the bend in the road, which is only an occasional thoroughfare. And over it all, out of a perfect azure sky, pour the unfaltering rays of the summer sun, bathing the shimmering landscape in their genial heat.

The *alcazar*, a Spanish word meaning "castle," is a splendid piece of stage setting. Its dizzy situation, on the very edge of the rocky precipice, is theatrical to a degree. Here, at the prow of the cliff, elevated far above the converging rivers below, the original castle was built by Alfonso the

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Wise, four centuries before Columbus discovered the New World. Three centuries later it was almost entirely renewed, and candor forces me to say that to-day, as a genuine feudal castle, it is an arrant fraud, for in the middle of the last century it was destroyed by fire, and only the two great towers remain from the earlier building.

The restoration, however, was carried out with fine exactness, and the flavor of medievalism is rampant, even if



the new brick that was used in the reconstruction has not yet been thoroughly mellowed by time. When you stand before its towering walls, forget the absence of crumbling masonry, forget that the castle has fallen from its high estate and is now but a repository for military archives. Think only of its early glory under its founder, who was the first to assume the title, Emperor of Spain, and whose reign found the Moors at the beginning of their slow retreat, that culminated four centuries later in their total expulsion from Spanish soil. Think of its massive strength and of its great magnificence of interior under Charles V and Philip II who, in this stronghold, were able to defy the Com-

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uneros, and in whose reign the Spanish Empire with its conquests in the New World, its possessions in North Africa and its dominance of the Netherlands, attained its greatest territorial extent.

Peer out through the balcony arch, from its dizzy height above the plain below, where, it is said, the nurse of the baby Peter, in a moment of abstraction, released her hold on her infant charge who fell and was dashed to death on the cliffs underneath, leaving the nurse, in terror and remorse, to fling herself from the balcony a few moments later. Stand in the castle yard and gaze out over the parapet at the rolling, sun-baked, treeless plain, that stretches to infinity; at the ancient churches, the monastery ruins and occasional houses nearer at hand, which stray out from the broad *alameda* along the winding road that is well defined against the desert background; at the *alameda* itself, under the walls of the town, hundreds of feet below, whose thick clusters of trees almost conceal the narrow rivers that in their deep *arroyos* converge at the prow of the cliff—all basking in the shimmering heat of the sun. Then turn and look back at the city, across the ravine that borders one side of the road as, like a place of enchantment, it rises, dome-like, dominated by the tower and turrets of its massive cathedral. And then, if you are endowed with wisdom, you will make your way down the road at the far end of the town, follow the *alameda* along the river bank, and finally come to a halt under the stupendous cliff that, capped by its great military *château*, rises with majestic greatness into unbelievable heights.

Early one morning as I strolled along the short, broad promenade that, elevated above the valley below, fringes the western edge of the town, I witnessed a scene that so satisfied my idea of Spanish life and romance I must record it here.

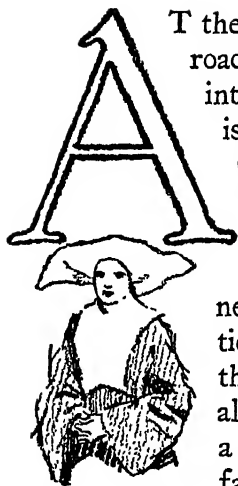
As I slowly made my way, there approached, with emi-

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nent leisure, a masculine and two feminine figures. One of the women walked in advance. A few paces in the rear, far enough to be out of ear-shot, came the other two, a young girl, and, close by her side, a cadet in his regimentals, his hat in hand, in meticulous politeness. Slowly they approached, the two young people in earnest conversation, quite oblivious to their surroundings. Presently, they came to a side street and there, as the *duenna* turned and continued on the way, the lovers paused and conversed eagerly for a few brief moments, for this marked the end of their tryst. Then while he, all engrossed, seemed determined in the intensity of his feelings to hold her a few precious moments longer, she left him. Standing with his hat still in his hand, intent only on one thing, he gazed sadly after her until she must long since have disappeared, then with a sigh he put his hat on his head and walked slowly away, the picture of utter dejection. The combination of the *duenna*, stalking silently in front, the meeting between the lovers—a minute stolen while the girl was on her way to school, perhaps—and the unabashed intensity of the dejection that overcame the man at parting gave me a sudden realization of the exotic quality of the life about me. The incident was so unashamedly romantic and so typical of Spain.



V. ACROSS COUNTRY TO AVILA



At the junction of Medina del Campo, the railroad splits into two branches, converging again into one line a short distance before Madrid is reached, thus forming an elongated oval.

On one of these branches lies the venerable Segovia and on the other is the walled city of Avila. In order to reach one of

these cities from the other by rail it is necessary to take a train to one of the junctions of the two branches, at either end of the oval, and wait for a connecting train along the other branch. This is by no means a rapid process, and is not regarded with favor even by the leisurely people of the

district. So, from the Plaza del Azoquejo, under the soaring Aqueduct, or El Puente, as it is called in local circles, a motor stage leaves for Avila daily, as, indeed, stages leave for other points not accessible by train. This bus is a great time saver, and what is really of greater importance, it is a means for the wayfarer to see, at intimate range, the country and village life away from the railroad.

It was with some eagerness, therefore, that we were early on hand to secure good seats for our first motor trip through

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the Spanish hinterland. As we waited for the diligence, which had no more respect for promptness of departure than the trains on the highways of steel, we amused ourselves by taking photographs of the idlers who stood about chatting, or, seated on tiny donkeys, passed the time of day with others, similarly mounted or on foot. Differing quite decidedly from the men clad in the usual attire of Old Castile, which consists of a little flat tam, short black smock and broad silk belt, was an old fellow dressed in the vintage of a past generation—knee breeches, shoes adorned with buckles, waistcoat of clerical cut, short jacket and broad-brimmed, high-crowned felt hat. He struck a note of such singularity that my photographic marksmanship was immediately attracted but, averse to facing the camera, he managed to conceal himself behind his neighbors whenever it was leveled in his direction. Finally, pretending to be engrossed in another direction, I managed to throw him off his guard and, in the middle of an absorbing gossip with two countrymen who were perched astride their somnolent donkeys, I caught him unawares. Turning around, he looked squarely into my lens, and I snapped the shutter, much to his chagrin, and to the amusement of the bystanders, who had been keeping an eye on my hitherto futile efforts.

At last, the travel-stained diligence rolled into the square, and we were not long in clambering up its side to preëempt the seat on its uncovered top, where we might, in company with the freight and baggage, enjoy an unobstructed view of the passing panorama of hamlet and plain. The prospect offered great allurements, but we had failed to give proper consideration to the time-worn condition of the bus itself, to the rutted road over which we were to travel, or to the sparsity of traffic which offered continual enticement for speed, or yet, even, to the velocity of the wind that blew

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vigorously and without hindrance across the level prairie. And so, but a brief time had elapsed before it was borne in upon us that we had embarked upon a journey that offered far more genuine excitement than any chute or serpentine roller coaster that ever dispensed thrills to a neurotic public. We had taken our seats on the single low bench across the top that, in its countless journeys across the country, had been wrenched out of shape and had, in the bargain, lost one or two strategic slats from its not too comfortable seat, and rolled decorously out of the city. Before we had been many minutes on the open road the vehicle, which seemed to us alarmingly top-heavy, was swaying and rolling along the dusty, wind-swept highway in a terrifying manner, and we were frantically grasping the end of the bench, with our feet braced against the foot rail, in a gallant attempt to remain on board. It was none too comfortable, and was even fraught with danger, once we relaxed our vigil, but the sheer excitement of the ride intrigued us. We never knew how the passengers below us fared, but as they were screened from the wind and nearer the groaning vehicle's center of gravity, we were willing to believe that, if they were the recipients of less fresh air and entrancing views, they enjoyed a passage of greater tranquillity.

In spite of its manifold discomforts, this journey across the almost treeless plain was an experience we would not have missed, even at a greater sacrifice of comfort. The vast stretch of country over which we made our way was given over to the cultivation of grain, and as far as the eye could reach, in every direction, there were limitless stretches of plain, covered with the stubble of harvested wheat, and reaches of desert which, because of its waterless character, furnished scant pasturage for cattle and, in places, supported nothing but sparsely growing weeds. At long intervals as we proceeded on our journey, tiny villages ap-

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peared, and at these we stopped to discharge or to take on passengers and mail or a small amount of freight.

It was a veritable painted panorama through which we passed—the golden plains and ochre desert, bathed in torrents of sunlight, solitary figures on the inevitable donkeys, moving along the endless ribboned highways, little villages of plaster and adobe houses with dominating churches, rising abruptly out of the almost forsaken countryside.

Each hamlet had its threshing floor, a flat expanse of field at the edge of the village, where patient donkeys and dreamy oxen were engaged in dragging sledges over the yellow grain stalks, just as they did in far-off Bible days. Winnowing was done in an equally primitive fashion; the wheat was tossed in the air, the wind, with automatic skill, carrying the chaff away. As we passed through many of these villages, the air, driven by the strong wind from the plain, was filled with clouds of flying chaff.

At last, through the wind-swept and rock-littered plain, we came to a tree-bordered road, indicative of civilization, and, finally, to the towering walls of Avila. Once one of the most flourishing cities of Spain, and for three centuries a prize fought for by Moors and Christians, and alternately possessed by each, to-day it basks in the middle of the vast, arid plain of Castile, half asleep, shrunken in size, its ancient glory entirely departed, seemingly content to have once captured the commercial imagination of a nation and the envy of contending armies. Even yet, it is the capital of a province and the see of a bishop, but such distinction is not taken seriously by present-day Avila. Its real eminence lies in its being one of the finest walled towns in the world, one of the few of the countless fortified places in the Middle Ages that has preserved, almost completely intact, its ring of massive fortifications. Certainly, nothing exactly like it exists in all of Spain, and it has its counter-

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uneros, and in whose reign the Spanish Empire with its conquests in the New World, its possessions in North Africa and its dominance of the Netherlands, attained its greatest territorial extent.

Peer out through the balcony arch, from its dizzy height above the plain below, where, it is said, the nurse of the baby Peter, in a moment of abstraction, released her hold on her infant charge who fell and was dashed to death on the cliffs underneath, leaving the nurse, in terror and remorse, to fling herself from the balcony a few moments later. Stand in the castle yard and gaze out over the parapet at the rolling, sun-baked, treeless plain, that stretches to infinity; at the ancient churches, the monastery ruins and occasional houses nearer at hand, which stray out from the broad *alameda* along the winding road that is well defined against the desert background; at the *alameda* itself, under the walls of the town, hundreds of feet below, whose thick clusters of trees almost conceal the narrow rivers that in their deep *arroyos* converge at the prow of the cliff—all basking in the shimmering heat of the sun. Then turn and look back at the city, across the ravine that borders one side of the road as, like a place of enchantment, it rises, dome-like, dominated by the tower and turrets of its massive cathedral. And then, if you are endowed with wisdom, you will make your way down the road at the far end of the town, follow the *alameda* along the river bank, and finally come to a halt under the stupendous cliff that, capped by its great military *château*, rises with majestic greatness into unbelievable heights.

Early one morning as I strolled along the short, broad promenade that, elevated above the valley below, fringes the western edge of the town, I witnessed a scene that so satisfied my idea of Spanish life and romance I must record it here.

As I slowly made my way, there approached, with emi-

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when Columbus, possibly in like fashion, followed Ferdinand and Isabella across Spain.

Adjoining two of the main gates of the city, portals of enormous proportions, is an irregular cobbled square and on



one side, directly opposite the modest hotel which has achieved the reputation of being the city's best, probably because it has no serious rival, rises the massive Gothic Cathedral of San Salvador. More military in aspect than

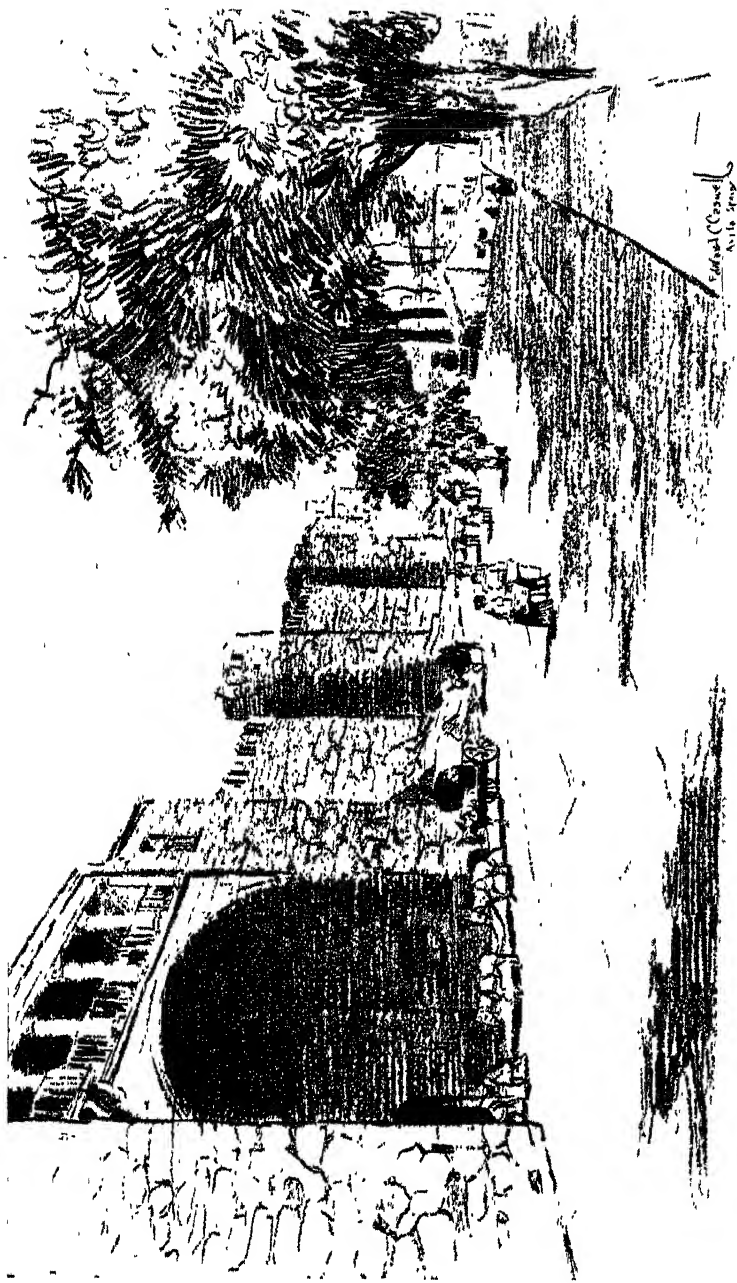
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ecclesiastical, it was begun in 1091, after the Christians, under Alvar Garcia of Navarre, had finally wrested the city from its Moorish conquerors. Its two strong towers and immense semicircular apse, crowned with a battlemented parapet, intersect the walls of the town and form a part of them. This Cathedral has much the appearance of a fortress and, lest this note of defiance should be lost on the oft-times covetous visitor of yesteryear, two sculptured stone lions are chained at each side of the entrance. And, as if these vicious beasts were not terrifying enough, the main portal has an additional guard of two wild men, macebearers extraordinary, carved in solid granite. Nothing could express with greater conviction the spirit of the time, when the Church was a church militant, than this masterful edifice. In its solemnity and uncompromising sternness of demeanor, it stands in vivid contrast to the great majority of the cathedrals of Spain, which are so marked by color and lightness of design.

In a city whose stalwart fortifications indicated so eloquently the need of protection, you would naturally think that all the ancient churches and treasured shrines would be enfolded within the safe precincts of its protecting walls. But that, curiously enough, is not what you find at Avila, for the city sprawled beyond the ancient gates in earlier times as it does to-day. And so, almost within the shadow of the turreted ramparts, are a number of venerable churches, dating from the early days of the town, which are picturesque and glorified by legend but which, with a single exception, contain little of interest to the traveler. This exception is the Dominican Monastery of Saint Tomas which lies a few minutes' walk away, cradled by the dusty plain below, for the singular church of the Monastery, an aisleless Gothic structure, gives hospitality to one of the most touching monuments in Spain. In the center of the transept, in soli-

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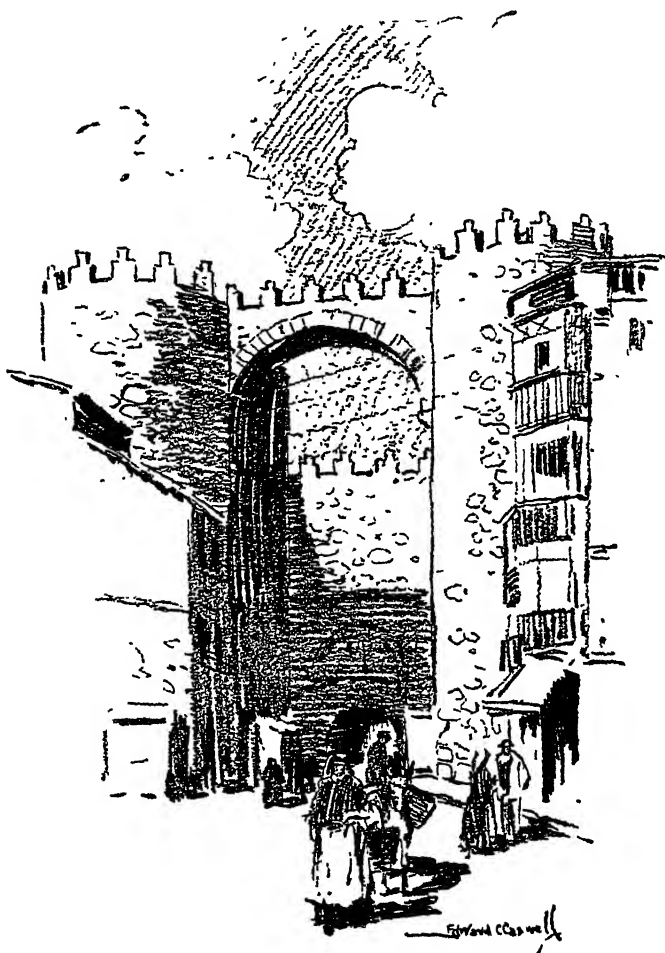
tary state, lies sleeping, Prince Juan, the only son of the "Catholic Kings," whose untimely death occurred in 1497. No greater calamity could have befallen the proud Ferdinand and Isabella, who had triumphantly driven the Moors from their last stronghold in Spain, whose treasures had made possible the discovery of the New World, and the glory of whose empire was seemingly to be without end, than the tragic loss of their only son and the heir to the kingdom. At this very monastery he had received his education, companioned by boys who represented the flower of the young manhood of Spain. At Burgos he had been married, while yet very young, to the daughter of Emperor Maximilian, and the homage of half the world was at his feet, but before a month had passed he was stricken with an illness and died. Ferdinand, rushing to the scene, reached his bedside in time for the end, but Isabella, coming with less expedition, arrived too late. Bowed with grief, they laid their son to rest in the little church at the Dominican monastery that they had founded, and commissioned Domenico Fancelli, a Florentine sculptor of note, to carve in purest marble a fitting monument in memory of their dead. This exquisitely wrought memorial has survived the centuries, and you can gaze on its beauty to-day, as the royal parents of the prince were frequently wont to do, from the choir above, mourning the loss which was so irreparable. The figure of the young prince, carved in flawless marble, lying on a sculptured sarcophagus, is characterized by much grace and nobility of feature, and the monument is, in spite of its time-worn condition, marked by a noble simplicity and purity of style. It was the skilled hands of this same sculptor of Florence that executed the marble tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the cathedral's royal chapel at Granada. Within this monastery lies, also, the remains of all that is mortal of the notorious Torquemada, Spain's re-



The Puerta de Santa Teresa in the grim wall of Avila.

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lentless Inquisitor General. His is no tomb of glory, but merely an unadorned tablet of slate, set in the floor, a just



retribution for his wanton acts, that is, if a denial of all outward semblance of earthly glory carries with it the meas-

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ure of disapproval that is still felt by a horrified world. It is recorded that occasional visitors to the monastery, in a senseless animosity, treated the grave with such disrespect that it is no longer to be seen by the public, except by special intercession with the monks.

Like most Spanish cities, Avila possesses a "Grand Place"—the Plaza Mayor de la Constitución—hemmed by the customary arcaded buildings. But this square is not of imposing proportions, and has an air of neglect, as though it had long since been superseded by another center of civic activity. And so, indeed, it has, for just without the principal gate, is the Mercado Grande, or "Great Market," which is the focal point of present-day Avila. A large open square, adorned with grass and trees, it is graced on one side by arcaded buildings and on another by the twelfth century church of San Pedro. It is less somber here than in the more ancient Plaza, for there are no towering walls to cast shadows and to obstruct distant views, save those at one end, where, toward the setting sun, the Puerta del Alcazar raises its two mighty crenelated towers and supports a flying parapet that spans the gateway.

The townsfolk are attracted to the square when the day's work is done, and you find them, loitering with every appearance of content, in the cool evening air. Shops with modest windows hide themselves under the arcade and afford a certain interest for those passing an idle hour and taking the air. The interior fittings of these emporiums are as primitive as their window displays are plain, and business is carried on with as little complication of equipment as seems possible to a people who take no anxious thought for the morrow. Let us consider, for example, the instance of a barber shop which should, by every rule of efficiency, be well lighted, in order that the hair of the patrons may be shorn with a nice precision. To the worthy tonsorial artists

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of Avila, however, lighting equipment is of secondary importance, as may be observed on any evening when dusk spreads its mantle on a certain modest shop in the arcaded row of the Mercado Grande. Instead of enjoying a flood of electric light when the daylight fades, a single lamp, sufficient merely to dispel the gloom, responds to the switch, and as the barber reaches the lower stretches of his victim's head, surfaces shaded from the overhead light, a small boy is summoned who lights a flickering candle and stands patiently, though with indifferent attention, like an altar boy at service, illuminating with the feeble rays the operator's sphere of action. Discovering this primitive scene, the artist insisted on making a halt and sketching it. We were, however, soon discovered at our nefarious task, and although we concealed the nature of our purpose, our seeming curiosity in peering through the window was enough to cause the occupants to draw the shade.

Shortly after dark, the inhabitants of the walled city desert the streets, encouraged, no doubt, by such absence of illumination as characterizes the shops, and seek their night's repose. The utter quiet that then attacks the city is conducive to a similar retreat on the part of the visitor. Our little hotel, situated across the cobbled square, directly opposite the Cathedral, presented an aspect of desertion, after the rather late dinner. In spite of the cheerless character of our room we sought its comforts, feeble, but for its beds, and quickly retired. The moon gleamed out of a sky of deep blue, bathing the cathedral, the walls of the town and the forsaken streets, in its silver radiance, the deep shadows of the buildings accentuating the evening brilliance.


But, we found before long that there was a fictitious quality about the nightly solitude, and that the almost penetrating calm served only to accentuate the unaccustomed noises of the night. We were just drifting off to slumber

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when the plaintive call of the *sereno* came to our ears, as this more or less vigilant watchman of the night made one of his periodic rounds, chanting the time, as though the soundly sleeping citizens were waiting eagerly to be informed of the safety of the city. "One o'clock and all is serene!", came the cadence of his words. Evidently, the state of serenity is that which usually obtains in the Spanish night, for the official title of the night-watch indicates as much. After the *sereno's* first visitation, the gleam of his lantern and his plaintive cry no longer penetrated our consciousness but when, a little after four in the morning, two commodious motor buses made night hideous with their racing engines and excited passengers, we were quickly aroused. They backed up to the curb at the door of the hotel, and for fifteen minutes they, their crew and their passengers, made as great a hubbub as was possible, without rebuke from anyone in the neighborhood. And when, twenty minutes after their departure, we were once more dropping off into oblivion, a horse-drawn stage rattled along the cobbled street and drew up under our window, bringing with it a chattering mob, we felt that the *sereno* should have intervened to spare our outraged feelings, but instead of producing the expected serenity, he merely reported, most mendaciously, of course, that it existed. We could draw no other conclusion but that the Avileses having, as is their custom, eaten heartily during the day and being by nature composed and indifferent to externals, were entirely oblivious to such minor disturbances of the peace, while we from the Far West, of Nordic blood, with sensitive nerves and habitually uneasy minds, must pay the price of our high-tensioned civilization.

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IT is only seventy miles from Avila to Madrid, but the route traverses the Sierra de Guadarrama, one of the three mountain chains by which Avila is hedged, and the journey is one of several hours. Avila lies on an elevated plateau in the foothills of this Sierra, nearly four thousand feet above sea level, and being thus cut off from the warm southerly winds, though exposed to the chilly currents from the north, its climate is admittedly severe, except in the summer season.



In its descent from the summit of the Guadarramas to the capital city, the railroad passes the Escorial, the pantheon of the Spanish kings. It had been a moot question with us for days whether we should stop and visit the vast series of buildings that compose the monastery in which, like England's Westminster Abbey, lie sleeping all the kings of Spain, save two, from Charles V to the present day. There is a strong diversity of opinion about the intrinsic interest of this vast pile. Some authorities declare it to be a most impressive sight, while others insist that from no point of view, except that of inspecting a few musty tombs of roy-

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alty, is it worth a wayfarer's time. To us it savored of a museum, and since we preferred to take our exercise in ways other than rambling through museum corridors, we gave a sympathetic ear to what the discriminating Osborne says in his *Finding the Worthwhile in Europe*, "the Escorial is as dreary as Versailles." And so we were content to view its pointed spires and massive proportions from the railway carriage, and to see our train pull out from the station after its brief stop without qualms of conscience and devoid of misgivings. As our train drew away and sped on towards Madrid, we watched the immense palace, which rises out of the brown mountainside, standing forth in bold relief, as it alternately appeared in full view and then disappeared behind the undulations of the hills, until the train, making a great curve, finally rounded the shoulder of the mountain ridge and the Escorial was lost to view. In an hour or two, over the barren, sun-drenched plain, our train drew into the Estacion del Norte, within sight of Alfonso's palace.

Either you like Madrid or you don't. There are no half measures. Some people admire its sprightliness, applaud the enterprise of its citizens in fashioning an imposing city in a naked wilderness, enjoy the leisurely air that characterizes its life, and, by way of variety, take pleasure in its striking contrast to all the other cities of the nation. Others, on the contrary, condemn it out of hand, stressing its unattractive environment, emphasizing the inclemency of its climate, disdaining its imitation—in the construction of its modern sections—of Paris and Brussels, and its lack of distinctly Castilian flavor.

I confess to having been agreeably disappointed in Madrid. There is something attractive in the contrasts of a desert city; its situation in the middle of a cheerless plain is certainly no less alluring than that of most other northerly Spanish cities; its imitation, if there be any of the more

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magnificent capitals to the north, while regrettably not in the Spanish tradition, is, with the exception of some inartistic statuary in the public squares and many flamboyant business buildings in the rococo style, in general good taste and strongly conducive to the comfort and happiness of its inhabitants. Instead of a city of level monotony, of decayed buildings, of streets in disarray with a general appearance of slovenliness, all of which characterized the city in earlier times, if historians are to be taken seriously, we found a delightful modern city, by no means entirely flat and cheerless, with an ancient quarter, possessing the atmosphere of earlier days, with fine wide streets and imposing buildings, for the most part touched by lightness and grace, tree-lined squares and promenades, luxurious hotels, and a condition of scrupulous cleanliness that would assuredly do credit to a capital city anywhere in the world.

Madrid, youngest of Spanish cities, became the capital of the nation because its situation contributed to a king's health, and because its relatively modern character was disassociated from the jealousies that would undoubtedly have arisen had there been chosen the principal city of one of the ancient kingdoms that became a constituent part of the modern empire. Centrality was another factor, for Madrid is in the almost exact geographical center of the peninsula. It was gloomy and pious Philip II, builder of the Escorial, who in 1560 declared Madrid the capital of the united empire. It was his father, Charles V, who, in search of health, visited Madrid, which at that time stood in a tree-clad countryside.

The arid and waterless upland plain that now surrounds the city was not always devoid of verdure and moisture. A writer of the sixteenth century describes Madrid as having large adjacent forests that afforded game aplenty in stag, boar and bear. Two centuries later, an Englishman, writing in 1780, deplored the bleak and dismal char-

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acter of the country surrounding the capital, and complained especially of its lack of trees "to which the Castilians have an intense dislike from a false notion that they increase the number of birds to eat up their grain, forgetting not only that in their climate the shade and shelter of the foliage are required, but also that without them they have no means of securing moisture and preserving it after dews and rains."

It is curious that, even to-day, the Castilian farmer is an enemy to bird life. Throughout this great central plateau, trees that would afford shelter to the birds are a rarity. Indeed, in the province of La Mancha, the scene of Don Quixote's adventures, there are wide stretches of country which are entirely devoid of trees, so that many of the local inhabitants live and die without even having seen anything taller than a shrub. This total lack of verdure is responsible in a measure for the entire absence of moisture in the soil. Irrigation is practiced extensively, and with this assistance the productivity of the land abundantly rewards the laborer. In the more favored districts a strange condition of the soil is responsible for the growth of vast areas of grain which, because of their extent, could not be watered by artificial means. In these the scanty rainfall is quickly absorbed by the parched earth, but, fortunately, a less porous subsoil prevents its ultimate escape. Through a process of slow evaporation the water, thus held below the surface, furnishes moisture to the growing crops. By reason of this strange phenomenon, the growing wheat and rye, springing out of a soil that has every appearance of aridity, draw sufficient moisture from the subsurface to reach a fine maturity.

Madrid, the younger brother of all the capital cities in the ancient Spanish realm, conjures up the idea of a thoroughly modern metropolis. But its youth is a relative thing, for we first hear of it as far back as the tenth century, when,

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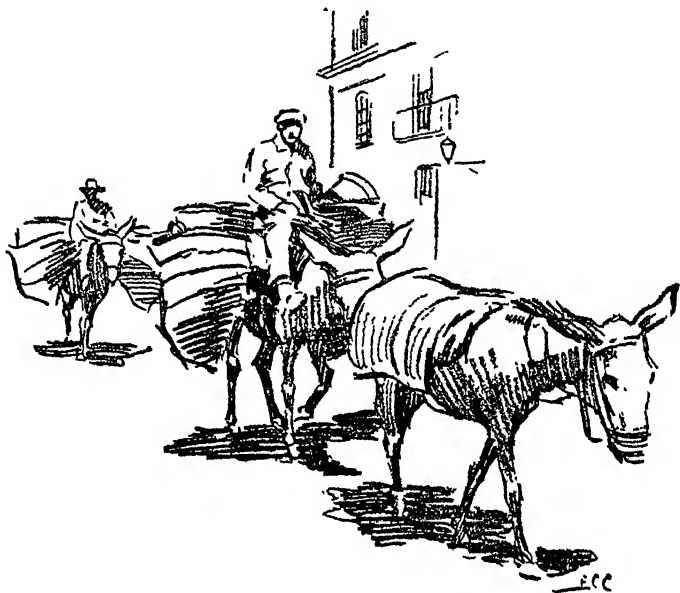
as a Moorish fortified settlement under the name of Mad-jrit, it occupied the elevated *mesa*, commanding the approach from the plain where, to-day, the royal palace stands. Toward the end of the eleventh century, it fell to the conquering Christians and its Mohammedan mosque became a Christian church. The successive kings of Castile endowed the growing community with broad rights of self-government and many special privileges, and paved the way for the present-day metropolis. The Spaniards, then as now, were not readily susceptible to change, and it took the city a long time to attain a substantial size. In 1560, when by official decree it was designated the capital of the united kingdom, it had but twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Even its enthronement as the seat of government failed to give substantial impetus to an era of greater civic distinction, and it remained for a long time the meanest and dirtiest capital of Europe. The government itself was largely to blame for this state of affairs. When the court first established its residence in Madrid, regulations were promulgated which required the owners of large houses to furnish lodging for courtiers and nobility. The Madrileños, as a result, were careful to build themselves homes of distinctly ungenerous proportions. In this respect, the ancient citizens of Madrid resembled the latter day Koreans who, until recent years, have lived in the meanest sort of hovels, even though possessed of substantial wealth, in order that the cupidity of the taxgatherer might not be aroused. The display of prosperity in each instance invited an unpleasant financial responsibility.

The coming of the Bourbons in the eighteenth century, and the building of the vast royal palace, ushered in a period of better things. Joseph Bonaparte, during his brief tenure as emperor, gave added impetus to the creation of a finer city. To-day, in its wide streets and tree-shaded boulevards,

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it has the aspect of a miniature Paris or Brussels. In this respect it is unlike all the other cities of Spain.

The Madrid of the Castilians lies in its ancient quarter where crooked thoroughfares, little, quaintly fashioned squares and cascades of red tiled roofs create many vistas to charm the eye. In summer, these narrow streets are en-



livened by a population that makes generous use of them. Donkeys with laden panniers, and mule-drawn carts, rub shoulders, or more properly speaking, axles, with American taxicabs and with horse-drawn vehicles more familiar to the western world. As in other parts of Madrid, cafés abound, in summer serving their patrons on the sidewalks, and oftentimes in the streets as well. Here, as elsewhere in Spain, the café proprietors regard the streets as their private property, and never seem to have the slightest hesitancy in setting

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their tables where their leisurely patrons may enjoy their coffee and wine in the comfort of the open air. Indeed, the cafés are by no means the only offenders who encroach on the public domain. The itinerant sellers of fruit, of vegetables, and of merchandise are arch offenders in this respect, thereby adding, it may be said, to the ease and low cost of living, and what is perhaps of less consequence, to the picturesqueness of life for the traveler. The daily morning market overflows its enclosure, and the side streets become a mart of trade. The enterprising market folk set up shops wherever their fancy leads. In the late summer you will not have to walk far to buy your supply of luscious melons, for you will find them piled in great heaps in the streets and squares of any part of the city.

At no time are the public thoroughfares so thoroughly preëmpted by private interests as during a *fiesta*. Fun-making equipment is strewn everywhere, the less portable property occupying generous portions of the sidewalks and streets. In the evenings during the period of the festivals, which occur with frequency, the streets and squares of the district are miniature Coney Islands. Some of the streets are lavishly decorated with paper streamers and bunting, others are enlivened by solid rows of "attractions"—ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, ring tosses, crockery-breaking galleries, lottery sellers, sweetmeat vendors, purveyors of fruit, doughnut makers and such other enterprises as a carnival of this sort brings to life. The doughnut sellers, corresponding to their American "hot dog" brethren, are in abundance, working vigorously over their caldrons of boiling fat in which their product, squeezed into enticing shapes through funnel-like contrivances, sizzles and exudes odors that are alluring to the Spanish nostril. While the crowds last, their business is brisk and they are hard put to it in supplying the demand. We often wished

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to sample this rich, oil-soaked tidbit, which is so dear to the palate of the Spanish hoi-polloi, but the exceeding informality of its preparation and the frank revelation of its ingredients were more than our pampered appetites could overcome. Surging throngs pack the thoroughfares to the exclusion of wheeled traffic, and all the *concessionnaires*, from the highest to the lowest, enjoy a business that any land office might envy. Midnight is at hand before humanity, and its pockets, are exhausted and the crowds, rapidly disintegrating, make for home.

Here also, in the ancient quarter, is held the rag-market, one of the largest of its kind in the world. This curious mart of trade attains its greatest magnitude on Sundays; but on any day of the week it forms an extraordinary display and is a scene of remarkable activity where, with gay abandon, almost everything under the sun is sold. Block after block of improvised stalls is set up and in them, and in permanent shops, adjacent, is gathered the flotsam and jetsam of a city's cast-off material, not to say the discarded property of the entire surrounding country. Merely decide what you want to buy, and then seek it out. Can you find it in this abridged catalogue of stock on hand? Furniture, decrepit with age and freshly varnished from the factory; boots, shoes, sandals and bits of leather, new and second-hand; leather goods for the householder and traveler, much worn and otherwise; articles of clothing suitable, with apology, for every member of the family; hardware with a luster and also coated with rust; old rubber tires and fragments thereof; antiques that breed suspicion, and some that are of good ancestry, if you admire their form and happen to want them; iron grill work—but why enumerate more! You will even find a watchmaker busy at his temporary stand, cleaning and repairing timepieces in the open street with nothing overhead but the sky.

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In the early morning hours, the rag market is a place of intense industry for the buyer, the seller taking his ease behind his more or less decrepit pile of merchandise, for he has small need of the art of salesmanship in disposing of goods whose values speak so eloquently for themselves. As the morning advances, trading slackens and then dwindles altogether, and the street merchants are not slow, as the rays of the sun increase in intensity, to seek refuge under the awnings of their stalls and in the shade of the buildings, and to find solace in slumber. By one o'clock you will encounter men stretched out on the sidewalks and even in the open streets, where they are wide and the traffic is light, sound asleep.

Taking a *siesta* is far from being a mere figure of speech in Madrid or anywhere in Spain, for that matter. In summer, at two o'clock, shutters are put in place and business is suspended until four o'clock, and in many instances until four-thirty. The banks close their doors from two until four, reopening for an hour before suspending operations for the day. Upon resuming business, the shops remain open until seven-thirty and eight. These business hours necessitate late dining and here, as elsewhere, as I have pointed out before, the dinner hour is never before eight-thirty or nine. During the midday period, when commerce ceases and business has given way to repose, the streets have a deserted, Sunday appearance. Business, you see, waits upon comfort and, indeed, is a slave to it. In England and America things are sadly different.

It will probably occasion some surprise to the summer visitor that, as in tropical countries, the people of northern Spain are not clad in linen and duck, but wear, instead, the conventional woolen garments and frequently the felt hats of people in northerly latitudes. Here, once more, we are misled by the Spain of our imagination. While Madrid is

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excessively hot in midsummer, few people are aware that, resting as it does on the extensive mountain-hemmed plateau of New Castile, its altitude is more than twenty-one hundred feet above sea level and its nights, in consequence, are usually cool. Travelers who know only the Madrid of spring and summer do not realize that the mean temperature of the city in January is but forty degrees, and that the thermometer in winter sometimes drops to ten above zero. The climate is a treacherous one, indicated clearly by the daily summer temperature, which has a range of more than thirty degrees. The midsummer sun pours down with torrid vehemence out of a cloudless sky, but the air is entirely free from moisture, and the heat is felt less than in a temperature twenty degrees lower where the atmosphere is saturated with humidity.

The rapid changes and extreme variations of climate have given Madrid no enviable reputation, even among its own citizens. "*El aire de Madrid es tan sutil, que mata a un hombre y no apaga a un candil*" is a saying current in the capital, namely, that its air is treacherous enough to kill a man though it will not blow out a candle! Another proverb warns the citizen to wait for May fortieth before laying aside his cloak!

The Puerta del Sol, or "Gate of the Sun," so named from an ancient gateway that once commanded a view of the rising sun, is the center of the city's civic life and the most animated plaza in Madrid. From it, the streets radiate as from a hub, leading on the one hand to the old quarter and beyond to the king's palace, and on the other, to the modern city, to the promenades and the park. At any time of the day except in the early afternoon when Madrid sleeps and takes its ease, the Puerta del Sol, as befits its position as the commercial and geographical center of the city, is the scene of an animated movement of people and

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traffic. Its boundaries are pierced by ten streets or more, and are graced by hotels, cafés, shops, business buildings and government offices. Lines of electric street cars make it their point of convergence, and people on shopping tours or on business errands are more than likely to pass over its pavements in the course of their affairs. The wider thoroughfares of the newer city, dropping down an easy slope to the Prado and other splendid *paseos*, have every attribute of modernity. Their fashionable shops, imposing office buildings, clubs of marked splendor and up-to-date hotels are worthy of a capital city. In the famous tree-studded Prado and its sister promenades are focused the city's magnificence, for here, within a short compass, are spacious squares, fountains, monuments, museums, government buildings, botanical gardens, and palaces of the noble and the rich. Adjacent is a park, once the palace grounds of the early kings, embellished by a lake and flamboyant statuary and with labyrinths of trees resembling those in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, perhaps in imitation of those famous woods. Beyond this park, some distance away, is the bull ring where, on Sundays and holidays, the national sport is attended and applauded by thousands of people.

At the opposite side of the city is the vast palace of the king, resting in lordly fashion on the edge of the plateau, overlooking its own terraced gardens and the Manzanares, a river of such meager proportions that a witty Frenchwoman of the court of Philip II was led to exclaim to the king, apropos of a magnificent bridge with which he had spanned it, "Why, Your Majesty, don't you either buy a river or sell your bridge?" Beyond the river stretches the immensity of the treeless desert, and in the far distance rise the foothills of the Sierra de Guadarrama, softened by distance and altitude to shades of warm brown, laid over with deep shadows of blue and lavender. As beautiful

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as they are and as pleasing to the eye, these mountains are responsible, in great part, for the climatic woes of the Madrileños, for, rising to the north and west, they, with other mountains nearer the coast, intercept the moist north-west winds in summer, while in winter their snow-clad summits intensify the storms and chill the winds that blow from the north.

There is nothing duller than descriptions of museums and I shall make no attempt to try the reader's patience, which, I doubt not, has already been stretched. But even the most impatient reader will not hold it against me if I make mention of the Prado Museum, which is justly regarded as one of the very great art galleries of the world. Situated near at hand, on the Paseo del Prado—everything is quickly reached in Madrid—it is accessible enough to attract even the traveler who has only a casual interest in art. Here, in this museum, is the world's greatest collection of Spanish native art, and also a magnificent group of the schools of Italy and the Netherlands. Its incomparable collection of Velasquez contains sixty paintings of this supreme colorist, among them probably all of his greatest works; Murillo is represented by as many examples, and canvases by Ribera, El Greco, and Goya bring each their own distinction.

It is curious that this superb collection of old masters should have come into being by the sheerest accident. When Ferdinand VII married for the second time, a Spanish Consul who had long served in France suggested that, in preparation for his bride, the palace be refurnished and refurbished with French materials and new, figured wall-papers. To this the king gave ear and, forthwith, the contents of the palace, paintings and furnishings, were carted away and a complete renovation effected. After a few years, two art-loving members of the nobility became concerned for the safety and condition of the priceless works of art which



The Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, the hub of Madrid.

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had been carelessly stored, and suggested to the queen that a part of them, at least, be moved to the Prado, recently built to be a natural history museum. To this the queen assented, and even contributed monthly a small sum of money for the maintenance of these treasures. The exhibition met with such instant favor, particularly on the part of foreign art lovers, that the King, whose reign was marked by all too few achievements of lasting importance, saw a chance of adding luster to the crown, and ordered the rest of the collection installed, donating from his purse a monthly sum sufficient to care for the display. Thus the public came into the possession of all the treasures in the royal household, save those in the Escorial, that had been brought together by the Spanish monarchs since the time of Charles V.

If the streets of present-day Madrid are orderly, one wonders whether it is due to the leisurely and peaceable character of the people or to the impressively clad constabulary that keeps the peace. The police of the city appear to take life with the same calm as the populace itself, but they are arrayed with such strict conformity to military regulations that one hesitates to accost them even to ask for information. What the distinction is between those who wear helmets and those who have caps with leather peaks is not clear to the visitor, but in each instance their uniforms are supplemented by Sam Browne belts, clanking swords, and revolvers displayed in businesslike holsters. They are, in appearance at least, fitting custodians of the public safety in a capital city, possessing the pomp both of government and royalty.

Life in Madrid, after all, is not essentially different from life in any other large city, in the externals at any rate. There is little of the primitive in custom and environment that one finds in many of the older and smaller communities. The things that are most exotic are, perhaps,

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the midday suspension of business, the prevalence of the bull fight, as casually regarded there as is baseball in America, or football in England, and the general sale of the national lotteries.

Throughout all of Spain the lottery is sold like any other commodity. In Madrid the lottery seller is omnipresent. Coupons are offered for sale in stalls that are devoted almost entirely to the purpose; they can be bought in many shops dealing in tobacco, stationery and the like; they are in the hands of hawkers who call them out, as newsboys cry their latest extras, and in no popular restaurant can you go that you are not invited to buy a number or a string of them. In the cafés, the proprietor or maître d'hôtel circulates among the tables, chatting with his patrons and offering them chances on the latest issue. The prices are low and sales, in consequence, are frequent. The lottery is a well-established and highly regarded institution.

The leisure of the restaurants is impressive to the people of the north. Lunching and dining are things to be enjoyed, and you will look everywhere in vain for a "quick lunch" room. The food is served without haste and is partaken of with equal deliberation, lubricated with a bottle of wine. Whether or not the Spaniard eats too heartily, it cannot be said that he drinks with anything but the greatest moderation. And, speaking of the restaurants, the open and unblushing use of the toothpick, for long so discredited elsewhere in polite circles, was one habit of the Spaniards to which we were unable to accustom ourselves. In the best restaurants and apparently in the first families, the toothpick has never lost caste, but on the contrary, is in great favor and is used without so much as a raised napkin to hide its ministrations.

VII. MODERN GLADIATORS OF SPAIN



ON Sunday and holiday afternoons, all roads of the capital lead to the bull ring. By four o'clock a very perceptible movement of traffic sets towards the eastern quarter of the city, where the Plaza de Toros is situated. Motor cars, taxicabs, and horse-drawn vehicles hurry along with their holiday-making occupants; the street cars bound in that direction are crowded with passengers, and in the air is the note of suppressed gaiety. The streets that converge at the bull ring are filled with pedestrians, hurrying to reach the arena and find their seats before the bugle summons the *toreros* to action.

There is much turmoil, as people and vehicles pour into the plaza on which the huge amphitheater is situated, and the traffic policeman, mounted on a spirited charger, is trying, with feverish activity, to keep order from becoming chaos. It is an orderly throng, however, and in its general aspect might be that entering a baseball game at home. The men are wearing the clothes of London and New York and the women follow the style of their sisters elsewhere, a work-a-day sort of crowd, undistinguished by broad-brimmed *som-*

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breros, embroidered shawls or filmy *mantillas*, a disappointment, of course, to the first-time visitor, who has drawn his picture of Spain from cigar-box labels and painted fans. It is just a multitude of everyday folk attending a professional sport and desiring to be amused on a holiday afternoon.

If you have acted the part of wisdom, you will have purchased your seats in advance at the ticket office in the center of the city, and will have paid, too, the supplement demanded for seats on the shady side of the ring. The difference between *sombra* and *sol*, if the season be summer, marks the difference between the enjoyment of comfort in the shade and the distress of broiling in the sun. Besides that, if you sit in the shade, you will find yourself facing the entrance of the *toreros* and the egress of the bull from his pen, and, as a still further advantage, you are close to the *picadores*, who are stationed within the shadow of the westerly tier of seats, and whose encounter thus takes place at your very feet. Hence, you will find that the extra fee, which is almost negligible, yields rich dividends in comfort and in ease.

Within the entrance, the stream of eager humanity is diverted into a hundred channels which lead, without confusion in the admirably arranged coliseum, to the various sections of seats that rise tier upon tier. In a few moments you emerge from the corridor that is designated on your ticket and in the blaze of the afternoon sun the immense amphitheater with its thousands of eager spectators is before you.

This assemblage, in itself, is a notable sight. Near by, in his enclosure, is the presiding official, accompanied perhaps by distinguished guests; below are the boxes surrounding the ring, occupied by the aristocracy and by those of the proletariat who can afford to pay for them; opposite, indistinguishable in the crowded tiers, is a band that dispenses

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popular airs; and in the seats closely packed together, sit fourteen thousand spectators, awaiting the signal for the gate of the arena to swing open and admit the procession of *toreros*, participants in the afternoon's proceedings. Among the spectators in this vast concourse, there are many women and a sprinkling of children, but for the most part, as at a ball game at home, the men are in the great majority.

There is much activity to enliven the waiting moments. Attendants are busy renting cushions, at fifty *centimos* each, to mitigate the unyielding character of the stone seats, and selling bottles of thirst-quenching beverages that correspond to "ginger pop" overseas. In some bull rings packages of candy are sold from the floor of the arena itself and delivered through the air by the dexterous vendors. The money is tossed by the purchaser down to the feet of the seller, who stands in the ring, and in return, the parcel of *dulce* is hurled with unerring precision into the hands of the customer, engulfed in the densely packed seats, at whatever distance he happens to be.

The center of the arena is a circular plot of golden sand. Surrounding it runs a barrier which rises to a height of five feet and furnishes protection to the spectators, although it is not high enough to prevent a *torero* from scaling it and dropping to safety on the other side, should he be too hotly pursued by the maddened bull. This method of escape, while far from being dignified, is resorted to with considerable frequency.

Finally a trumpet sounds, the ring is cleared of its human impedimenta, and the crowd, a silence overtaking it, waits in expectancy for the inauguration of the afternoon's events. A moment later the doors of the arena swing open and to the martial strains of the band there enters, with measured tread, a procession of gorgeously arrayed figures, the actors in the drama of the afternoon. Swinging along with grace-

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ful step, they cross the center of the ring, pause, render fealty to the presiding official and then pass in review, a gay cavalcade, their costumes sparkling in the afternoon sun, seemingly too gay and fragile for the grim business of the day and better fitted for a historical pageant than for a march of death. At the head of the procession ride the *alguaciles*, the marshals of the ring, clad in somber black velvet, relieved by white neck ruffs and plumed hats. Following, on foot, are the three *matadores*, the principal actors of the drama, arrayed in cocked hats, jackets and knee breeches of satin, richly overlaid with golden embroidery, pink stockings and pumps adorned with bows of ribbons. On their arms are carried cloaks of shimmering satin. Immediately in the rear is the *cuadrilla* or troupe of each, composed of *capeadores* and *banderilleros*, clothed in like fashion, except for the embroidery, which is of silver instead of gold. Next in line come the *picadores* mounted on decrepit, spiritless horses, their flat-brimmed, cockaded *sombreros* held by chin straps, like trench helmets in appearance, and long, skin-tight breeches in striking contrast to the costumes of the others. Drawing up the rear are three horses abreast, driven by *cholos*, the handy men of the ring. Their harness is enlivened by bells and colored tassels and they draw the tackle for removing the dead animals after each encounter. The delicate costumes of satin, poorly adapted as they seem for the business in hand, have a certain appropriateness for the men who wear them, because these knights of the ring are slight of figure and graceful of movement and posture, and are as light on their feet as a *femme de ballet*.

To the *alguaciles* the president tosses the key of the *toril*, the pen in which the bull is imprisoned, and in which he has been confined for many hours without light and food, in order that his mood may be properly belligerent.

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The drama of the *Corrida de Toros* consists of three acts—the bull's reception by the *capeadores* and his subsequent charge of the mounted *picadores*, the planting of the *banderillas* in the neck of the infuriated beast, and finally the *coup de grâce* administered by the sword of the *espada* or *matador*.

The procession being at an end and the cavalcade retiring, the mounted *picadores* take their stand against the western barrier, motionless within the shade, where they are not so easily descried by the bull when first he enters the arena. In the sunny sector of the ring, opposite the door of the *toril*, are stationed the *capeadores*, whose duty it is to receive the first onslaught of the bull, exhibit their skill and daring in baiting him with their scarlet capes, and take the edge off his impetuosity by the encouragement of many furious rushes at the red cloaks waved so tantalizingly before his eyes.

At the blare of a second trumpet the spectators, in a silence that is actually oppressive, rivet their eyes on the door of the *toril*. The stage is set. In the twinkling of an eye, the door swings open and the bull appears, utterly confident, trotting into the arena in the dazzling glare of the sun and sand, and into the presence of the thousands of onlookers whose emotion is now expressed in an audible wave of sound. As the bull leaves his pen he receives, in the soft tissue of his shoulder, a barbed dart, bearing the plume of his breeder, but to this indignity he seems to pay little attention, so engrossing a scene is spread before his eyes. Sometimes, bewildered by the amazing and unexpected spectacle that confronts him, the confused animal pauses for a moment to take stock of the situation, but more frequently he espies, without an instant's hesitation, the gorgeously arrayed creatures flaunting a color that he hates, and flinging his head in the air he dashes across the shim-

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mering sand bent on the annihilation of his adversaries. In a moment of time he is upon the nearest, his head lowered for the toss. At this breathless instant the *capeador* steps nimbly aside, and the bull rushes past with furious momentum, his horns encountering nothing more substantial than a fragment of red satin. He comes to a sudden halt, and shows his astonishment at the result by an instant's deliberation. But the hated crimson reappears in the hands of others, who taunt him with it. Again and again he charges madly, always with the same bewildering result. This play goes on for some minutes, the skill of the *toreros* and their feats of daring in playing the bull being greeted with ripples of applause. On occasions, the *capeador* receives the charge with his back to the bull; at other times he holds out his cape while in a kneeling posture, maneuvers that are received with loudly expressed satisfaction on the part of the observers.

When this play has gone on long enough, the bull is lured into the vicinity of the mounted *picadores*. Somewhat wearied and much perplexed, he regards the horse and its rider, which come slowly out to meet him, with a certain natural suspicion. Having lost much of his impetuosity and confidence, he hesitates to attack an object that may be as elusive as the living and ever assertive scarlet which never succumbs to his attacks, and that, in the same mysterious way, may prove more formidable. But the rider, advancing on his spiritless nag and waving his long pike menacingly, rouses the bull to action. Lowering his head, he charges, with a sickening shock, squarely into the side of the unfortunate and unresisting horse, who, with his eye that is nearest the bull tightly bandaged, is quite unaware of the impending disaster. At the moment of impact, the *picador* drives his long spear squarely into the shoulder of the bull, in order to madden him, to withstand his force, and, if pos-

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sible, to remain mounted. The shock is terrific. Sometimes the horse is picked up clear off the ground, carried for some yards, and tossed with his rider, flat on his side, a tribute to the magnificent strength of the bull. At other times the pitiful nag is overthrown, gored by the cruel horns, and half eviscerated, while at still others he is bowled over uninjured, struggling in frantic bewilderment to his feet, to enact the tragedy once more. In order to distract the attention of the infuriated bull from his fallen quarry, and to prevent him from goring the *picador* as well, the *capeadores* wave their cloaks before his eyes and lead him off once more to charge their elusive red scarfs, instead of permitting him to follow up his advantage.

When the horse is merely hurled to the ground, suffering nothing but bruises and shock or perhaps an inconsequential goring, the *cholos* scamper forward and in shameless fashion flog the unwilling and bewildered animal to his feet, while the *picador*, having extricated himself from the ruins, remounts, in readiness once more to encounter the attack of the bull when the *capeadores* lead him again into the vicinity. One would think that the horse, nerves unstrung and stricken with terror at the unwonted shock, would act like a mad thing, and would gallop away in a frenzy to escape from the unknown horror. But instead, struggling to his feet and quivering with fear, he shows an apparent indifference to the whole business, and, in blind obedience, allows himself to be led by his master into the same precarious situation. It is as though he were under the influence of a drug, as undoubtedly he is. And so, once more, he goes forth unwittingly to meet the foe, and once more he is brutally attacked. If, in this second encounter, he is only slightly injured, he is led away and lives to fight another day. But if he is fatally gored and struggles in hopeless agony the *cholos* rush forward and dispatch him

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instantly by sinking a poniard into his brain. It is not uncommon, indeed it is of frequent occurrence, to see a horse,



his entrails hanging from a gash in his side, being led from the ring. After this event, another *picador*, seated on his

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decrepit steed, heretofore kept in the background, rides forward, and a like encounter with the bull ensues.

It will readily be seen that the part of the *picador* and his horse in the affray is a negative one. He never really fights: he merely defends. He is just a make-believe warrior, protected by armor concealed under his costume. His part in the battle has degenerated into a trick which has, as its consummation, his ability to remain on his horse, or when thrown, to save himself from serious injury.

Now comes the second act of the drama. This is the play of the *banderilleros*, whose part it is to drive pairs of be-ribboned darts into the shoulder of the charging bull. This is undoubtedly the most graceful, and, except for the final sword thrust, the feat of greatest skill in the entire performance.

Following the encounter with the second of his mounted adversaries, the bull is taken in hand by the tireless *capeadores*, and is, in turn, released to the *banderillero* who, slight and supple of figure, and armed with his *banderillas* some two feet or more in length, has taken his place in the center of the arena. The bull, even more tired by now, regards his new antagonist with caution, and oftentimes with indifference. The *banderillero*, inviting attack, rises on his toes, stamps his foot, and tauntingly shakes his darts in open defiance. Finally, no longer in doubt about the hostile intent of the enemy, the bull hurls himself to the assault. Poised on his toes, and motionless, with the *banderillas* raised to strike, the *torero* awaits the avalanche. As the bull is upon him, head lowered for the toss, with infinite grace and consummate skill, he drives home the shafts of steel, and lightly steps aside as the lumbering beast thunders past. Nothing could be more deft. Even the disapproving spectator from overseas, who has recoiled from the exhibition of brutality that has gone before, is com-

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pelled, by admiration for the sheer skill of the play, to join in the applause that follows! The ubiquitous *capeadores* are on hand, as usual, to distract the attention of the bull, while another *banderillero* goes forth to show his skill and intrepidity. This episode is thrice enacted, until six darts project from the shoulder of the quarry, and the flanks of the baited animal are stained with streams of crimson.

Now follows the *suerta de matar* or final act in the battle of the ring. At a signal from the president, the *matador*, who hitherto has been only a spectator, advances in front of the presidential box and, sword and *muleta* in hand, bows in fealty, dedicating the death of the bull. The *matador*, too, is slender of figure, clad in a tight-fitting, embroidered costume of shimmering satin, and from the back of his head hangs the *coleta* or knot of braided hair, the mark of the *matador* which is never removed until his death or retirement from the ring.

The *muleta*, or crimson cape, hung over a rod, and the keen blade of steel, are the weapons used in the final encounter. The *matador* plays with the bull in the fashion of a *capeador*, flashing the red scarf before his eyes in provocation, and at the charge, passing it over his horns and back in successive feints. Receiving the charge with his back turned, and momentarily grasping the horns of the bull, are the signals for repeated applause from every part of the ring. With stupid insistence, the bull continues his efforts to annihilate the fluttering red cloth and to ignore the real enemy who holds it. A glimmer of intelligence on the part of the slow-witted brute and, with a slight turn, he could impale his offender and toss him senseless over the barrier. In one of these encounters at Madrid, we were commenting on the completeness with which the bull was held at the mercy of his assailants. The *matador* was playing the tired but fighting animal, his safety, apparently,

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never even threatened, when, like a flash, either through his carelessness or through a sudden change in the bull's tactics, the maddened animal flung his head in the air just as he reached the cape, and caught the unprepared *matador* on his horns, flinging him to the ground. The unexpected had happened! The ever-vigilant *capeadores* lured off the beast with their scarlet capes as the *matador* sprang to his feet. Tearing open his jacket, he searched for evidences of his wound, and having reassured himself, flung his hand aloft, signifying to the breathless spectators his escape from serious injury. A stretcher bore him off the field, nevertheless, for treatment in the infirmary which is a part of every bull ring. Usually a chapel also is attached to the arena, where these butchers of the ring prepare for their coming encounters by invoking the blessings of the saints on the business at hand! Later in the evening, we learned that the injured man was only slightly wounded and that his recovery would be immediate.

Finally, after the bull has been played in this fashion, the president, from his box, signals for the *coup de grâce*, and the *matador*, flinging aside his *muleta*, proceeds to undertake the most difficult and precise feat in the whole enterprise. Maneuvering the bull into position, he extends his sword at the level of his eyes, in careful aim, for his blade must penetrate the heart of the animal through a space between the shoulder blades scarcely three inches wide. In another mad rush, the bull hurls himself forward, not at a bit of red satin this time, but directly at his adversary, who stands awaiting him with his motionless sword in his outstretched hand. On the bull rushes to his doom, literally impaling himself on the keen, slender blade of his enemy. If the thrust of the *matador* is marked by unusual skill, the sword buries itself to the hilt, and the mighty animal stops in his tracks. The end has come. As his life's blood gushes forth,

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he slowly backs away a few paces, and without even a quiver, rolls over lifeless on the arena floor. Such a feat of skill as a mortal thrust at the first attempt meets with unqualified favor, and the cheering of the spectators is deafening. A popular *matador*, before a demonstrative throng, such as is found in Barcelona, for example, will be compelled to make a circuit of the entire ring, bowing repeatedly in acknowledgment of the ovation of cheers, hand claps and the flutter of thousands of handkerchiefs. Not content with this vocal and mechanical demonstration, straw hats are scaled into the ring by the delirious crowd, to fall in a shower around the *espada*. These hats the idol of the moment begins to throw back to his admirers in a most democratic manner until, so numerous do they become, he proceeds on his way, leaving the *cholos* to retrieve the headgear and toss them back over the barrier.

Unhappily, the sword does not always find its mark so unerringly, and repeated thrusts are sometimes necessary before the work of the *matador* is done. Frequently, in the first attempts, the sword penetrates the animal's shoulder or neck only slightly and the hunted beast trots about the ring with the blade projecting upward, until it works itself out and falls to the ground. With another sword, the *matador* fares forth in a fresh attempt, the omnipresent *capeadores* hovering about to draw off the bull if the effort is unsuccessful or if the bull unexpectedly attacks his foe. Whether through the ineptness of the *matador* or through the wavering charges of the bull, I have seen the sword miss its mark over and over again, until the *matador* was half dead from fatigue and the bull, tottering on his feet, covered with crimson gashes, utterly cowed and devoid of fight, and completely at bay, had just enough strength remaining to keep off the human devils that clustered about him. The condition of the bull was so pitiable that the crowded gal-

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leries, in rapidly swelling volume, demanded the sparing of his life. After each unsuccessful thrust the clamor grew more vociferous. Men excitedly jumped to their feet and gesticulated in the direction of the president's box. But the request was hopeless on the face of it, for no animal, gashed and tortured as this bull was, could possibly survive. No intervention taking place, the play went on until the sword at last found its mark and ended the misery of the harassed animal.

With the dispatch of the bull, a trumpet sounds and a team of three horses, with jingling bells, dashes into the ring. Ropes are quickly adjusted and the animals that lie slain are dragged off at full speed, to the triumphal strains of the band. With buckets of sand, the *cholos* obliterate the crimson stains on the arena floor and hastily retire, and the stage is ready for another encounter. In such manner six bulls are successively fought during the afternoon, the precise order of the first combat being pursued without deviation. There is the same daring cape play in each conflict, the same senseless and disgusting goring of horses, the same intrepid feats of the *banderilleros* and, in climax, the inevitable death of the bull.

After the final event of the afternoon, or evening, for each battle consumes some twenty minutes so that it is nearer seven o'clock than six before the curtain is at last rung down, the spectators stream over the arena through the gates of the barrier, the boys and younger men in a race for the paper beribboned darts that have been shaken out of the bulls and which are lying about the ground. These trophies of the ring are highly prized by these youthful "fans" of the arena. Some of those who are first on the sand scamper at full speed for the lifeless body of the vanquished bull and clambering on top of it, are drawn off with it in triumph, seated in state.

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While we of Anglo-Saxon tradition can see little justification for a sport that seems to have only merciless cruelty to recommend it, and which is marked by a brutality that shocks the visitor, there are certain aspects of the game, for all its inhuman qualities, that lift it out of the purely brutal. It calls for steady nerves, alertness of mind, and intrepidity of action, and it is characterized by feats of skill that gain the admiration of the beholder and that would evoke the applause of even the most meticulous of sportsmen, were they associated with a pastime less obviously cruel. The audience, it must be confessed, seems more interested in the display of skill and in acts of daring than in the actual kill. They follow each play of the battle with rapt attention, applauding exploits of nerve, and showing their disapproval of cowardice or maladroitness by hisses and catcalls. The sympathy is usually with the *torero*, for the bull seems eminently able to take care of himself, which, of course, is true only in a degree, although the animal actually appears to enjoy the sport, until his energy has gone, and his fighting spirit has been dissipated by the gruelling strain of the contest. The bull never has a chance for his life, however, and in the final moments of the battle, when, completely at bay, and harassed at close range by his unrelenting foes, he expends his rapidly failing strength in futile efforts to gore a piece of scarlet satin, he is a tragic creature.

It is the horses, poor forlorn hacks as they are, that gain the sympathy of the spectator. As they walk with spiritless step into the arena, bestriden by their alert riders, emaciated, more than often lame and stiff of joint, so listless that they act like automatons in the hands of their masters, they present sorry spectacles. And when their rôle in the encounter develops, and they are seen to have no part in the affair except as targets for the cruel horns of the bull, and to have no possible avenue of escape from fearful punish-



A dramatic moment in the bull ring.

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ment, their place in the order of events seems a senselessly cruel one indeed. The disgust of the visitor, at this display of inhumanity, is somewhat mitigated by the utter decrepitude of the beasts, and their seeming indifference to punishment. One can only assume that they are under a strong sedative and are not wholly conscious of their pain. The foreigner goes to the bull ring prepared to be shocked and is both shocked and horrified by a field of honor that becomes a shambles. The element of brutality in human nature, that bestial call of the blood, may respond, in the first encounter, to the excitement and sheer novelty of the affair. But sitting through an afternoon of successive fights that are entirely repetitive, save in the fine *nuances* of the art, the spectacle becomes excessively wearying.

Is the bull fight losing ground in Spain? I very much doubt it. Perhaps the better element in society is less devoted to it than formerly, but certainly the presence of bull rings in every city, the regularity of the *corridas* and the avidity with which immense throngs attend them during the long season, from early spring until autumn, leaves one very much in doubt as to the waning interest in the pastime.

The bull fight is deeply ingrained in the Spaniard's conception of sport, and the centuries have hallowed it, for it is a pastime of long tradition. Originally established to increase proficiency in the handling of arms of war, and to celebrate festal occasions, it remained a prerogative of the aristocracy up to the sixteenth century. In those days, tournaments and bull fights were held in the principal square, the buildings of which were arcaded and provided with balconies. In most of the cities these squares remain, almost unchanged, to-day. In earlier times, the mounted warriors met the bulls with a lance as their only weapon. In those less one-sided combats, the chances for the contenders were more evenly divided, and frequently the bulls took heavy

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toll. It is recorded that in some of the ancient tournaments a half dozen knights, or more, lost their lives during a single



fiesta. Later, evolution took place in the character of the sport, culminating, in 1749, in the erection of a great bull

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ring in Madrid, with professional *toreros* as the sole participants, and the contests, once the pastime of chivalry, degenerated into public enterprises for profit.

Having no knowledge of sport, and little interest in active outdoor life, the Spaniard gratifies his desire for entertainment in the traditional sport of the country. The bull fight is to Spain exactly what baseball is to America or football to England.

VIII. THE CRUMBLING MAJESTY OF TOLEDO



EMINISCENT of Segovia, Toledo, in the fashion of its sister city of Castile, balances itself on a rocky eminence in the middle of a vast arid plain with a river of the desert at its feet. But its environment is less hospitable than that of those other cities, for all about it is the absence of habitation, and the dust, crumbling rock, and drought-stricken soil of desolation—an extraordinary situation for a city that maintained itself as a great metropolis, a center of culture, religion, and government for many centuries under changing civilizations.

The early evening train from Madrid carries you to Toledo after dark, and, in a spirit of adventurous anticipation as of approaching something strange and exotic, you enter the city. As is usual in Spain, the railroad station is removed from the town and the drive along the dust-blanketed road, around the shoulder of the hill, across the Moorish bridge that spans the deep chasm of the river, and up the precipitous slopes of the now shrunken metropolis, leaves impressions that do not fade. The desert sky, a

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deep blue, is spangled with a myriad of luminous stars that hang low in the clear upland air, and as you slowly make your way up the winding causeway, the scene which unfolds at your feet as the straggling outskirts of the town drop below you with their twinkling lights, duplicates the canopy of the heavens. You have the impression of ascending in midair and being enveloped in the evening sky.

If Toledo has been described to you as a dead or dying city, crumbling to dust in its splendid isolation, you will wonder at the lively traffic that accompanies you from the station, on foot and donkey back, in carriage and motor. The air vibrates with the sound of the moving life that toils up the perpendicular grade, an activity that, later, you find characterizes the daylight hours as well. At last, a final turn of the serpentine road brings you into the principal square which, paradoxically, is triangular in shape, and proceeding across it, your bus enters a tiny lane to draw up almost immediately in a miniature plaza before the door of your hotel. The hotels of Spain have been much maligned, and this hotel at Toledo helps to prove the falsity of much that has been said of them. It is built after the order of an old palace, and in spite of its relative modernity it strikes a harmonious note that is quite gratifying to the sense of age that you expect to envelop everything in a city that knows nothing new. It has a central court, which is ample in size; its dining-room is almost imposing, and if its furnishings are marked by an extreme simplicity that approaches poverty, what does it matter? For, situated on the pinnacle of the city, at the edge of the slope overlooking the road and the houses that fall away in cascades below, it offers you views of enchantment from your chamber window that are hardly equalled outside of fairy tales. If your windows face the east, they will command a view of the golden desert, over the city walls and roof tops below,

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that is as far-reaching as the prospect from an aeroplane. Nothing could be lovelier than this vast expanse of shimmering plain in the cool sparkling air of the early morning, glorified into a canvas of color-harmonies by the rays of yellow sunlight; and when the blanket of night envelops the silent world beyond, the twinkling lights of the houses clustered at the foot of the hill, and the bull ring, a gigantic bowl of incandescence under its flood of electric light, it is like a place where fairies dwell. If there could be any monotony in this prospect over the distant plain, there assuredly is none in the extraordinary scene on the flat rooftops immediately below. For the worthy people who occupy the buildings vie with their brethren of the country in the enjoyment of the advantages of suburban life in their strictly urban surroundings. Established as places of recreation and utility, the convenient roofs afford sanctuary for the pets of the household, furnish excellent drying yards for the family laundry, and offer airy retreats for the barnyard fowl. The poultry runs are, of course, limited in extent, but the unexacting fowls seem content in their exalted situation, and presumably render generous payment for the family's care by contributing eggs, and, occasionally, even their lives to their master's table.

Toledo is an anachronism. Content in the middle of vast solitude, it sits in crumbling majesty, apart from modern life, aloof from progress, a resounding echo of the Middle Ages. The vitality that gives it life amid the ruins of its past, reflects an age greater than that statement indicates. Livy mentions it as *Toletum*, and the Romans gained possession of it in 192 B.C. Later, the Visigoths, sweeping across the peninsula, dispossessed the Romans and made it their capital in 567. Twenty years after that, their pagan king embraced Catholicism, and Toledo was not only established as the religious center of the peninsula, a position

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that it has since held, century after century, but its clergy intrenched themselves in the political life of the country, so as to remain, to this day, a dominant factor. The ramparts that still partly encircle the city rest on foundations that were laid by the Visigothic king, Wamba, in the seventh century. A century and a half after the coming of the Goths, the Moorish hosts began their triumphal sweep through the Iberian peninsula, overwhelmed Toledo in 712, and, for four hundred years, the city became one of the important Saracenic strongholds of Spain. At last, the Spaniards, destined to become the dominant race, arose to reclaim their own. Emboldened by their successes against their Moorish masters in the north, the victorious Spanish army, under the command of the Cid, finally entered the city in 1085, after a struggle of several years, and two years later, Alfonso VI transferred his royal residence from Burgos. Truly is Toledo an imperial city.

For all its isolation in the desolate Castilian plain, what a regal situation the city enjoys! It reposes on a gigantic mass of granite, out of the seared and tortured sides of which spring the walls and town, both of which are almost completely encircled by the river Tagus, its tawny waters flowing through a deep gorge, having, by their ceaseless work of countless centuries, created a moat of vast proportions. Only on one side is the city unprotected by the river and here the declivity to the plain is exceedingly steep.

By daylight, the bridge you have crossed the night before reveals itself in all its medieval character. The Puerta de Alcantara it is called, a name derived obviously from the Arabic *al kantara* meaning "bridge." Although it is of Moorish origin, it was reconstructed by Alfonso the Learned in 1258, and in the two centuries that followed, the sculptured stone gateway at one end and the battlemented tower at the other were added. It is a story-book entrance to a

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city that glows with the romance of the past. Over this bridge, which spans the deep chasm of the river, flows a never-ceasing stream of commerce, borne in covered carts, on donkey back, and in humble vehicles propelled by human motor power. Sometimes it is vigorous in volume, and again, when the midday sun is hot, and thought is given to less energetic affairs than labor and trade, it trickles across but grudgingly. At any time of day, however, the visitor, taking up his vigil beneath the grateful shade of the castellated tower, will be rewarded by a pageant of traffic as picturesque and primitive as the bridge itself.

On the opposite side of the city, connecting the dusty, shelving town and the arid, desolate hillside across the stream, is another bridge, the Puerta de St. Martin, which spans the gorge of the river in five graceful arches. While considerably longer, it is, in essential features, the counterpart of the other, battlemented gateways and all, a survival of the thirteenth century, and over it also moves the entertaining traffic from the countryside. On the shoulder of the hill near by, commanding a magnificent view of the fertile *vega* fringing the river, which flows into oblivion in the distance of the plain, is the site of the palace of Roderick, the "Last of the Goths." Directly below, on the river bank, is the Baño de la Cava, the scene of an incident, if the story be true, that held mighty consequences for the destiny of Spain. Here it was that King Roderick, one hot summer evening, espied some handmaidens of his court bathing in the cool waters of the Tagus. Among them was Florinda, daughter of Count Julian la Cava, who was at that moment in northern Africa, leading the army of the Goths against the Moors, who were then threatening the Gothic domination of Spain. Florinda, beautiful of face and graceful of figure, so stirred the passion of the king that he was seized with a mad desire to possess her. Forgetting kingly honor

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and chivalry, he betrayed the confidence of his trusted lieutenant, who was fighting his battles across the Mediterranean and who had entrusted his daughter to the care of his monarch. When word of the king's perfidy reached Count Julian, he was beside himself with anger and swore to take revenge, not only upon his king, but upon the very scenes of his dishonor. Meeting the Sultan under a flag of truce, he related the tragic story of the affair and offered to betray his country into the hands of its enemy. Sympathizing with Julian, and little loath to take advantage of the fortuitous circumstances that might enable him to accomplish his scheme of conquest, the Sultan placed him at the head of the Moorish hosts and sent him forth on his desperate errand. Crossing the strait, the Saracen army with Count Julian at its head, met the forces of Roderick, not far from Cadiz, and vanquished them, and the Visigothic mastery of Spain was at an end forever.

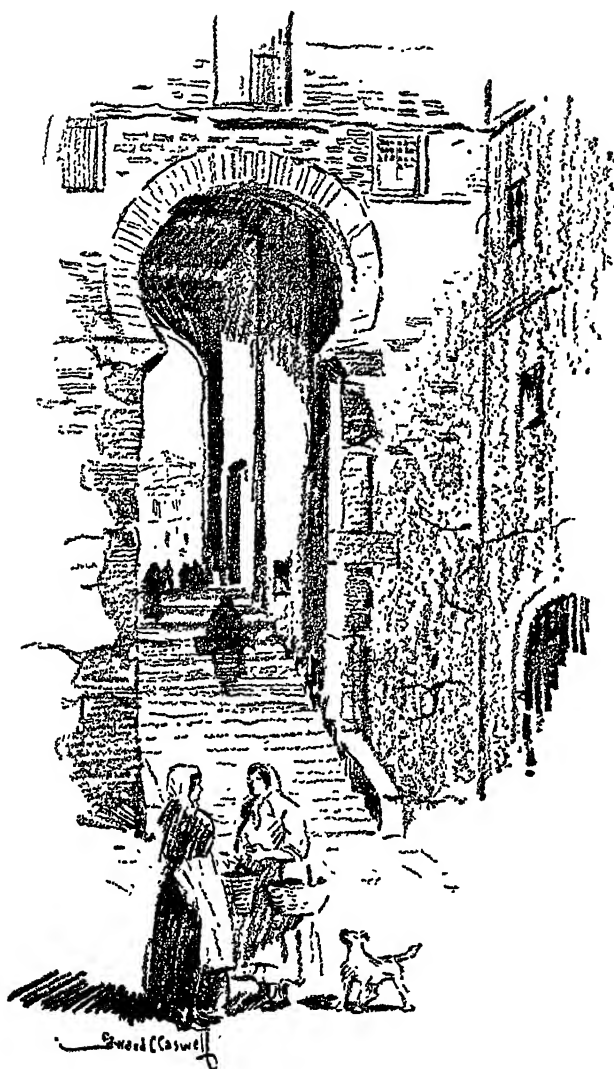
But it is over the Alcantara Bridge that you will enter Toledo, and you will mount the hill by the winding highway that parallels the ancient walls of Visigoth and Moor, coming presently to the towered Puerta del Sol, built in the Moorish style, beneath whose portals visitors to the city have passed for more than eight centuries. If, instead of continuing on the road which takes you to the principal square of the town, you pass, instead, through this venerable gate, you will find yourself in front of one of the greatest architectural treasures in Toledo, although, because of its modesty in shrinking into the walls that flank its doors, you will miss it entirely if you are not all attention. It is the oldest building in Toledo, the church of El Cristo de la Luz, a miniature house of worship only twenty feet square, which was once a mosque, and for that matter, still possesses all the physical characteristics of one. It was built in 922, when the Mohammedans were in undisputed control of the city,

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and its Moorish architecture remains almost unchanged to this day. The manner in which this church acquired its Christian name, "The Christ of the Light," is an interesting one. Tradition relates that when, in 1085, the city fell to the besieging Spaniards, the redoubtable Cid, seated on his snow-white charger, entered the city at the head of the army of Alfonso VI. Upon reaching this mosque, the intelligent horse, governed by spiritual insight, no doubt, dropped on his knees and refused to go any further. Dismounting, the Cid ordered an immediate investigation to be made, which, when the wall was opened, revealed in a concealed niche an ancient crucifix, before which there still burned a lamp of the ancient Visigothic church that had once stood on the spot, a flame that, most miraculously, had been burning all through the centuries. Accordingly, the mass of victory was celebrated there and the Mohammedan mosque became a Christian church. With blundering stupidity the Spanish Christians despoiled this exquisite bit of oriental workmanship by adding an apse to accommodate an altar. Happily, the delicate workmanship of the interior was otherwise left unaltered, and the visitor can see the mosque almost as it was a thousand years ago.

Returning through the Puerta del Sol, and continuing up the ascending highway, you come finally to the city's principal square, the focus of its life. The Plaza de Zocodover, which derives its name from the Arabic *suk*, or "market," has a flavor of informality, almost of privacy, and is flanked on its triangular sides by ancient plaster houses with balconies and awninged windows, and, true to its name, is given over to a dry goods fair in the morning hours. Booths are set up by the enterprising merchants and in these temporary structures almost everything wearable is sold. Shops and cafés occupy the ground floors of the flanking houses, and receive generous patronage from

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the crowds of people who frequent the market. By mid-day, the Toledans consider some respite due them, and the

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cafés on the shady side of the square, overcrowding the sidewalk, extend their operations out into the plaza to the limit of the protecting shadows. From that time on, until late into the evening, a leisurely yet animated throng of people takes possession of the square, strolling about its meager boundaries, standing around in groups, discussing the topics of the day, and sitting at ease before their glasses of wine, observing the changing procession.

At this juncture, I discover in my note book the following entry under Toledo: "Many boys and beggar pests!" Such a notation might truthfully be made of almost any city in Spain, for children, with insatiable curiosity, swarm everywhere, and the lazy and aged and infirm, whose numbers are legion, continually seek alms. Toledo harbors a large and enterprising population of juvenile and indigent freebooters. There must be a species of traveler which pays tribute to these annoyances, either out of pity or for freedom from importunity, for otherwise there would be fewer and less persistent members of the guild. Our guide book, fortifying the traveler against all eventualities, suggested the use of the word *anda* in dealing with the importunate, the English equivalent of "go away!" This, and the word *vamos*, which we borrowed from the vocabulary of an exasperated native, we flung at the boys that beset us, occasionally with such vehemence that either they would retire from the field quite abashed or, with gay abandon, mimic our explosive ejaculations.

Toledo abounded not only in seekers after alms who craved our help in their support, but also in guides, of a tender age principally, who insisted on placing their services at our disposal. The Plaza de Zocodover harbored many aspirants to the position of *cicerone*, who would issue forth and pounce upon us, whenever we entered its confines. And when, in the narrow streets of the busy district, we at-

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tempted the use of the camera, the children sprang up as if by magic, and swarmed in front of the lens, eager for a place in the sun. Before such attacks, entreaty was of no avail. We were obliged to resort to subterfuge. Making a pretense of taking a picture in one direction, all the children would scamper in front of the camera, when, suddenly, we would swing about and snap the shutter at the scene we really wanted to take, free from the mob of posing juveniles. Great was the chagrin of the children when they realized the deception we had practiced.

The outward desolation of Toledo, a crumbling, half-deserted city built on ground resembling an inferno, slowly dying in its immense bareness of plain, under the pitiless glare of a sun that shines from a cloudless sky, as of a skeleton bleaching in the forgotten sands of a desert, is not borne out in its interior life. In the height of its glory, under Moorish culture and trade, and during the residency of the kings of Castile, Toledo boasted a population of two hundred thousand souls. To-day, it cannot muster more than one-tenth of that number, yet its streets are bustling with people. And in these streets which intersect the undulating surface of the hilltop, is betrayed its oriental character, for they are extraordinarily crooked, and, for the most part, like deep canyons, flanked by towering walls, so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass, and the donkeys, with bulging panniers, leave little enough room for the pedestrian. In no other city in Europe, perhaps, are the streets so narrow and the buildings so high, and certainly in no metropolis of the Occident is it more difficult for the stranger to find his way about. Narrow streets and towering houses shut off the distant vistas with their familiar landmarks silhouetted against the sky, which enable the wayfarer to set his course. In oriental fashion, also, the tall buildings of the older sections present almost window-

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less surfaces to the streets, and frequently their entrances are defended by great iron-studded doors. It is within the *patio* that the life of the occupants centers, and the privacy of this interior court is reserved for the family. Here are rugs, easy-chairs, divans and growing plants where, shaded from the sun, the members of the household can enjoy their leisure. In the provincial cities of southern Spain, little attention has been paid to exterior grandeur, and the visitor little suspects the beauty and luxury that conceals itself behind the inhospitable walls that face the streets.

The deep ravines of the city's thoroughfares are not without their value. They serve, indeed, a twofold purpose, affording protection from the penetrating winter winds, and intercepting, with their soaring walls, the merciless heat and glare of the summer sun. Much deference is everywhere shown to the midday sun, for it burns hotly. The shady side of the streets is in demand, and well before the sun reaches its zenith the inhabitants protect their doors and windows with sheets of coarse material, improvised awnings, that shut out the blistering rays. At two o'clock, the shops close for lunch and the afternoon *siesta*, reopening at four. Of the few shops that remain open, the entrances are hung with the customary awnings, the merchants preferring the semi-darkness of the interior and the absence of fresh air to the glare of the blinding light and the heated atmosphere of the streets. Hotel rooms are tightly shuttered, and restaurants serve their patrons in the midst of a benevolent gloom. Fortunately, the intensity of the heat is mitigated by its complete freedom from moisture, and the elevation of the city insures relief in the night hours. The Spaniard has acquired the happy faculty of seeking the shade at midday, and of moving with leisure at all times, his simple safeguards against discomfort.

As might be expected of a city that for centuries has

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been a center of ecclesiastical power, Toledo abounds in churches that date from the lustrous time of its zenith. The area of the city, circumscribed by the confines of her hilltop situation, is relatively small. From one end to the other is a walk of only ten or fifteen minutes, but from any point in the town it is possible to reach a churchly edifice in two minutes. With a population of two hundred thousand people, divided among Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews, these churches were doubtless needed and were well patronized, although to-day, many of them stand for no utilitarian purpose, but merely as symbols of the strong religious impulse of times past, and as a tribute to the architectural genius of that age. These temples of religion give to Toledo an architectural significance that is unique, for they are strongly marked by oriental influence, and proclaim the city's Moorish tradition. For nearly four centuries, the Moors occupied and governed Toledo, embellishing it with the exquisite grace of their art. Their culture was the only culture in Spain at the time, and they loved beauty as they loved their religion, seeking to express it in intricate traceries of geometrical pattern, for their religion forbade them to portray life. It is remarkable that, so restricted in artistic expression, they managed, with their delicate traceries, to create such gems of grace. They were a tolerant people, too, for they permitted their Christian subjects to worship as they chose, in all the ceremony and panoply of their Catholic ritual. We are told that in matters which concerned only themselves they even suffered the Christians to be governed by their own laws and to be answerable only to their own judges. It is fortunate that the Spaniards, when once more they gained possession of Toledo, showed an equal tolerance in allowing the Moslems to remain. For the Moors, with their architectural genius, gave of their talents to their Christian conquerors, who were

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quite without creative imagination in art, and in the two or three succeeding centuries there were erected the Jewish synagogues and Christian churches that remain to-day, still preserving, in spite of later alterations, their Moorish character. The synagogues stand in the old Jewish quarter, one founded in the twelfth century, and the other begun in 1360 by Samuel Levi, the rich Jewish treasurer of Pedro the Cruel, afterwards beheaded by his monarch. In those days, Toledo had a considerable Jewish population, a part of which, it is claimed, even antedated the Romans. These ancient Jews were refugees from Jerusalem at the time of its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar and his Babylonian hosts, and they fled to the Biblical Tarshish, which, according to tradition, is modern Spain.

The cathedral, alone, is free from Moorish influence, and it stands in its Gothic purity, almost like a protest against the exotic oriental art of all the other public buildings of the city. Its foundations were laid in 1227, by Ferdinand III, from the designs of a foreign architect whose nationality is obscure because his name, Petrus Petri, has come down to us only in Latin form. It is a noble structure that was more than two hundred and fifty years in building, with an interior embellished with ancient stained glass, a multitude of sculptured figures, altars, screens, crucifixes, pictures and other ornaments, and enjoyed by a constant stream of worshippers who kneel on the cold stone flagging, telling their beads, and showing, during their orisons, much curiosity in the strangers who stroll about the vast interior.

There is one chapel in this great edifice that is unique in Europe, for in that shrine, a daily mass is said after the ancient Visigothic and Mozarabic ritual. This service is a survival of the worship of the original Visigothic inhabitants of the city, many of whom, though they adopted the speech of their Saracen conquerors, still held to their Christian



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faith. This service of the Mozarabs, or "half Arabs," as they were called, differs substantially from the Roman ritual. It is a product of the very earliest Christian times, antedating even the liturgy of the Roman church.

So great had Toledo waxed, in the four centuries that followed the wresting of the city, by Alfonso VI, from the Saracen interlopers, that Ferdinand and Isabella considered it a regal city, and founded a convent there, on the heights above the Puente de St. Martin, which was to be their burial place. The foundations were laid in 1476, but, upon the capture of Granada in 1492, a royal mausoleum was established there, and Toledo lost the honor of being the final resting place of the "Catholic Kings." But the church still remains perched on the shoulder of the city, far above the river, and still bears the arms and initials of its founders, F-Y, for Ferdinand and Ysabel. The exterior walls are hung with strange and grim embellishments. Scores of chains have been suspended there for centuries, shackles that were removed from Christian prisoners held in Moorish dungeons.

Toledo's past has been glorified by much more than her Moorish art and her royal patronage. Cervantes lived there, and his house, just off the Plaza de Zocodover, is still standing. El Greco occupied the former residence of the Jewish treasurer of Pedro the Cruel, and one of his greatest masterpieces is hanging in the cathedral near by. And, as the ecclesiastical center of Spain, Toledo was the residence of a long line of Archbishops, who were its real rulers, and who were even a power in the temporal affairs of the nation, second only to the king himself. Their names, Fonsecas, Rodrigos, Mendozas, Ximinez, and many others, have come down in the pages of history identified with art, science, public works, military operations, and with many of the momentous political events of the nation.

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Cardinal Mendoza was one of the leading figures in the victorious campaign of Ferdinand and Isabella against Granada, and upon the death of the "Catholic Kings," Cardinal Ximenez took over the reigns of government, maintaining his authority through his control of the army.

So Toledo, the desert city, basking in the dust of her centuries, contemplates with satisfaction her achievements of the past, and rests securely on her laurels. Like a venerable dowager, she sits in haughty disregard of the world that moves forward, clothed in the raiment of her glory. For the garments she still wears are the symbols of her accomplishments—her ancient walls, medieval gateways, colossal *alcazar*, magnificent cathedral, time-worn churches, and wandering streets of towering houses.

But if Toledo remains aloof from the world that seems, to her, so distant, her inhabitants betray an active interest in each other and in trade. A fair and a *fiesta*, that were in progress when we made our visit, bore rich evidence of the truth of this statement. Without the Cambron gate, near the site of the castle of the ill-fated Roderick, and under the trees along the dusty road that skirts the ancient walls, were pens of cows and pigs and sheep, awaiting the critical gaze of the buyer. But trading was slow, for the country folk seemed greatly to prefer the more social features of the enterprise. Constantly arriving and departing on donkey back, they gathered along the roadside by hundreds, squatting on the rocks and grass in the grateful shade of the giant trees that fringed the way, and gossiped to their hearts' content. Donkeys by the score, tied to every convenient object, dreamed in happy complacency, awaiting the pleasure of their masters. Down the slope from the Puerta del Sol, in another part of the town, in the tree-planted acres of the Paseo de Madrid, to be exact, a carnival was in progress for the amusement, evidently, of the

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people who came to the fair with serious intent. Here were rows of booths, having on sale cooling drinks and cooked food, and other stalls devoted to the usual pastimes of an amusement park, patronized by a constant stream of townsfolk and visitors.

But, lest we should be permitted to depart with the memory of Toledo as a city where progress was entirely a stranger, a demonstration took place that gave illuminating evidence of her partial emancipation from the past. Pursuing our way through the quiet canyons of the streets one day, we were aroused by the frantic honking of many horns. Approaching us from the rear was a thoroughly modern cavalcade that might have been touring the streets of Detroit; it was nothing less, in fact, than a string of shining "flivvers," gleaming immaculately in the noonday sun, bearing placards that announced the new models of the maker and accompanied by so much noise that people rushed to the windows to learn the cause of the disturbance. Past us they made their way, as we took to the side of the narrow thoroughfare, and almost in a moment they were lost to view around the curve of the street, their horns still calling the drowsy inhabitants to admire their streamline bodies and their mighty engines!

As we made our last journey through Toledo's principal street, up from the cathedral where many people were engaged in prayer, we were reminded once more of the devotional character of the city's townsfolk. For, side by side, were humble shops bearing the names of the proprietors, "Jesus Echevarria" and "Angel Garces." Still, such names are not confined to the "Spanish Rome," for in Segovia we had come across a shop bearing the sign "Jesus Garcia, Barber."

IX THE ANCIENT MECCA OF THE WEST

I N Andalusia at last! We have dropped overnight from Toledo, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, to Cordova on the Guadalquivir River, scarcely three hundred feet in altitude. Here, we are in the real south of Spain where the sun is more torrid; where the people are swarthy and



volatile, dressing with greater picturesqueness of attire, and arraying their mules and burros in bright-colored harness; where every house has its *patio* of growing plants or of tiny courts adorned with potted flowers; and where life generally seems leisurely and full of happiness. Here, in the country which the conquering Arabs named El Andalus, or "Western Land," the mixtures of the oriental and occidental strains are evident, for seven centuries of Moorish occupancy, with its Saracen population from North Africa and Arabia, have left their mark on the inhabitants. In contrast to the proud and decorous Castilian, the Andalusian is mercurial and vivacious, and has a highly imaginative mind. The dances and music of Andalusia imprison the very soul of the Orient, and

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even the dialect is strongly tingured with Arabic, especially in that part of the vocabulary that relates to agriculture. It is Andalusia that breeds the warriors of the bull ring, for nearly all the *toreros* are natives of this province, and



the very bulls which they combat are bred on Andalusian ranches.

We left Toledo in the early afternoon, alighting at Aranjuez, there to catch the southern night express, which leaves late in the evening. Faring forth from the station

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to find entertainment during the waiting hours, we emerged into a broad avenue, canopied by rows of stately trees. Pursuing our way, we came to the end of this short boulevard, and at the edge of an immense plaza, flanked by a miniature forest, there burst into view a royal château, built after the manner of the French. The scene might truly have been in France, so much did it resemble, in environment and design, a palace of that country. Aranjuez, we discovered, has been a summering place of Spanish royalty since the Middle Ages; it was one of the favorite haunts of Isabella, and, for centuries, successive kings of Spain used it as a place of summer residence, building palace after palace, as the preceding ones were destroyed. The present château, which stands on flat ground, adjacent to the village but quite apart from it, was erected in the middle of the eighteenth century. Our way to the *palacio real* was thickly carpeted with dust, the immense elms and plane trees along the road keeping their verdure only by the grace of the life-giving water flowing in irrigation ditches at their feet. There was, we thought, nothing especially distinguished in the château itself, but, after the blinding glare of the yellow plain and the heat of the drought-stricken countryside, nothing could be more grateful than the cool, deep shade of the forested gardens. The music of flowing water, babbling down the rapids of the Tagus River, and rippling along the canals and irrigation ditches of the tiny forest, was a balm to our parched throats and fevered skins. That the royal family of Spain has not, for a century, made use of this palace for anything more than transient visits, is no doubt because the ease and rapidity of modern transportation enable them to reach cooler and more distant places that offer more diversion and excitement than is found in this isolated retreat in the desert.

It was after an all-night journey over the dusty plains

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that, at six in the morning, we arrived at Cordova. Instead of the blistering heat that we had been warned against, the air was deliciously cool and fresh, almost chilly in fact, and after the delight of cold water and fresh garments, we emerged from our chamber to the breakfast room, with great open windows looking out on the tree- and flower-adorned *patio*. And there we had our repast, the early morning sun striking through the trees and dappling the stone-flagged garden and walls that enclosed us with soft and cooling shadows. Forgotten were the sun-smitten landscapes of yesterday, and the tiresome, grimy pilgrimage of the night. Even the broad, arid, dusty street outside our door, and the sun beating down on its unsheltered pavements were regarded with benevolent eyes in the rare freshness of our surroundings. That the pen can paint a picture which will set imagination going far beyond the bounds of reality is manifest, for the reader may conjure up a charming hotel, in mission design, of long and rambling lines, embellished with rare and luxurious furnishings, bordering a palm-fringed and flowered *patio*, a scene such as one beholds on the screen of the motion picture. Our hotel at Cordova, in spite of its extreme modernity, was nothing of the sort. It was a very plain and inartistic stone building, three stories in height, situated on a broad, barren thoroughfare, and its furnishing was simple to the point of cheapness, in its brass beds, uncarpeted floors and factory-built chairs of reed and oak. Even the garden adjoining, which was not, strictly speaking, a *patio*, was far from being a labyrinth of luxuriant plants and a place of enchantment, but for all that, the mere shadow of these romantic figments made it a paradise to us on that particular morning. It might be expected that Spain, with all her glory of climate and her architectural heritage, would build her hotels in the traditional style of the country. Perhaps she does, in places remote from the traveled lanes,

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but nowhere in the frequented ways do you find any hostelrys (and I know I am shattering illusions when I say this,) that begin to compare in charm and atmosphere with the beautiful hotels of California which took their inspiration from the palaces of old Spain.

In situation and aspect, Cordova offers as striking a contrast to Toledo as can be imagined. Toledo is perched on the summit of a hill, and is characterized by narrow, irregular streets and towering houses. Cordova, on the other hand, rests on a level foundation by the river bank, and is marked by broader thoroughfares and low whitewashed buildings. Yet, for centuries, both were cities of the Moors and each of them shows well-defined traces of oriental influence.

Cordova, the ancient Mecca of the West, is unquestionably one of the most picturesque of all Spanish cities. Beyond its priceless treasure, the vast, columned mosque, it has retained, it is true, few monuments of the past. It is a city of no magnificence of proportions, of no splendor of setting. Its general appearance is one, almost, of meanness, merely a low-built city, lying flat and dusty by the Guadalquivir, a river which is like a snake, winding lazily along in the desert. Neither has it the air of a metropolis, for all its fifty thousand people, and the recollection of a magnificent past. Rather has it the earmarks of a provincial city, almost, without an aristocracy, a simple town of peasants and shopkeepers. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, it has a strange and compelling atmosphere, as of a place that has quite disregarded the passing of time. Its quiet streets of whitewashed houses, wandering here and there, without direction, bear a distinct flavor of the Orient; there are vistas that delight the eye, and corners and tiny plazas that enchant one; the graceful street fountains are centers for children and housewives, who come to fill their earthen jars,



The Bell Tower rising from the garden wall of the ancient mosque, now the cathedral, at Cordova.

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and, coursing through these streets, are streams of townsfolk and peasantry from the neighboring country, who take their uncomfortable ease mounted on gaily adorned beasts of burden. In the entire city there is hardly a modern building.

The cathedral, formerly the great mosque of Islam, is, of course, Cordova's *pièce de résistance*, for of all the re-



ligious edifices left by Spain's Moorish conquerors there is nothing to compare, either in size or in splendor, with this marvelous shrine. The Mesjid al-Jâmi'a or "Chief Mosque" of the ancient Moors, was planned to be the principal seat of worship of the faithful in Spain, and was intended to rival the great Kaaba at Mecca, diverting to Cordova the stream of pilgrims who sought holiness in the city of cities. The eventual glory of the mosque was, of course, the accomplishment of many generations. The original sanctuary, founded in 785, was a modest affair, but

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as the Moorish dominion in Spain increased, and the city grew in size and importance, this was added to by caliph after caliph until, in 990, the temple was complete. The mosque at Cordova was then one of the two greatest mosques in Islam, second only to that at Mecca.

During this period of its zenith, Cordova held the proud position of the capital of the western Moslem world. To the Omayyad dynasty belongs the credit for the development of Cordova's greatness, chiefly because of the vision of its founder, Sultan Abd-er-Rahmân I, who escaped the massacre of his family at Damascus, in 750. Establishing his sovereignty at Cordova, in 756, he proclaimed himself independent of the eastern caliphate. As the center of Moorish dominion in Spain, the city grew in population, in wealth, and in culture until, we are told, a million people made up its citizenry; three hundred mosques catered to their spiritual needs; nine hundred baths made easy their ablutions, and nine hundred inns gave hospitality to the faithful who made pilgrimage to the holy city from every corner of the Mohammedan domain. While Europe was brooding in the ignorance and intolerance of the Dark Ages, Cordova was a brilliant seat of art and science, of learning and luxury, and students came to it from all parts of the western world. Of all the luxurious palaces, stately temples of worship, and public buildings dating from this period of Cordova's greatness, only the great mosque remains, but that is enough to give splendor to any city. Upon the capture of Cordova by Ferdinand, in 1236, following five hundred years of Arab dominion, the Moorish population was banished, and the decline of the city under its new Castilian masters was rapid.

The exterior walls of the huge mosque, which cover an immense expanse, with their sturdy buttresses and battle-mented tops, are grim and forbidding, as is always true of

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ancient Saracen architecture, which never sought outer expression, but reserved its splendor for the guest within its gates. Through the Court of Oranges, you enter the splendid tabernacle, and there, in the calm of the *patio*, you get your first impression of harmony and beauty. Here, in this enclosure, flanked by its colonnades and sentineled by its soaring Christian tower, are rows of palms and orange trees with plashing fountains, where formerly the Moslems made their ablutions, but where now, the women of the neighborhood come and fill their earthen jars, never neglecting their opportunity for gossip. It is a place of infinite repose, this spacious court, which has shut out the turmoil of the world with its enclosing walls, and made beautiful its restful precincts with trees of golden fruit and with fountains of living water—a fit entry, indeed, to a temple of worship. It was the intention of the ancient architects of the mosque to make these rows of symmetrical trees, flanking the original nineteen arched gateways to the shrine, a continuation, as it were, of the columns within, and so produce a gracious harmony between nature and the art of the temple. But the real glory is inside the sanctuary, where a multitude of columns of marble, jasper and porphyry stretch away, seemingly to infinity, and give the beholder the impression of looking through a forest. Originally, there were nearly a thousand of these graceful columns, of which more than eight hundred and fifty remain, and they are reputed to have been brought from Carthage, from the Roman temples in Southern France, from Christian churches in Spain, and from buildings even more remote, but it is likely that most of them were taken from Andalusian quarries. The vaulted ceiling of flaming color, resembling, in its essence, the rich hangings of an Arab tent, the exquisite mosaics, the rare marble carvings, and the *mihirabs*, or prayer niches, graced by superb shell vault-

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ing and gorgeous mosaic walls with Arabic inscriptions, are without parallel in the West. Nearly three hundred chandeliers and more than seven thousand lamps are said to have hung from the canopied ceiling, diffusing a light in which the interior of the building shone like a jeweled casket.

Only a short time elapsed after the capture of Cordova, before the mosque of the ancient Moslems became a Christian church. At first, the changes made in the edifice to accommodate the Christian ritual were relatively slight, but the hostility to the Reformation brought an intensified zeal for the full ceremony of the Catholic liturgy. Thus, in 1523, there was begun the construction of a Renaissance choir, with chapel and transept, which was placed squarely in the center of the mosque, rising high above the rest of the building. In these ill-conceived operations, sixty-three of the columns were removed, and the marvelous perspective of the shrine, which had intrigued the fancy of generations of the faithful, was forever marred. The town council of Cordova pleaded in vain against the desecration of so superb a creation of art, and threatened with death anyone taking part in the operation. But permission to make the alterations was finally obtained from Charles V, who seems to have had a positive genius for obtruding the clumsy art of his time in the midst of the delicate traceries of the Moors. For it was this same vain and stupid monarch who spoiled the harmony of the Alhambra enclosure at Granada, by erecting in its center his hideous and never-completed palace. Charles lived to regret his ill-advised action, however, for on visiting Cordova in 1526, and inspecting the new additions, he exclaimed, "You have built what you, or others, might have built anywhere, but you have destroyed something that was unique in the entire world." But the building, really, is not destroyed, for, in ensemble, you see the mosque as it served the followers

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of Mohammed in the remote days of the Caliphs, and you will always feel that this incomparable monument of Arab culture was worth your visit to Cordova, even though you may not share with me my enthusiasm for the picturesque character of the venerable city itself.

Subsequent to its golden age of Arab supremacy, Cordova's place in history has not been an important one. It did, however, play its part, although a minor one, in the Columbian drama. For it was in Cordova that Columbus had his first interview with the Spanish Crown. It came at a time when Ferdinand and Isabella were vigorously prosecuting their war against the Moors, and were, even then, assembling their forces to lay siege to Malaga. The city was in martial array, and its streets echoed with the tramp of armed men. All the chivalry of Spain was assembled, and eager crusaders, besides, from England, France, and other Christian lands, their imagination fired by the holy war against the Saracen unbelievers, were there.

It was an unpropitious time to present a scheme that seemed so fantastic, and which would entail such great expense, and the Spanish monarchs referred its consideration to the men of learning who were gathered there at the court. In the midst of such stirring times, the speculations of so obvious a dreamer had small place, too, in the minds of the populace, and they tapped their foreheads in derision at the man who was to defy all theories of geography and embark on the preposterous task of reaching a given point on the earth's surface by sailing in the opposite direction.

Through the influence of Diego de Deza, tutor of Prince Juan, the young crown prince, a staunch friend and supporter of the future discoverer, Columbus was maintained in Cordova as a member of the royal household, and there he waited with restless mind, until his sovereigns could give further consideration to his theories, which they promised

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to do, "when circumstances permitted." During these years of patient waiting, Columbus had married again, his wife coming from an excellent family, and here his second son, Ferdinand, a half-brother of Diego, was born. Columbus may not have been a hero to his own valet, but at least he was not without honor in his own household, for his wife's brother, Pedro de Arana, became so much impressed by the logic and practicability of his scheme of exploration that, in 1492, he joined the great voyage of discovery as commander of one of the caravels.

The midsummer sun is hot in Cordova and, as in Toledo, the inhabitants fight it with the simple resources at their command. As it rises toward its zenith, the merchants of the shopping district stretch burlap and canvas over the streets from roof to roof, so that their shops may have protection from the midday glare, and their customers may enjoy a welcome measure of comfort. By two o'clock the thoroughfares are deserted, the places of business are closed and shuttered, and the city becomes a lifeless shell. Only in the cafés is there evidence of life. Lunch and the *siesta*, to which the town has betaken itself, are matters of great leisure, and even at six o'clock activity has not been entirely resumed.

It is in the early morning hours that the Cordobeses pursue their duties, and you will find at the market a greater display of energy than you would have thought possible among these leisure-loving Andalusians. Of all the market places in Spain, none can rival in setting, and certainly none can surpass in movement, the one at Cordova. It is flanked on four sides by arcaded buildings, or more properly speaking, with one arcaded building, entered by arched gateways at either end. In earlier times, it was a hollow square, in which tournaments and bull fights were held, and from the balconies above the arcades and from

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within the recesses of the windows, the aristocracy were wont to view the spectacles. It takes little imagination to re-



create the scenes of those days, when the *señoritas*, made bewitching by shawl, *mantilla* and fan, and the *dons*, ar-

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rayed in their quaint Andalusian dress, watched the proceedings with indolence, and then applauded the victors with a vivacity not found in the cooler blooded people of the north.

But beauty must serve utility, and to-day, in the center of this historic square, has been erected a covered market, and the aristocracy of the city no longer have their homes in the tasteful, arcaded row that surrounds it. For times have changed, and the people of fortune have long since moved to patioed houses in the more fashionable section of the town, while the plebeians have moved in to take their place. This fact is plainly evident, for the modern tenants hang their laundry over the balconies where, once, dainty *señoritas* cast glances at passing gallants. The building that occupies the center of the plaza has long since proved inadequate for the needs of the community, and the market folk crowd the arcades and press into use another covered market which adjoins it, facing a tiny square with a fountain in its center.

You reach this *mercado* down a steep, curving street full of the flavor of the orient, and descending with you comes the oddest assortment of two- and four-footed folk that you have probably ever seen. There are men, women, and children, in a wide range of costume, some of them perched atop bulging panniers of produce, on donkeys that seem incapable of bearing their load, but which, nevertheless, plod solemnly on without apparent effort or protest; herds of goats driven by their keepers; mule trains of three and four animals, hitched, tandem fashion, to great wagons of merchandise; women on foot, balancing baskets on both arms; donkeys fitted out in brilliantly colored harness, carrying on their backs two and sometimes three children, and a multitude of folk who stroll along, seemingly without any serious purpose. Under the arcades of the square are

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improvised shops of pottery and kitchenware, spread in display over the pavement, and here and there, between the heaps of merchandise, are shoemakers at work, singly



and in groups, turning out their finished product, while cobblers are seated at work before boxes of leather scraps, old and new, devoting themselves to the reclamation of disabled footgear. Why such an astonishing number of shoe-

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makers should grace the market of Cordova it is difficult to say, but for centuries the city has been famous for its leather and must, even yet, retain a reputation and facility for working it. During all the morning hours, this extraordinary movement of the market folk continues, and in the focus of this ancient trading center you see a vivid cross section of the people of the Andalusian countryside.

Adjoining the market are narrow streets of tiny shops that, in their stall-like character, possess an Eastern quality. Beyond these, to the south, is the edge of the city, ending abruptly at the parapet of the road, paralleling the wide river bed which, at this time of the year, is mostly bare rock, for the Sierra Morena, on whose distant slopes the river rises, is denuded of its snows and furnishes inadequate moisture for a robust, self-respecting stream. Over this river, hard by the mosque, stretches a Moorish bridge, built on Roman foundations, which spans the current in sixteen graceful arches, and just below it, knee deep in the stream, stand some old Moorish water wheels. From this bridge, a vast country of sun-scorched acres rolls out to meet the sky, and looking toward the city, the golden pile of the mosque and its towering belfry silhouette themselves strikingly against the background of the Sierra de Cordoba.

The curiosity of the people over the movements of the stranger is unbounded in Cordova, as it is in the north, in spite of the greater number of visitors from overseas who visit the southern province. They never tire of watching the operation of the camera, and assemble, as if by magic, in pressing groups, to inspect the work of the artist. Children, as in every Spanish community, abound here, and evidence the liveliest desire to become a part of every picture that is taken by the camera or recorded in the sketch book. You have only to point a camera, and they dart before the lens. The older folk, too, have the same ex-

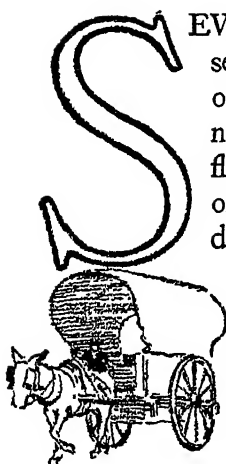
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traordinary wish to appear in a picture which they will never see, and they will go to endless trouble to gratify this desire.

We shall always remember Cordova as a leisurely, friendly town, low, open and rambling, free from the intrusion of high buildings, and contemptuous of modern industrial life where people toil in factories and are slaves to the clock. The life of Cordova moves slowly along, as it has for centuries past, and the people seem content in the quiet happiness of their gleaming, white houses and open courts. Every house has its *patio*, whether it be the imposing home of the rich, with its spacious court of palms, flowers and fountains, or the modest, outdoor retreat of the poor, enlivened by its simple display of potted plants. And there the children play, and their parents take their ease, untroubled by the turmoil of the outside world.



X THE CITY OF THE GIRALDA



SEVILLE is inevitably approached with a keen sense of expectancy, in fanciful anticipation of a city redolent with romance, for is it not the storied city of Andalusia, the fairest flower of the Spanish garden? Whether or not it will fulfil that expectancy, it is difficult to say, for certainly it has much to live up to, and imagination usually outruns the bounds of reality. But this at least is true—Seville is unlike any other city of Spain. It has a personality of its own. It is simply—Seville.

To both Cordova and Toledo it offers a striking contrast. It is a city, they are provincial towns. It cannot be compared even to Madrid or Barcelona, though they are all metropoli in the fullest sense of the word. For the Spanish capital and the chief commercial city are both pretentious and cosmopolitan, and might almost be cities of another commonwealth. Seville could be in no other state. It is distinctively Spanish.

Seville is cast on generous lines. It is no medieval stronghold, nestling on a hilltop and circumscribed by ancient walls, though at one time in its history it was defended

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by battlemented ramparts that were ten miles in circumference, and were strengthened by more than one hundred and sixty towers, fragments of which remain to-day. Instead, it rests on a broad, flat plain by the river Guadalquivir, the Wâd-al-Kebîr or "Great River," of the Arabs and with its relatively low buildings, its occasional broad thoroughfares, its *alamedas*, its little tree-clad squares and large public gardens, it has an air of spacious elegance not possessed by the smaller towns. Of all the cities of Spain none has an air of greater luxury and more prosperous leisure. It disdains pretense; there is not a single building, apart from its splendid architectural treasures of the past, and not an individual civic feature, whether it be a street, park, or monument, that is a conscious challenge to wealth and grandeur. Seville's aristocracy has all the modesty of the well born, and considers it unnecessary to assert its position through outward display. Even the patioed houses of the rich, with all their splendor of interior and luxury of appointment, are concealed behind walls of extreme simplicity which give not the slightest hint of the magnificence within. But, in the rows of beautiful houses, the luxurious courts of which you glimpse in passing, in the order of the streets, in the carriage of the people, as well as in their calm and leisure, and in a hundred and one subtle manifestations, you are conscious of being in a city that has pride of ancestry and a full consciousness of its *noblesse oblige*.

Seville has played no small part in the world's art, literature, music, and discovery. It gave to art two illustrious painters, Velasquez and Murillo, both of whom were born there; a number of authors and dramatists, famous in the annals of Spanish letters; it was the scene of several famous operas, Bizet's "Carmen," Mozart's "Don Juan" and "Figaro," and Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and during the

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Columbian epoch it was the Old World center for commerce with the new empire across the sea.

Long before these latter days of glory, Seville had been a seat of government and culture, of no mean importance. In 45 B.C., Cæsar made it one of the headquarters of the four judicial districts into which *Hispania* was divided. Indeed, in Italica, but four or five miles from Seville, where the ruins of an amphitheater and forum, along with other public buildings, attest a city of ancient importance, three Roman emperors were born—Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. In the fifth century, the Vandals and Goths, successively, made Seville their capital, and it became the residence of the first Arab viceroy, Abd-el-Azîz, who, after the capture of the city by his father in 712, married the widow of Roderick, the last king of the Goths. During the five centuries of Moorish domination, the city grew to a population of four hundred thousand, and rivaled Cordova in importance and magnificence. Then came the Christians once more. In 1248, King Ferdinand III of Castile—afterward sainted by the church—aided by Ibn al-Ahmar, sultan of Granada, laid siege to the city, and on one November day six months later, entered it as conqueror, and again it became the residence of a Christian king.

But, to people of the modern world, the ancient significance of the city lies, not in its association with Roman or Saracen, but with the discoveries that gave to the world a new continent. On that memorable Palm Sunday, in 1493, Columbus was formally received on his return from his great voyage of discovery, and vast throngs assembled to bid him welcome. Then, as now, Seville was a port, in spite of its situation more than fifty miles from the sea. The Guadalquivir, one of the two largest rivers of southern Spain, is navigable for shipping of moderate draught, and

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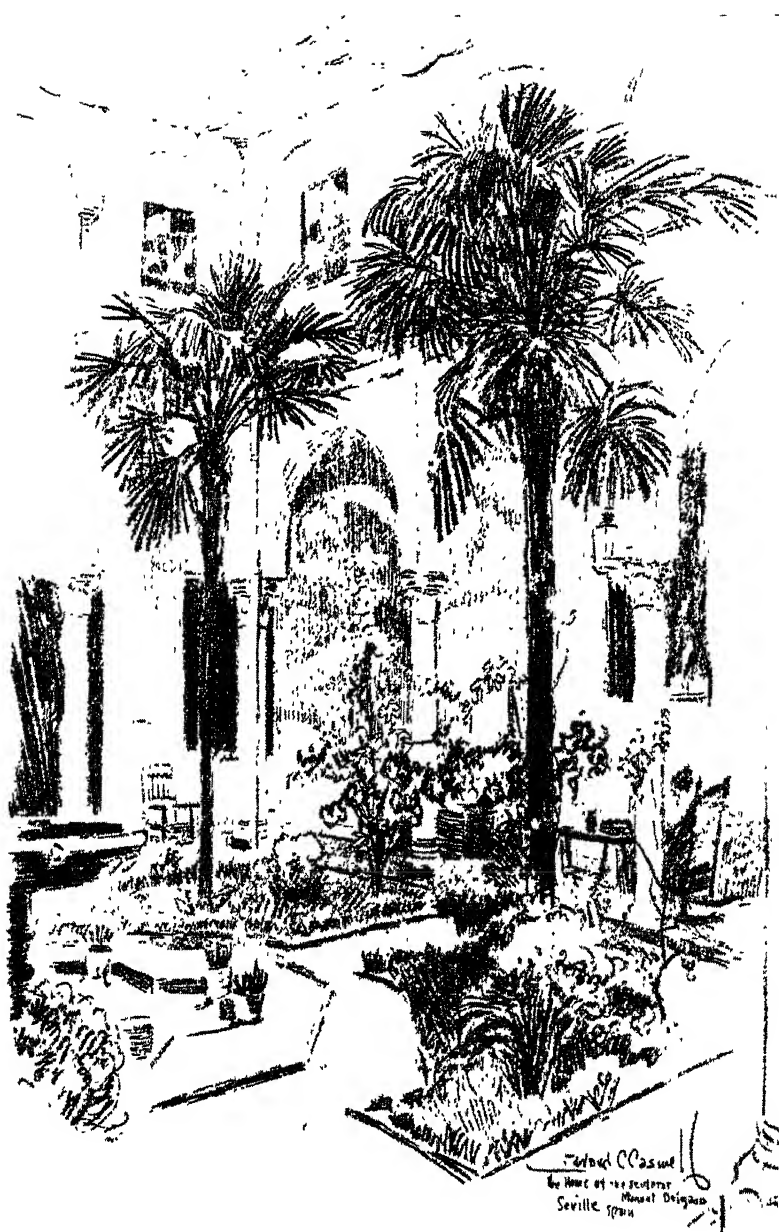
on any day, alongside of the city there can be seen steamers and sailing craft from distant lands. It was in these waters that multitudes of ships arrived from the newly discovered countries across the sea, bearing their rich cargoes, departing from them again for conquest and for trade; it was from these waters, too, that Magellan set sail, with his hardy crew, on his daring voyage to circumnavigate the globe. The discovery of the Americas proved an epoch-making event for Seville, for it was given the monopoly of the trade of the new world, and was appointed the seat of the *Tribunal de las Indias*. It was not long before it became the principal port of Spain and a city of world importance, a commercial preëminence that has, to be sure, long since vanished.

The lion of Seville is, of course, the Christian cathedral, distinguished by its incomparable Giralda. The Moorish prayer tower, which rises in its majestic proportions sheer from the ground at the side of the Cathedral, we first saw through the length of a narrow street, which served to accentuate its magnificent size. It struck a familiar note, for it was the prototype of the famous tower of the old Madison Square Garden in New York, only recently torn down, which we had often seen, and which is always considered to have been one of Stanford White's finest architectural achievements. But, having in our minds the more modest proportions of the copy, we were not prepared for the immensity of the Giralda, which soars with splendid majesty into the blue, flaunting its belfried head far above its surroundings and, indeed, well above the entire city. It is, without question, one of the greatest Moorish monuments in Spain and is representative of all that is best in Arabic art. It was erected in 1184 as the minaret of the principal mosque which occupied the spot on which the Cathedral now stands. Its walls are eight feet in thickness and so well have they

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resisted the ravages of time, there is little evidence of wear. The cupola, a Christian addition in the sixteenth century, is surmounted by a bronze female figure representing Faith. This immense figure, which was cast in 1568, is thirteen feet high, weighs more than a ton, and acts as a *giraldillo* or "weather vane," giving the tower its name. In spite of its size and weight, it responds readily to every changing wind of the heavens, hardly a fitting gesture for so steadfast a virtue as Faith!

We essayed the ascent to the top of the tower, a climb made easy by a broad inclined plane of thirty-five sections, winding within the tower. The view that greeted us when we emerged at the top amply repaid us for the energy we had expended. The entire city, stretching away in every direction, lay at our feet. Directly beneath was the billowy roof of the Cathedral, with its Gothic spires and sculptured ornamentation, and, to one side, its beautiful Court of Oranges. Across the plaza, in the beauty of its gardens, was the ancient *alcazar*, which for centuries has been a residence of the Spanish kings; and not far away was the tawny Guadalquivir, Spain's river of romance, enfolding the city in its sinuous arms and disappearing in the immensity of the plain. At one hand, near its bank, was the bull ring, its circular outline cutting the serrated housetops and standing forth like a pool in a garden of flowers; at the other hand, the immense *Fabrica de Tabacos*, a gigantic building erected in 1757, covering more area than the Cathedral with its Court of Oranges, and in which thousands of Carmens find employment with much less romance, if the truth be told, than that portrayed in Bizet's opera. And, surrounding them all, was a multitude of irregular houses, gleaming in whitewashed splendor, that suggested an oriental city rather than a metropolis of the Occident.



A patio of Seville.

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As fortune would have it, our visit to the belfry was made at half past five in the afternoon, timed, by chance, to see the manipulation of the great bells of the Giralda, the ringing of which is an experience of memorable interest. These bells, you must understand, are not inanimate objects to be treated impersonally; they are living personalities, for have they not all been christened with holy oil and provided with names? There is Santa Maria and San Juan, and more colloquially, La Gorda, "The Fat," and El Cantor, "The Singer." Their manipulation is not accomplished through the cold process of machinery, but by the extraordinary dexterity of the bellman. By means of a rope, which is tossed with rhythmic precision, he engages the projecting arms of the bells, swinging the huge masses of metal so that they chant with resonant voices the measured liturgy of the hour. The sound in the belfry is deafening, as metal strikes on metal, but in the distant city below it blends into a joyous melody.

Of the ancient mosque practically nothing remains save the Giralda and the Court of Oranges, or, as it is called in Spanish, *Patio de los Naranjos*. This *patio*, graced by orange trees and an ancient Moorish fountain, is really an outer court to the Cathedral entrance, and gives a feeling of repose as one enters the house of worship and realizes the graceful thought that wove a garden into the fabric of the cathedral. When the Christians, after a lapse of centuries, regained possession of Seville, they contented themselves with consecrating the mosque, of which the Giralda formed a part, and this served as their house of worship for a hundred and fifty years. When, under the ravages of time, it fell into a state of disrepair, the chapter ambitiously conceived the idea of erecting a church, "on so magnificent a scale that it should be without a rival." Within a century it was begun and finished, a brief space

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of time as things went in medieval days, for the completion of so vast a structure, and it stands to-day practically as it was completed, in 1506. It is a majestic structure, the largest Gothic church in Christendom, and while the exterior suffers somewhat from over-elaboration, lacking the solemn dignity of the great churches of Northern Europe, its interior, enriched by seventy-five stained glass windows, is regal in its magnitude. As is usual with the cathedrals in Spain, the altar and choir occupy the center of the nave, destroying the feeling of spaciousness, and interfering with the enchanting perspectives that are found in churches elsewhere.

This cathedral has a special significance, for it is the final resting place of Columbus. In the south transept stands the sarcophagus, supported by four allegorical figures in bronze, representing the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, Leon and Navarre. This monument is of modern workmanship, having been erected, as recently as 1892, in the cathedral of Havana, where the body of the great navigator reposed until the outcome of the Spanish-American war in 1898 made its resting place alien territory. The mortal remains of Columbus seem to have been imbued with the restless spirit of his soul, for in all these centuries, they have enjoyed but little rest. First interred in Valladolid, where he died in 1506, within a few years they were transferred to the modest church of the Carthusian Monastery in Triana, now a pottery works, across the river from Seville proper; then, thirty years later, in accordance with the last wish of the discoverer, they were buried in Santo Domingo. But Spain was destined to lose the colony in the new world that held Columbus's grave, and in 1796 the body was transferred to the cathedral at Havana, only to be dispossessed once more when Spain lost this final foothold in the empire that her intrepid son had discovered. Indeed,

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Columbus may still repose in the New World, for evidence is not lacking that the casket containing the body of his son Diego was removed, through error or trickery, in place of that of his father, and thus the last wish of the Admiral may, strangely enough, have been granted.

In the cathedral at Seville is also the tomb of Fernando Colon, the learned and pious son of the discoverer, who was born in Cordova, and who, after the death of his father, traveled through Europe collecting the printed works of the period. With these, added to his father's invaluable collection, he founded the library which, since then greatly augmented, is a prized possession of the cathedral. Many of the books in this collection relate to the discovery of America, and there are manuscripts, too, written by Columbus's own hand. As a comment on the psychology and fanaticism of the times, one of the most interesting of these documents is the treatise, penned by Columbus himself while in prison, on Biblical references concerning the existence of the New World, written to pacify the bigoted and implacable leaders of the Inquisition. In the Archivo General de Indias, housed in the historic Casa Lonja nearby, there is a great collection of documents concerning the discovery and governing of America, many of which bear the autographs of Pizarro, Cortes, Magellan, Balboa, and Amerigo Vespucci.

Across the cobbled square is the far-famed *alcazar*, which has been the residence of the Spanish sovereigns since the time of Peter the Cruel, in the fourteenth century. Designed by Moresco architects, it might have been a creation of the Moors themselves as, indeed, its predecessor was. The earlier palace housed the caliphs, who lived there in great magnificence, and their Christian successors after them, until the advent of Peter. The *alcazar*, with its great elaboration of mosaics, arabesques and tiles of Arabic design,

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and its beautiful gardens of roses, magnolias and myrtles, is an oriental palace not to be compared to the Alhambra in beauty and splendor, yet characterized by much exquisite workmanship and with an air of eastern luxury. It suited the sensuous Peter to set himself amid such sumptuous surroundings, and to dispense justice in the *Patio de las Banderas*, or "Court of Banners," which is shaded by symmetrical rows of dark foliaged orange trees, and lies almost in the shadow of the Giralda tower across the plaza. For Peter prided himself on his justice, and though he earned the title, *El Cruel*, he also is sometimes called *El Justiciero*, or "The Judge." Whether he comes by his title, "The Cruel," justly, or whether legend and tradition have contributed unduly to his crimes, certain it is that he has always been regarded as one of the most picturesque and celebrated of Spanish monarchs. Whether from a sense of justice, perverted or otherwise, he murdered his brother in one of the courts of the palace, and on another occasion, did away with his royal guest, Abu Said of Granada, in order to gain possession of his jewels, is left to the imagination. A great ruby, acquired through the violent demise of the Granadian sultan, he unblushingly presented later to the Black Prince, and it now appears in the British regalia. Peter's greatest passion was for the beautiful Maria de Padilla, for whom he put aside a lawfully wedded wife, and although she was not of royal birth she became his consort. For her enjoyment he constructed a vaulted gallery in the *alcazar*, containing an immense stone tank, and for his own pleasure he provided windows in the ceiling of the bathing chamber in order that he might view her at her ablutions. The evidence of this you may see for yourself. Peter's courtiers, wishing to curry favor with their royal master, showed their gallantry and devotion, it is said, by drinking the water afterwards.

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When walking in the gardens of this palace, it is well to keep on the alert, for at least one of the paths is equipped with a *burladores* or "surprise water works," which has the jocose habit of spraying the unwary. The more mischievous of the guides consider it a fair and merry jest to turn on the water when their charges are traversing this path and, with the visitors present, enjoy the consternation that ensues when the jets of water are thrown across the path, enveloping those engaged in negotiating it.

Passing out of the *alcazar* and through the grove of orange trees in the Court of the Banners, you enter an archway under the corner of the palace buildings from whose darkened recesses you see, rising over the *patio* and its battlemented wall and framed by the arch, the towering outlines of the Giralda, silhouetted sharply against the glowing sky. This gives access to a narrow lane which is laid with tiles, and is bordered on one side by the sheer wall of the flanking houses, and on the other by the rampart of the *alcazar*, over which tumbles a profusion of vines. Traversing this footway, you come to the public gardens of the *alcazar*, clothed with luxuriant plants and flowers, and, adjoining them, to the old Moorish quarter of the city. This is the most picturesque part of Seville. Here, where the Arabs built their houses close together for protection against the penetrating rays of the sun, the streets are like lanes, in most instances so narrow that vehicles cannot pass, and from many of which wheeled traffic is barred, although the ubiquitous donkey, bearing panniers of merchandise, is encountered everywhere. The houses that line these streets had their genesis in the Orient. The white-washed walls are dazzling in the glare of the brilliant sun. Their balconies, their grilled iron windows and, occasionally, their roofs, are ablaze with flowers and greenery. Here and there, where the houses break away, palm trees

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thrust their heads above the garden walls, and there is every illusion of being in an Eastern country.

Of another sort is the main residential quarter. The streets are wider and the houses are more characteristic of Spain than of the Moors. Their chief glory is in the patioed houses of the wealthy, and in no other city are they so magnificent or so numerous. Stretching in rows along the streets, with *façades* which are of simple and unpretending aspect, these houses, in reality, are the embodiment of luxury. In their essence they are, of course, oriental, for the *patio* is a direct descendant of the court of the Moors, and after all, these houses are not radically different from the less pretentious houses of the old Mohammedan quarter. A vestibule leading to a splendid, grilled iron gate which marks the entrance, gives access to a tile-paved arcade or cloister. Adjoining this entry, and enclosed within the cloister, is the *patio*, usually paved with marble and open to the sky, and here are fountains and palms and growing things. From the arcade, a wide staircase leads to the upper floor, the glass-covered galleries of which overlook the court, and provide the winter dwelling of the family. The *patio* and the rooms opening from it, which depend upon it for their light and air, are really the summer headquarters of the household. Along the sides of this court are rugs, divans and comfortable chairs, and here the family spends its leisure hours. In the middle of the day, an awning screens the *patio* against the glare and heat of the sun, and the interior, with its tinkling fountain, growing plants and somber lighting is a haven of pure delight. At night, the court is soft and shadowy in the glow of colored lamps. Privacy is the keynote of Spanish family life and the *patio* serves it with distinction. The open-hearted hospitality of the English and American home is unknown in Spain. Outside of relatives, and the most intimate friends, few people

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are ever admitted to the inner circle of the family life. So here, in their *patios*, they have open air and freedom and that abundant measure of privacy that is so dear to their hearts.

The huge emporiums of retail trade, which in northern countries would serve a city of a hundred and fifty thousand people, are quite absent here. The shops are of modest size, for the Andalusian preserves his traditional method of trading, and seems to regard without favor great aggregations of merchandise or the multiple or chain-store idea. The principal street of the shopping district is the Calle de las Serpes, the "Street of the Serpents," so called from the serpents displayed on the sign of a tavern, and it is unlike any other shopping street in the Occident. Although it is fully as wide as many of the streets of old Seville, it really is more of an arcade than an open street, for wheeled traffic is not admitted. Along this footway are situated the best shops, the smartest clubs, and the most popular cafés in Seville, their doors opening in an intimate fashion as from a private thoroughfare. Here converges the commercial life of the city and, as befits its importance, throngs of people use it by day and make it their favorite promenade at night. At midday, awnings of burlap or canvas are stretched over the street from roof to roof, making it a covered way and more than ever like an arcade, bringing comfort to the pedestrian as well as to the merchant. In the passing procession are intent business men, women shoppers, provincial folk from adjoining towns, rustics from the country, and errand boys, of whom there seem to be legion. Out on the sidewalk, men lounge in easy chairs in front of their clubs, and people sit in the cafés, leisurely observing the moving panorama. By far the majority of women have adopted the styles dictated by Paris. A very few, however, are seen still wearing the *mantilla*, an adorn-

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ment which is an evolution of the Moorish veil, modified as it came down the ages. By two o'clock the gilded, be-peopled thoroughfare becomes a desert, for the shops have called a halt on business, the merchants and their customers having retired for an unhurried lunch and *siesta*, and it is four o'clock or later before the pavements once more resound to the tread of the multitude.

If you would see the people at a different sort of shopping, you must follow the Calle de las Sierpes to the end, and then turn sharply to the right. This will bring you, within a few minutes, to the market place. In Seville, a green grocer would find himself in difficult times for, as in other Spanish cities, the supplies for the family table are drawn entirely from the market. In the early morning hours, all Seville repairs to the great *mercado* and there, from the immense stocks of meats, vegetables and fruits brought in and displayed by the country folk, the housewives, armed with baskets and market bags, lay in the day's supplies. In this huge emporium of eatables are alluring heaps of golden melons, delicately textured peaches, grapes like wax, pears, plums, oranges and other fruits, indigenous to the fecund soil, and stocks of vegetables in endless variety. Save for the permanent stalls, and the sections under roof, the market is open to the heavens, generally as blue as the dome of a mosque.

The artist ventured a drawing of the animated market scene, and found a point of vantage in one of the open passageways. It was not many minutes, however, before a crowd of shoppers and merchants were standing at his elbow, three or four deep, entranced by the work of his crayon. The late comers, eager to participate in the excitement, but unable to see over the press, had no hesitancy in reaching over and pulling down the drawing tablet, quite oblivious to the interruption of his work. A friendly police-



Looking through an archway to the market at Seville.

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man soon appeared on the scene, and proved not only a guardian of the law, but a curator of art, for when the throng pressed too closely, he ordered them away, and they stood not on the order of their going.

The *mercado*, despite its enormous area, is not great enough to accommodate all the produce merchants who



come to it, and they overflow into the adjoining streets. A narrow plaza is given over to a grape market, where huge baskets of flawless muscatels and grapes as green as glacial water are spread on counters that groan under their weight. There are buyers aplenty, though, and the heaps of luscious fruit melt away like ice under a tropical sun.

Beyond the grape sellers, the produce market becomes a

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mart for household wares, preëmpting a narrow street that is hardly more than a footway, where dealers in pottery, baskets, and household goods exhibit their stocks. This, in turn, gives way to a rag market, in which all manner of new and second-hand goods are offered for sale, at prices that tempt the traveler to outbuy his carrying facilities. The distance from one end of this series of markets to the other cannot total much less than half a mile.

There is much more in Seville that will intrigue the visitor. Not far from the cathedral, on the bank of the Guadalquivir, is the Torre del Oro, which originally was a tower of the early Moorish *alcazar*, erected in 1220 by Sîd Abu'l-'Alâ, governor of the city. It received its name, "The Golden Tower," from the Arabs, because of its gleaming *azulejos* which glowed like molten gold in the rays of the sun. In later days its name, although no less fanciful, became more accurate, for Peter the Cruel used it as a treasure house—and a prison as well. In still later times, it reached its greatest glory, for it was the repository of much of the gold from the new world which flowed into the city in the wake of the Conquistadores. The Torre del Oro marks the head of navigation for large craft, and in the river, off its gleaming sides, most of the sea-going ships anchor. Probably within its very shadow, Columbus was received by the assembled Sevillaños on his return from the unknown, and perhaps from its bulwarks, Magellan rowed out to his caravel, beginning his long voyage of encircling the globe.

And, speaking of Columbus, there is an ancient palace in Seville, the Casa de Pilatos, which is the property of the Duke of Medinaceli, whose ancestor befriended Columbus in valiant fashion during this trying period. So interested did he become in the Columbian theory that, for a year, Columbus was entertained as a guest at his house, while

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waiting for a favorable hearing by the Spanish Crown. During this time, Columbus supervised the construction of three caravels, the keels of which were laid in the yards of his host, but before they were completed, word came from their majesties that they wished to give further consideration to the matter, before the work was carried through. The Casa de Pilatos, which was erected not long after the discovery of America from designs of Moresco architects, is a curious, yet effective, combination of Moorish, Gothic and Renaissance. Because one of the early members of the ducal line, the Marquis de Tarifa, had made a journey to Jerusalem, there grew the belief that the palace was a replica of Pilate's house in that city, hence its name.

To the art lover, the Andalusian capital will be beloved because of its association with Velasquez and Murillo. In the fourteenth-century church of San Pedro, in Seville, Velasquez was baptized, on June 10, 1599, as a marble tablet in the edifice sets forth, and in another part of the town—the old Moorish quarter, to be exact—Murillo's house still remains, and the visitor is shown the room in which the great religious painter died, on April 3, 1682. Seville is rich in Spanish art, especially in canvasses by Murillo, which are found in the Cathedral and in the Museum, as well as in other buildings. In the Cathedral hangs his famous St. Anthony of Padua's Vision of The Holy Child, from which, one day in November, 1874, the kneeling figure of St. Anthony was surreptitiously cut from the canvas. For several months the mystery of this startling act of vandalism remained unsolved until, in the following February, the missing section was recovered in New York, whither it had been spirited. Fortunately its replacement was possible, and the painting has been so skilfully restored as to defy detection by any but an expert.

In the museum, also, hangs another of Murillo's mas-

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terpieces, famous not only for its technique, but also for the genius displayed in its production. The cook of a Capuchin monastery, in which for a time Murillo sojourned, on the eve of his departure begged the master to paint him a picture, however modest, as a memento of his stay. Murillo's belongings were packed, his canvases and materials wrapped up in readiness for his departure. On an impulse, he ordered a napkin brought to him and there, on the improvised canvas, painted a Virgin and Child, and presented it to his monkish admirer. The colors were laid on so thin that the texture of the linen is hardly concealed, but the picture has extraordinary technique and beauty. Because of the circumstances surrounding its conception and execution, it is known as the *Virgin de la Servilleta*, or "Virgin of the Napkin."

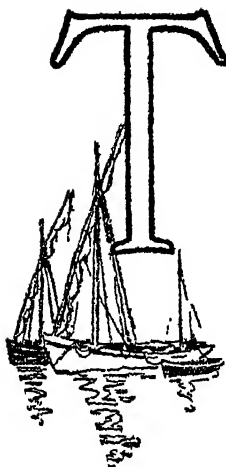
As usual, we found a long line of people assembled at the ticket office when we went to the station to make our departure for Cadiz. In Spain, the ticket offices are tightly shut until shortly before train time, and a long queue is generally the result. Without a ticket, it is difficult to pass the guard at the train entrance, besides which, on Spanish railways, if you buy your ticket on the train you are assessed double fare, and there is no refund! If, too, a train happens to be filled, no more tickets are sold, and you must, perforce, wait for the next one. The standard of practice, evidently, is based on the sterling idea of "comfort first." As I was standing in line, waiting to purchase our tickets, a stranger from overseas approached and asked me for a temporary loan of fifty *pesetas* to be returned on the train. Such is the freemasonry of travelers that I willingly handed it over. He was accompanied by friends, and later, as I joined them in their compartment, I found them to be officers of an American training ship which was anchored in the harbor of Cadiz.

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As our train rolled out of Seville, and the towering Giralda grew smaller and smaller, until it became a mere speck in the distance, a Spanish fellow traveler regaled us with stories of Seville's terrifying heat, of the insufferable days and nights of summer, and the listlessness and apathy of the people, whereas our experience had been quite the contrary. We had been reveling in a temperature that brought no discomfort, and in those August days the citizens had seemed to be imbued with quite enough energy to suit the time and the place. The intrinsic loveliness of Seville will be sufficient to commend it to you, and you will sense the happiness of being the guest of a city content, one conscious of its position as the aristocrat of Andalusian cities.



XI. BY BUS FROM CADIZ TO ALGECIRAS



THE principal hotel in Cadiz, fronting a diminutive square in the heart of the city, is a pleasant enough place in which to stay, but—shades of the Moors!—what a crime it perpetrates against oriental art! Its lobby, its dining-saloon and its lounging rooms have been liberally, and perhaps expensively, adorned with modern tiling, in the garish and unrestrained art of the mid-Victorian or perhaps, more truthfully, the mid-Alfonsan period, with every seeming intent of making it the near relative of a Moorish palace. But its architect and builder most lamentably failed in their effort, for the resemblance of this commonplace structure to its prototype is as transparent as the wax figure of a celebrity, and in the final analysis it resembles nothing quite so much as an aristocratic barber shop or an exaggerated Turkish bath.

Because, in the dawn of civilization, it was the extreme western limit of the known world, and because it was once a Phœnician city of great maritime importance, the key to the Biblical Tarshish, from whence came the gold and silver

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and riches of Tyre, spoken of in glowing phrases by Ezekiel the Prophet, we were impelled to pay a visit to Cadiz. No city in western Europe has a history that extends in such unbroken majesty into the misty past. The tin and silver of the Andalusian hinterland, the Tarshish, to which every three years the vessels of Solomon came, returning and "bringing gold, and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks" found their outlet through the Phœnician Gadir, or "Castle," founded by the Tyrians about 1100 B.C. Six centuries later, it became a part of the Carthaginian domain and in it Hamilcar and Hannibal fitted out their fleets and equipped their armies. After a lapse of time the Romans gained possession and called it Gades. Deriving material prosperity from the mines and fertile valleys of Andalusia, the wealth and luxury of its people increased, and writers of the period speak in pleasing terms of its profusion of dancing girls and its matchless cuisine. Its fish and preserved meats were famous in Athens three centuries before Christ, and their celebrity was still undimmed five centuries later in Rome. During this long period of antiquity, Cadiz maintained its supremacy, but under the Arabs, as Jezîrat-Kâdis, it seems to have suffered almost total eclipse, disappearing for a time from the pages of history. The Arabs were essentially agriculturists, and maritime life was not within their scope. Its renaissance came with the discovery of America, and the "silver fleets" from the New World anchored in its roadstead, bringing to the city silver, gold, and other rich cargoes from overseas. In spite of Admiral Drake's raid on the shipping in 1587, and the complete plunder of the city by Lord Essex a few years later, leaving it on the brink of bankruptcy, its maritime vitality and recuperative power were so great that in the middle of the eighteenth century it possessed greater wealth than London.

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Swept away are the glories of antiquity, and of its former greatness almost nothing tangible exists. For the traveler, there is little to recommend a visit, save the enchanting view over the tumbling roof-tops out to sea, a prospect as oriental in essence as that of any city of the Arabs.

Cadiz, a circumscribed but busy metropolis, is situated at the end of a long and very slender spit of land, jutting out to sea, very much like the knob at the end of a long walking stick. Running parallel to the mainland, this elongated peninsula has created a harbor of magnificent proportions. Owing to the limited area of the city, encompassed as it is by the sea, the streets are narrow in the extreme, more than often mere lanes, and the houses that hem them in are of towering height; yet its promenade along the ocean cliffs, its tree-adorned and flowered *alameda*, and its many tiny squares, give the city a most pleasant air. Moored along the granite quay fronting the harbor, are fishing boats and working craft with picturesque lateen sails which, setting out into the blue waters of the bay, become transmuted from lowly instruments of commerce into golden argosies of beauty. Cadiz is a summer resort, for it is swept by the fresh salt air of the ocean and its numerous bathing beaches within the town and along the shores of the adjacent mainland, make it a place of sheer delight for the people from the sun-parched interior of the country.

If the enchanting view to which I have alluded is the lodestone which draws you to this venerable and out-of-the-way port, you will at once ascertain the location of the Torre del Vigia, the watch tower of Cadiz, where all the incoming ships are signaled. Almost in the geographical center of the town, you will find it thrusting its head a hundred feet into the air, and it will be the means of your mounting one hundred and fifty-one steps, for which privilege you will pay a small fee to the keeper.



Along the quay at Cadiz, an ancient Phoenician port.

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The view from the summit is remarkable, for you are high above the housetops, and you look far out over the waters to the distant horizon. Perhaps from this very site the watchers bade godspeed to that illustrious citizen, Ponce de Leon, the adventurous Marquis of Cadiz, as he set sail on his vain quest for the fountain of eternal youth in the new paradise across the sea. Like a gleaming white shell in a bed of sapphire, the city lies at your feet. The balconied houses have been whitewashed with a lavish hand; the city gleams with tropical brilliance, and the roof tops, as in a city of the Arabs, are as irregular as a mass of tumbled children's blocks. Many of the houses are provided with *miradores*, or "watch towers," from which to observe the shipping in the harbor, and the broad pageant of the sea. The roofs are flat, serving as refreshing haunts for lounging, and as general adjuncts of the household, even to the keeping of chickens. Down below, close by, is the market place, from which the cries of the vendors rise up in waves of sound like the surging of the sea. Beyond, in one direction, is the great bulk of the cathedral, its immense mass dominating the town. In another direction is the secularized Capuchin convent, now, alas! an insane asylum, the small church of which contains, as its altar-piece and its only treasure, the last, and one of the best, works of Murillo, the Betrothal of St. Catharine. It was while painting this canvas that the great master fell from his scaffold, mortally hurt. Encircling the city are the ancient fortifications, and beyond these, the deep azure of the sea, stretching away into infinity. If views of exotic strangeness and splendor have a place in your life, this one will fill your soul with satisfaction.

From Cadiz, we embarked in a motor bus, on our second journey across the Spanish countryside, in order to save ourselves the roundabout tour to Gibraltar by train and, at

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the same time, to enjoy an intimate view of the rural districts of Andalusia, which border the southern Spanish sea-coast. The advantages offered by first-class seats on the bus were not entirely clear to us beforehand, but in a journey occupying the entire afternoon and early evening we concluded to take no chances. Our wisdom was rewarded because our well-upholstered seats were in the bow, as it were, commanding the view ahead and, being limited, were free from congestion, while the far less commodious and less comfortable seats of the second class were astern, at times becoming much overcrowded. Our road made its way along the slender arm of land that connects Cadiz with the mainland; then through a considerable city of rampant pink and white houses, with grilled iron windows and balconies; and from thence across the salt marshes of the *salinas*, where huge mounds of salt lay along the canals and basins, the crystal product of evaporation from the sea water, a striking tribute to the saline strength of the water and the intensity of the sun's rays. After that we traversed the open country. The road was rough, and the huge bus creaked and groaned in so fearsome a manner that it seemed a miracle we held together. The roar of the engine was terrific as we catapulted over the little-used highway. Our course lay through a rolling country, monotonously bare, consisting chiefly of immense plains covered with yellow grass that afforded pasturage for herds of cattle that were now and then seen. Withal, it was a robust country. Here and there, vineyards appeared, the ground covered with a brown loam, evidently to prevent the escape of the scanty moisture imprisoned in the soil. Patches of scrub forest, that seemed to grow with difficulty in the baked earth, came into view, and the inconsequential stream or two that we saw during the journey, the only appearance of water in this arid wilderness, flowed through seared meadows and in lifeless channels, whose

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banks were quite devoid of verdure. Irrigation is resorted to for crops that require constant moisture, and green patches of truck gardens appear where artificial watering has been employed. Attached to every plantation is an irrigation well of the most primitive sort, consisting of a round stone enclosure, out of which the water is drawn by an immense wheel girdled with buckets. A mule or burro, securely blindfolded, furnishes the motive power for this simple mechanical contrivance. Hitched to a shaft, it treads its monotonous round, turning the wheel that raises bucket after bucket of water, which pours into a canal that, in turn, spreads out into a network of narrow channels intersecting the fields. This method of irrigation was employed by the Moors and perhaps by the Visigoths before them, and it seems likely to continue through the present civilization, even to the end of time.

Our rural highway, which was lined at intervals with dusty trees, led us through towns and villages that gleamed like Cyclopean drifts of snow in the brilliant sun. The effect of these scrupulously whitewashed villages, squatting in the dust of the plain, is clean and refreshing and undeniably picturesque, but in a country drenched with sun, this penchant for white is strange, because at midday the effect is blinding. Throughout this country, the houses, whether grouped in hamlets or standing on isolated farms, are clothed in immaculate white, all save the thatched huts of herdsmen and gypsies, which are a dull and unalluring brown. Mule trains, hitched to canvas-topped carts, and heavily laden donkeys passed endlessly along the dusty high-road. As usual, the burros were loaded to a greater degree than their frail legs seemed to warrant, their master frequently perched dizzily, but with perfect *sang-froid*, atop their cargo, which was, in turn, stuffed into capacious panniers. The cargoes were as diversified as they were large.

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By far the majority of them consisted of the produce of the countryside, but one patient donkey was burdened with stone, another supported a load of timber, a third carried a calf which, with securely fettered legs, bore the indignity with becoming fortitude and grace, and still another, challenging the prowess of the notorious camel, which succumbed only when a final straw was added to his load, walked gravely along, surmounted not only by a mountainous load of merchandise, but by a pair of full-grown men besides!

Midway to our destination, in a tiny hamlet where a grove of trees deriving its moisture from a brook that cascaded down the hillside afforded a welcome change from the glare of the plain, we came to a halt before a roadside *posada*. Here, we tarried half an hour for rest and refreshment. The exterior of the inn, which was low, square and of unsullied whiteness, bore little evidence of comfort within, but crossing its threshold out of the merciless glare of the sun, which poured its rays out of a sky of clearest sapphire, we stepped into the cool deep shade of a vine-covered *patio*, dappled with light and shadow, and there, at our ease, had coffee and cakes. Off the *patio* opened the kitchen and the simple public rooms of the *posada*, the gallery of the second floor giving communication to the bedrooms. Within this cool and pleasant court, the sun and heat of the open road, lurking outside the walls a few feet away, seemed many miles distant.

Toward the late afternoon, we began our climb of the coastal mountain chain, a rugged and austere range of hills that cuts off the interior plains from the sea. Up and up over the ever-ascending road we made our way until, gaining the first elevated ridge, Gibraltar's waters burst into view with dramatic suddenness. The sun was setting over

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the sea as we toiled along the sinuous road that wrapped itself like a serpent around the barren mountains, skirting deep declivities, rounding rugged shoulders of the range, whence opened alluring panoramas of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, then heading inland along the ribbon of the highway, where we were hidden from all prospect of the somber waters. In this hide-and-seek with the sea, we wondered whether we might be vouchsafed to witness the final salute of the sun to the swiftly dying day. Fortune was with us for, having left the rapidly sinking sphere poised above the horizon, as we embarked on a long detour around a beetling cliff, we emerged just in time to see the dimming circle of gold pause for an instant at the edge of the world, and then plunge with startling rapidity into the leaden waters.

Finally, the summit of the *sierra* was reached, and as gloom succeeded twilight, we coasted down the long trail into Algeciras as, in the gathering darkness, the mighty bulk of Gibraltar showed itself above the somber waters of the bay, the lights of her city twinkling like a dance of fireflies. Peasants, leading their donkeys or perched upon their backs, came up the precipitous road, appearing like magic out of the darkness, their calls to the animals audible above the rattle of our engine. At last, a group of houses appeared out of the gloom and in a moment more, to the gritting of brakes, we came to a final halt at the edge of the Bay of Algeciras, our journey ended. But there was a final prospect awaiting us before we closed the chapter of the day. It was the beauty of Gibraltar in the vast solitude of the night. From the terrace of our hotel, we beheld it across the waters of the bay, looming in titanic majesty against the eastern sky. The stars shone out of cloudless heavens; the milky way stretched across the firmament like a broad ribbon

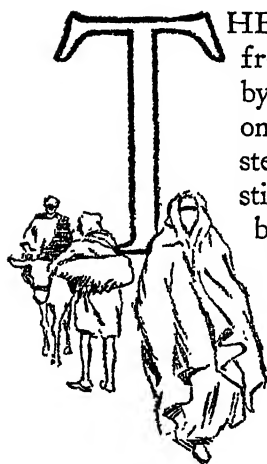
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of mist; the myriad lights from the terraced city vied with the twinkling constellations overhead, bringing to mind the song of the Psalmist:

“The heavens declare the glory of God
And the firmament showeth His handiwork.”



XII. TANGIER AND GIBRALTAR A STUDY IN CONTRASTS



THE sun had not yet risen when we emerged from our hotel and swung down the road by the edge of the harbor at Algeciras, on our way to the quay to catch our steamer for Tangier. Opposite, across the still and leaden waters, loomed the mighty bulk of Gibraltar, somber in the subdued light of the early morning. Then, as we were being rowed out to the steamer by three stalwart oarsmen, the sun rose behind Gibraltar, encircling the gigantic rock with an aura of brilliant light and outlining its ragged profile in vivid contrast against the radiant eastern sky.

It is a pleasant sail out of the circular Bay of Gibraltar, skirting the rugged Andalusian coast, past the huge mass of the Sierra Bullones, the African Pillar of Hercules, which you can descry in the distant haze; steaming in sight of Tarifa, that lair of the early corsairs from which we, most appropriately, get the modern word tariff; and then into the open Strait of Gibraltar. After that comes a distant glimpse

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of the African headlands and, finally, the near view of the gleaming white walls of Tangier, perched on her heights by the sea. Mountains rim the coast, and the old town of Tangier sprawls on a yellow bluff which, on one side, falls away sharply to the sea, and on the other, drops off gradually to the beach where a row of bathing boxes attest to the habits of the European visitors. Leaving the city and fringing the edge of the bay, the road, open, hot and dusty, trails off through the distant desert to Fez.

The steamers are met by open boats, manned by swarthy sons of the desert, clad in baggy trousers and red fezzes, a striking note of color against the Mediterranean blue. In one of these open craft, we were rowed ashore by as picturesque a crew as ever dipped oars into sea water, and at the pier we landed full into the arms of a very large and heavy Mussulman who inquired of us our destination. Upon learning this, he represented himself as an important factotum of the house, ordered our baggage to be taken in hand by a more lowly being, and proceeded to give us personal escort to our hotel. Before we had reached the end of the pier, he had introduced the subject of our sight-seeing, and by the time we had ascended the sharply rising slope to the hotel, had made a broad survey of our needs and had suggested himself as our guide and counselor. His grandiloquence, in our eyes, was greatly tempered by his insinuating manner, but his haughty bearing and assumed importance made it difficult for us to decline an immediate acceptance of his offer to guide us. His fee was to be one pound a day, and the donkeys that were to bear us he would furnish at seventy *pesetas* each, a sum double that asked for his own services, a transaction on which no doubt he expected to make a profit of one hundred per cent. He retired with a haughty air when we explained that we were not tourists in the ordinary sense of the word, and

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that we doubted the need of help, but he was waiting for us as we emerged from our rooms, a few minutes later, on our way to make a preliminary survey of the city. It seemed now that his brother would be willing to guide us, for the afternoon and evening, for the paltry sum of fifteen *pesetas*, less than half the sum which he asked for his own august services. On this generous offer we reserved decision, stating merely that we would return to lunch, and at that time would be glad to consider his brother in the event of our wishing a guide. This temporizing was a mistake, as we afterward found to our sorrow. We should have dealt with this brigand and all his relatives with a firm hand.

In the two or three hours consumed by the steamer in crossing the Mediterranean, you pass completely from the West to the East, as if on a magic carpet. In spite of its sprinkling of European houses, Tangier is an unspoiled city of the Arabs, and its people are practically untouched by European civilization. A part of the Moroccan state, its government under the Sultan is a protectorate of the Great Powers and under the joint control of Spain, France, and England, who maintain their representatives in the city. Spain has the active administration of affairs, and its currency is in general use, although that of the other countries is legal tender, and the natives trade in coin of the Moroccan realm. In spite of the European influence of government, and a considerable European population, chiefly Spanish, Tangier is more typically a city of the Arabs than any other seaport on the north African coast. The native population, which comprises eighty per cent. of the total, is divided almost equally between Mohammedans and Moroccan Jews. The followers of the Prophet somewhat outnumber the Hebrews, but, in feature and dress, they are all children of the Orient and it is difficult to distinguish between them.

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The main street of Tangier leads through the Bâb el-Mersà, or "Gate of the Port," which is defended by batteries, and ascends a narrow and steeply sloping street, past the Great Mosque with its soaring minaret of blue mosaic, straight into the heart of the Orient. Opposite the beautiful portal of the mosque, the solemn scribes, or notaries, arrayed in turban and robe, squat cross-legged in their carpeted stalls awaiting the custom of their fellows. Beyond this, for a short distance, the street loses its distinctly oriental character, as it pursues its way upward through the Small Socco, a tiny, oval plaza termed by the Arabs Sûkh ed-Dakhl, the business focus of the town. This section of the way is lined with shops and cafés, and through it passes a constant stream of people of many races and religions. Still continuing its way upward, the street finally reaches the top, and passing through the west gate of the city wall, opens into the market, which bursts into view as though a curtain had been raised on a stage setting of the streets of Bagdad. Nothing could be more strikingly Eastern than this feverish Sunday fair of the Tangierians.

We had left the harbor of Algeciras at seven o'clock in the morning, but as we entered this Great Socco, or "Outer Market," of Tangier, it was not yet ten, because North African time is an hour slower than European reckoning, and the trading was in full swing as it always is in the early morning hours. The great market is held on Thursdays and Sundays, and is patronized not only by the townsfolk, but by the people from the countryside and desert as well, who come to sell the fruits of their husbandry and labor and to buy the multitude of articles—vegetable, animal and mineral—that such an exchange offers. The market place is a great open plaza on the sloping hillside, hedged in partly by low buildings of an impermanent character, irregularly set, and in places, stretching out raggedly into the upper

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reaches of the town, here ascending a broad stairway that leads to the charcoal mart in front of a Mohammedan mosque, and there opening out into a road that runs its palm-fringed way to the suburbs and open country.

On market days, this immense plaza becomes a seething mass of oriental humanity every foot of which, save the passageways, is occupied by the itinerant merchants of both sexes who squat on the dusty ground before their trivial hoards of merchandise or sit behind tiny stands of edibles. Here are swarthy Arabs swathed in the enveloping *bournous*, bearded Moorish merchants crowned by the stately turban, Jews in caftan and fez, men of the Riff, Kabyles from the Berber villages nearby, Soudanese, thick-lipped and black, negro slaves from the interior and a great medley of the nondescript wearing strange-looking garments, vivid turbans and broad-brimmed hats of flexible straw. Their stocks are modest, sometimes but a half dozen live chickens which, with feet securely bound, resignedly stretch out in the hot dust for the inspection of the buyer, a heap of flat loaves exposed to the germs of the populace, a little pile of vegetables, a few eggs, or perhaps a tiny pannier or two of grain. The sellers of sweetmeats, huddled within the folds of their voluminous *bournouses*, elevate their slender stocks on tiny stands, above the dust of the highway, as a grudging concession, perhaps, to modern hygiene.

But victuals are not the only things that receive the attention of the traders. Elsewhere in the Socco there is cloth for sale, and slippers and hardware and bottles and numerous cast-off articles which, by themselves, constitute a sort of rag market. Literally thousands of people flock through the square on expeditions of purchase and sale. The people jostle each other in great confusion, while, in the manner of all Orientals, the sellers imperturbably sit behind their wares, almost indifferent to the passing throng. Men push

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their way through the crowd crying their wares, whether they be rugs or chickens or water. The indefatigable water sellers, bearing on their backs bulging goat skins of water, and ringing their bells, make great haste, for their product brings but little and many customers must be served if they are to make enough profit to live. Asses, laden with panniers of goods, are driven ruthlessly through the crowds, their ebony masters crying shrilly for passageway. Dark-skinned men, wrapped in a curious medley of oriental garments, perched dizzily on donkey-back, slowly make their way along the lanes of the squatting merchants, ignored by the preoccupied throngs who are unconsciously thrust aside. The pulsating mass of intent buyers, and the less eager sellers, haggle and gesticulate in tongues that are sibilant and strange. Over it all, the sun beats down with tropical vehemence, but the market folk, shrunken within the armor of their heavy woolen *bourouses*, are content.

The broad stairway which leads from the market place to a highway in the upper stretches of the town, is a constantly frequented artery of communication for man and beast. Ascending and descending, as in a moving panorama, are people, donkeys and cattle. Patient asses are tethered along its parapet and at its foot, waiting the pleasure of their masters, who are buying or selling in the square below or in the charcoal market above. The charcoal mart occupies an enclosure in front of a mosque whose minaret soars above the trees fringing the roadway. Men and their donkeys, jostling each other, crowd the space within and bear away heaping loads of the fuel. The wide thoroughfare lined with waving palms, which stretches away to the suburbs of the city and passes over the top of the hill, is a kaleidoscope of motion. The overflow from the market below ranges along its side and people loiter in the grateful shade of the foliage. Here women wait for their husbands and spend

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the time in gossip—women with wide flaring trousers and voluminous white shrouds, and women in enfolding garments of brilliantly striped material, the married of the species closely veiled except for their eyes.

Here and there, at the edge of the market, groups of men, enveloped in their *bournouses*, sit on the ground or squat on their heels, in oriental fashion, and discuss their affairs. Near by, a more active group, in robe and turban, goes through the process of shoeing a horse in the most primitive manner. Stalls flank the market and the lanes adjoining it. In them, every sort of article is sold, and in their recesses, picturesque workmen sit cross-legged making shoes, slippers and other articles. The market place overlooks the town, and from it, the slender minarets of many mosques silhouette themselves against the sky.

Here is the East indeed. Save for the occasional European in the stodgy dress of the West, the scene might be one in Arabia or in a town of the Sahara. It is far more vivid, colorful and dramatic than any stage setting.

It was after this visit to the market that we fell in with Abdul. On our way to it, we were assailed on every hand by robed and turbaned men, who craved the privilege of being our guides, and even in the turmoil of the market we were followed by aspirants for the post. As we were returning from the market, and were walking down the main street, Abdul spied us. We were engaged in a search for camera films and a photographer's shop, too, where we could have a refractory shutter repaired. Abdul observed our dilemma and speaking in excellent English, begged us to follow him to a photographer's studio near by. Then, leaving us there, he set off with great energy to find a supply of films of the desired size. After this display of energy and enterprise, we accepted his services, which he proffered for the afternoon for the absurdly small sum of two *pesetas*

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which, afterwards, we liberally increased. And so we arranged to meet him after luncheon in front of the Great Mosque. Abdul was a Moor, a perfect type, in white flowing *bournoise* and turban, bearded face and bare slippered feet. His father, it seemed, was a factotum at the American Consulate and, in meeting him later, he greeted us with great cordiality and with a courtly grace and ceremony that was eminently characteristic of the Orient.

Luncheon at the hotel was a picturesque affair, for though the viands were Spanish, we were waited upon by Arabs in fez and turban. And, in contrast to the practice in Spanish cities, the wine and water were served chilled with cracked ice, and ices were served at the end of the meal. Lunch being over, we left our hotel, without having so much as a glimpse of the officious gentleman of the morning or of his brother either. Abdul awaited us at the appointed place, and before setting out we proceeded to a near-by stall on the principal street with the intention of making a purchase. It was here that we were trapped, for, to our discomfiture, there appeared, outside, the dreaded brother of our unctuous emissary of the morning. In rising tones of anger, and in his most fluent and vituperative Arabic, he denounced the unsuspecting and innocent Abdul for poaching on his sacred preserves, and condemned us for our deceit in not employing him. He demanded that we discharge Abdul forthwith and use his services instead, for had he not held himself in readiness for us, and was he not otherwise deprived of employment? The abuse increased and the air was vibrant with the verbal assaults of the two contenders for our favor. A crowd quickly assembled to watch the development of hostilities. The situation was tense, and it was necessary that some action be taken without delay. In a discreet aside, we advised Abdul to disappear, as though he were washing his hands of the whole troublesome affair, but in twenty

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minutes to meet us above the market place. Without a moment's query or hesitation he glided out of the stall and made off in the opposite direction. The other belligerent



we disposed of in a few carefully chosen words. After twenty minutes had elapsed, we came to the rendezvous and there our *cicerone* awaited us. Abdul was ever courteous

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and obliging, a pleasant companion, and we never regretted retaining his services, even though we were obliged to do it at the expense of a distressing altercation.

The interest of Tangier, as a city, lies in its native quarter, which comprises most of the town. It is a maze of narrow streets, or, more accurately, lanes and alleys, for they are just wide enough to allow the passage of a laden ass, and wheeled vehicles never attempt to enter. The lanes twist and turn like a rabbit's warren, sometimes making off at right angles and, oftentimes, becoming tunnels under the houses, clambering up slopes, transformed into stairways, and descending into hollows where the balconies of the houses overhang the footway. Above the roofs of these houses rise the minarets of the mosques, flaunting their *azulejo* towers like jeweled surfaces against the clear blue of the sky. The white plaster houses are square, unadorned, flat-roofed buildings, resembling nothing so much as houses of blocks, and are broken by small, shuttered windows. Little workshops line the ways where men, cross-legged, accomplish their tasks without machinery, in the primitive fashion of their forefathers. The shops, or stalls, are nothing more than square boxes in the walls, and the merchants, after removing their slippers from their stockingless feet, clamber over the counters and drop inside. There, quiet, imperturbable, sitting cross-legged or reclining on couches, usually chatting impassively with friends, they wait for customers to appear. The picture they make is precisely the conventional one so often seen in photographs of oriental bazaars. The merchants themselves, with bearded faces, and fezzed or turbaned heads, are tall, stately fellows, of distinguished bearing, quite different from the motley crowd encountered in the plebeian precincts of the market place. The schools, which are passed here and there along the streets, are, like the shops, mere cubicles in the walls, and



In the old Moorish quarter of Tangier.

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in them, before the white-robed and turbaned teacher, the picturesque children of the quarter sit cross-legged on the ground, learning the precepts of the Koran. With tablets before them, they intone their lessons, some of the more mischievous swinging their bodies back and forth as they repeat the verses of the day, making rhythmic play of a serious study. From the platform of a neighboring minaret comes the call of the *muezzin*, and before its echoes have died away, you see through the open door of the mosque assemblies of the faithful, on bended knee and with unshod feet, repeating their prayers to the Most High.

These canyon-like streets, whose cobbled surfaces the sun rarely strikes, present a moving panorama of oriental activity. Here are white-robed Arabs, of immense dignity and calm, with turbaned heads and slippered feet, who tread the ways with stately grace; Jews in dark-colored gaberdines, as swarthy and as solemn as the Moors themselves, stalk unhurriedly by; boys at play, in smock and fez; women, shrouded to the eyes in their white coverings, move silently to and fro, like ghosts; little girls, dressed in close imitation of their mothers; half-clad Soudanese and occasional Bedouins, who flit by with furtive step; and negro water sellers, dressed in tatters and shod in flat soles of leather tied to their feet with thongs, bear immense goat skins of water on their backs and walk rapidly along, ringing their bells and crying to the housekeepers to buy "in the name of Allah." These water sellers, bent with the weight of their burdens, pass ceaselessly back and forth, never once pausing, except to measure out water for the buyer, and immediately resuming their rapid gait, as though they must not lose a moment in their struggle to keep body and soul together. For their supply they must walk to the harbor's edge, and for it, receive but a few *centimos*. No labor in Tangier seems quite so exhausting as theirs, and none is prosecuted

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with such feverish haste. From goat skins, carried on the backs of their fellows, are the principal streets of the city watered.

At night, the Moorish quarter offers sensations that will stimulate the imagination of the most jaded traveler. The grey walls of the houses which hem in the narrow thoroughfares almost obscure the sky overhead, and the little, square shops, sunk in the recesses of the walls, are fitfully lighted by flickering candles and tiny, faintly lustrous lamps, revealing but dimly their occupants. Men of stalwart frame, in the unaccustomed garb of the Orient, bear down upon you in the gloom of the narrow, dimly-lighted passages; women in their enveloping robes, more ghostly than ever, pass silently and eerily by, and as you turn the corners, you come face to face with figures that meet you, only to disappear silently into the dusk. If this maze of tortuous alleys is difficult to negotiate by day, it presents an almost insoluble problem at night when all the streets, with their continuous wall of houses, are indistinguishable from the others and, in their wanderings, twist and turn until all sense of direction is lost. You might arrive at the edge of the quarter any number of times, seeking a means of egress, but its flanking wall or its curving streets, seemingly like all the others, almost inevitably cause you, in despair, to plunge back into the heart of the district where, bewildered, you try once more to escape from the labyrinth. In our peregrinations, we traced and retraced our steps over and over, until escape seemed hopeless. Finally, emerging on the lane bordered by the city wall, which in the dusk, bore every resemblance to a row of houses flanking another street, and about to plunge once more into the sea of buildings, we were espied by a young Arab who had evidently seen us trying once before, in our futile way, to find a way out. Calling to us in understandable English, he directed

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our steps along the wall and we emerged, within a few paces, at the very door of our hotel!

In company with Abdul, who marched with remarkable facility and despatch in his heelless slippers, we set forth to see the former palace of the sultan. Our way led out to the suburbs, over a glaring and dusty road which runs



along the heights, stretching from the upper part of the city. Traversing this hot and arid way under the broiling sun, we reached our destination and found the palace behind protecting walls, facing a much neglected garden and in a state of sad disrepair. For some reason or other, it has been abandoned as a place of residence, although it was built little more than fifteen years ago. There was romance, we

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thought, in the home of an Eastern potentate, with its luxurious living quarters, apartments of state, courts and royal harem. We had seen the *alcazar* at Seville, we were soon to view the Alhambra, and our imagination was on tiptoe. Abdul found the keeper in his tiny house within the grounds and in his company, over a path running through the weeds, we skirted the walls until the main entrance was reached. Opening the door with a ponderous key, the keeper bid us enter. We found ourselves in a wide arcade, which opened out into the central court and communicated with the adjoining rooms. Around this court, the palace was built, each room having access to it. On this floor were the public rooms and on the floor above were the Sultan's private apartments, opening on a balcony which overlooked the *patio*. The end of the building, flanking the narrow side of the court, was that containing the harem. If the Sultan's wives were many in number they must, perforce, have occupied the same room, for the size of the apartments admitted but two on this floor.

We had expected, of course, to find a palace of sumptuous design, dazzling with oriental splendor, but what we actually saw was a building of heroic proportions, decorated in so bizarre a fashion with cheap and meretricious tiles, flimsy woodwork, and tasteless decoration as to seem quite unworthy of its exalted station. The apartments, upstairs and down, which were of immense size, with little variety of decoration and arrangement, seemed forlorn in their unfurnished condition and neglect, and they opened off the court which, overgrown with weeds, was even more pathetic in its forsaken state. If the modern sheik, in reality, is an unwashed and unromantic figure, we were willing to declare that the modern palace of a Moorish king is little better than a military barracks.

The Levante was blowing all day before our departure,

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and it increased in velocity during the night. This wind which, as its name implies, has its origin in the eastern Mediterranean, piles down from the northeast, whipping up a lively sea and sending clouds of sand and dust whirling in the air on shore. In the morning, we watched the flag pole on the dock for the signal that would indicate the movement of the steamer for Gibraltar. Yellow and black pennants indicate a bad wind, and the display of a solitary yellow flag denotes the impossibility of sailing. Finally, fifteen minutes before the schedule time, and just as we had decided to embark on the cross-desert bus to spend the day and night in Tetuan, three hours away, red and blue signals were sent aloft and we knew that, in spite of the elements, the boat was to sail. A heavy sea was running in the harbor, and the closed launch which was to convey the waiting passengers to the steamer in the roadstead was bobbing at the dock like a cork in a tempest and tugging boisterously at its moorings. To describe the rigors of that memorable voyage through the tumbling waves, in a motor boat which was hermetically sealed, and in the company of a group of passengers who, it soon developed, had stout hearts but sensitive stomachs, would make uninspiring reading. Finally, by the grace of God and a good motor, we reached the side of the waiting vessel and there, one by one, as our frail craft rose and fell on the giant combers, in danger every minute, or so it seemed to us, of being stove in, we were grasped by powerful Arab arms and pulled over the steamer rail. A few minutes later we greeted the arrival of an open motor boat conveying a half dozen passengers who had missed the regular ferry and had braved the sea in their hired craft. We were amazed at their fortitude and determination as they plowed through the tumbling waves in their frail vessel, which every moment tossed clouds of spray into the air to fall in showers over them.

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But they negotiated the distance in safety and were hauled over the gunwale drenched to the skin. After this, in tow of a tug, came an open lighter, resembling a gigantic row boat, which was laden with freight. It was manned by a red-fezzed and turbaned crew, and slithered from sea to sea with the buoyancy of a feather. We speculated on the chances of the crew successfully transferring its bulky merchandise to the hold of our vessel, but by means of a tackle which was rigged on deck, and the tireless energy and patience of the Moorish longshoremen, the operation was performed in safety.

If the sea within the harbor was unmindful of the comfort of the passengers, the lordly Mediterranean without was no more considerate of its seafaring adventurers. The steamer was relatively small, and it was handled without gloves by the swiftly running waters. Because of the limited cabin room, and of the tonic effects of the air, all classes of passengers remained on deck. But the treacherous sea, that day, was no respecter of persons and it drenched, with its flying masses of spray, plebeian and aristocrat, Occidental and Oriental alike. Most of those who had acquitted themselves with honor during the boisterous trip through the harbor succumbed to the ungraceful ravages of *mal de mer* in this far more severe ordeal. It brought little comfort for us to see a great ocean liner, bound for the Far East, plowing through the waves, with hardly a semblance of motion. Every passenger on board that day would have declared that the sea encountered on that voyage would have upset the composure of the most magnificent steamer. When finally in mid-afternoon we steamed once more into the harbor at Algeciras, under the protection of Gibraltar, we were a happy, though far from vigorous, company.

Arriving at Gibraltar from Tangier is like witnessing a shift of scene at the theater. From vivid, colorful Tangier,

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a glistening city of the Orient, you step into a gray, stolid town of old England, and rub elbows with tall Englishmen, swaggering Tommies, and women dressed in sports clothes.

Having partaken of no lunch on our turbulent voyage, and since we had come to the late afternoon, we suited our



demands to the place and sought out a room for afternoon tea. We found, on the principal street, a military recreation building enclosing a graveled court and to the man behind the counter we made inquiry whether he could serve us with afternoon tea.

"If you don't want 'igh tea, but just tea, bread and butter and cikes I can fix you up," he told us in his pure Cockney.

Assuring him that we were not insisting on high tea, but that what he had to offer was quite acceptable, we fortified

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ourselves with the typical fare of England, and set out to see the city whose distant view was, by now, quite familiar to us.

The British present is so vibrant in Gibraltar that the past is, perforce, forgotten, and it is difficult to think of a time when English guns, by the supreme might of their power, did not guard this strategic "Key to the Mediterranean." Yet its very name is derived from that of a foreign conqueror, Târik ibn Zijâd, who, at the head of a Moorish force sent by the North African Viceroy of the Caliph of Damascus, landed here in the year 711 to begin for Islam the conquest of the Iberian peninsula. Subsequently, Tarik constructed a fortress and castle on the impregnable rock, the ruins of which stand to-day, and the stronghold became known as Gebel al-Târik or "hill of Tarik," shortened long since to its present name. In still earlier times, the Phœnicians had occupied the site and, from this pillar of their god Hercules, sailed on trading expeditions to Britain and lands farther north. For more than seven centuries, except during the period of a few years, the Moors controlled the mighty stronghold, which guarded their conquests to the north. After them, for the space of two centuries and a half, the Spaniards held control. During this period, took place the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and, in 1610, the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Mendoza, escorted across the Mediterranean, from this very harbor, whence their forefathers had begun their triumphal sweep, the remnant of the vast population that once occupied the Spanish peninsula. It was during the war of the Spanish Succession in 1704 that the British flag was raised for the first time over this, one of their greatest strategic strongholds. Overpowering the ineffective Spanish garrison, in that year, they took possession, and, shortly afterward, withstood a siege and bombardment of six months by the combined forces of Spain

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and France, who attempted to dislodge them. But Britain's position was secure and, from that time on, in spite of later sieges, it has never relinquished its hold. This long tenure of occupancy has resulted in the typical British community that flourishes in an alien land. For "Gib," as the residents call it, is essentially English, although in the section nearest the harbor, where the city clambers up the sharply rising slope and the narrow streets become stairways, it is unmistakably Spanish, with typical Spanish houses and typical Spanish odors too. But the principal streets, that parallel the harbor, and the rambling houses of the English residents, which stretch up and onward toward the southern end of the rock, are equally and unmistakably British.

Gibraltar, with its thirty thousand people, is no inconsiderable town. Cupped on the sloping side of rock fronting the Bay, it rises in terraces to a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. It is the side of the rock facing the Mediterranean that slopes so precipitously as to leave no room for habitation, save for tiny fishing villages, which nestle on the slender ribbon of beach at the foot of the declivity. Following the contour of the rock, a narrow road winds its way along the base of the cliff to these toy communities, with their fishing boats and nets spread on gleaming white sand, fringed by the blue waters of the tideless sea. But, on the inner side of the rock, which faces the harbor, along its length of nearly three miles, radiating from the closely built streets of the business section, there are roads, parade grounds, public gardens, villas and military works stretching away as far as the eye can reach.

The military, as might be expected, dominates the town, although the garrison itself comprises less than a quarter of the city's population. Soldiers are seen everywhere, and the omnipresence of the war machine is always evident.

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Spaniards make up the bulk of the resident population, and they are supplemented by a heterogeneous horde from every port along the shore of the Mediterranean. Alongside the kilted Highlander stalks the turbaned Moor, and the Jew, in his long gaberdine, trades with the English shopkeeper. But the throngs of people who pass through the streets are preëminently European, and the merchant or workman in Eastern garb is conspicuous in the exotic dress of his country. While commerce is subordinated to the business of war, the grinding of the military machine is far from being the city's only industry. A lively trade is carried on with Spain and Morocco, and the harbor is filled with the ships of all nations, for Gibraltar is an important coaling station and attracts thousands of ships during the course of the year.

By the time we were ready to shake the dust of Gibraltar from our feet, evening had come and the ferry, which, during the day, makes its infrequent trips across the five miles of harbor to Algeciras, had stopped running. Since we had not yet been inoculated with the spirit of the Spaniard's *mañana*, we were determined to reach our destination that evening at whatever expense of time and energy. It was, therefore, necessary for us to make the not inconsiderable drive over the road that skirts the harbor in order to arrive there. Gibraltar is connected with the Spanish mainland by a level, sandy isthmus a half mile wide, the central band of which, less than half a mile in length, is neutral ground between British soil and Spanish territory. From this point it is, not from the sea, that you get the impressive view of the Cyclopean rock which has been made so familiar to the world through the advertising of a great commercial establishment. The mighty shoulder of rock looms against the sky like a titan's stronghold, a striking symbol indeed, of enduring strength and dependence. Numerous buses traverse this district and on one of them we embarked

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with a large number of other folk, who were returning to their homes across the line in Spain during this hour which closed the business day. The frontier examination was a perfunctory affair and from it we emerged into the frontier city of La Linea de la Concepción. Here in the plaza was a waiting motor, but we disdained the driver's price of fifty *pesetas* and entered an open barouche, drawn by two spirited horses, whose owner agreed to drive us to our hotel in distant Algeciras for the sum of twenty *pesetas*. To the cracking of the whip, we were off at a brisk trot, through the darkness and cool of the night, traversing a road that made its way through country and village, at times in view of the harbor which we encircled and at others, screened from it by intervening hills and shrubbery. Our pace never slackened as we rolled along the unfamiliar highway, under the luminous stars, through a country that seemed full of mystery and that, in our imagination, was peopled by the ghosts of its strange inhabitants of the distant past. Finally, the lights of Algeciras came into view and, within the hour and a half promised by our energetic driver, we dashed with undiminished speed into the court of our hotel.



XIII. A CITY ON A PRECIPICE



NCE more we take to the road in Spain. In the cloud and mist of the Levante gale, we leave Algeciras for Ronda, over the coastal *sierra*, climbing up to an inland kingdom which the moist winds of the Mediterranean cannot reach. The distance is only sixty-six miles, but the grade is steadily and sharply upward, and when we have reached our destination, on its extensive plateau, we shall be nearly a half mile above the sea. To make its dizzy ascent, the railway has executed many engineering contortions.

Up the tumbling mountains, its locomotive puffing like a driven monster, the train pushes its way through a heavy covering of trees that find, in the southern side of the mountains, an abundance of moisture wafted in from the sea. There is more natural verdure here than we have seen since leaving the watered hills of the northern coast about San Sebastian. Upward we climb, through the celebrated cork woods, piles of bark on every hand, and thence through the rugged gorges of the Sierra de Ronda, crossing and recrossing the tumbling Guadiaro, which threads

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its wayward path through the chasms of the mountain's precipitous slopes. We puff through tunnel after tunnel, following the circuitous ways of the river until, finally, leaving the inhospitable crags, we emerge into a fertile plain, clothed with groves of oranges, olives and almonds. Traversing this smiling district, that has responded so exuberantly to the touch of the husbandmen, our train describes a great loop and, with a snort of satisfaction, arrives at the strange city of Ronda.

Ronda is a picture town, so extraordinarily situated that but few cities in the world can claim its equal. It reposes on a small isolated plateau in the midst of a tremendous landscape of orchards, and is cradled in the center of a vast amphitheater of mountains that, in the distance, rise to a height of more than a mile. The platform on which the old town of Ronda is situated is like a promontory that thrusts itself into the sea. The town is situated at the end of this bold headland, which pushes its prow out into the sea of orchards beneath, and its sides fall sheer into the valley. Occupying the northern end of the plateau, there is a "new" town which was founded by the "Catholic Kings" in 1485, following the Moors' dispossession of their eerie stronghold. But the ancient metropolis, which knew Visigoth and Moor, and Roman before them, is detached from this, and lies across a great chasm, spanned by a bridge where the mountain of solid rock has been rent in twain by some titanic cataclysm. Thus it is, that venerable Ronda reposes on the inverted end of a gigantic cylinder of rock, with a deep gorge on one side and sheer precipices or almost perpendicular slopes on the others, dropping to the floor of the valley hundreds of feet below.

This seemingly impregnable stronghold fell to the Spaniards after a siege of twenty days. The Saracens had overestimated the strength of their situation, and being greatly

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harassed elsewhere, had permitted their main forces to be drawn off, to battle against their Christian enemies, leaving but a small remnant of fighting men to garrison the city. When their chief cohorts returned, they found the Spanish hosts encompassing the city and so strongly entrenched that they were unable to cut their way through to the relief of their beleaguered brethren. From across the ravine, the besieging army hurled flaming arrows into the city, pounding it mercilessly with their engines of war, but it was not until they had discovered the underground stairway through which the city's supply of water was brought from the river below, and had securely walled it up, that the Moors abandoned hope and were forced to surrender.

At the bottom of the chasm, through the narrow, rock-strewn gorge, tumbles the foaming Guadalevin, dropping from its bed on one side of the town to the plain on the other, making the final descent in a flying leap to its new channel on the lower side. Across this chasm, joining the old town with the new, stretches a bridge of extraordinary altitude, springing from roots which are sunk in the solid rock of the river bed three hundred feet below, a stalwart and graceful viaduct that has stood the test of two hundred years.

Ancient Ronda, perched on its empyrean knoll, was much circumscribed. Not a foot of room was wasted for the houses spring inward from the very edge of the precipice, their gleaming white bastions and irregular, red tiled roofs silhouetting themselves sharply against the sky. The town is not large. In five minutes you could walk from the lofty bridge at one end to the ruins of the Moorish castle, which guards the steep ascent from the plain, on the other. To cross it, from the towering cliff at one side to the passage which skirts the declivity at the other, would take somewhat less. In this limited area, the streets which are,

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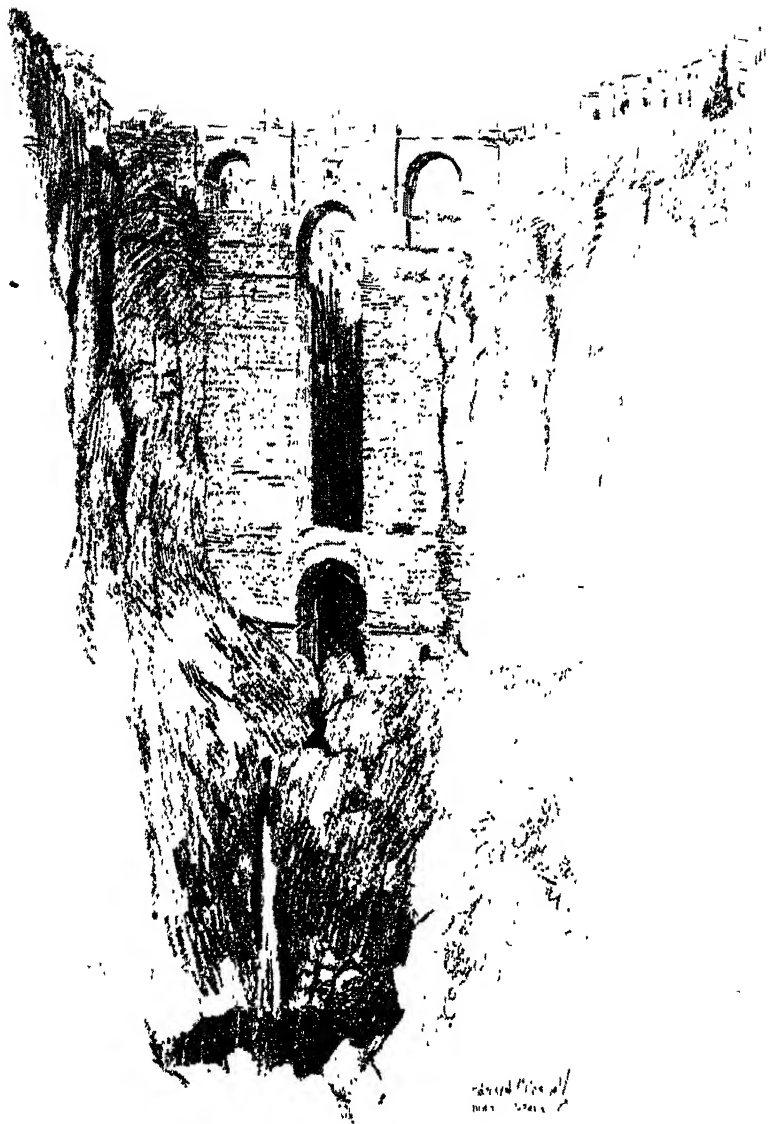
properly speaking, glorified lanes wander without direction, and their simple, red roofed plaster houses are unadorned, and are picturesque only because of their orderless grouping and their gleaming white walls, fresh from the painter's brush. In these houses of simple lines, and in the roughly cobbled streets, there is the insistent suggestion of a Moorish city.

In a little, tree-clad square, bearing the imposing title Plaza de la Ciudad which, anglicized, would be "City Square," there rises the most singular edifice in the community. It is the church of Santa Maria la Mayor, which once upon a time was a Mohammedan mosque, its belfry then a prayer tower. Flanking the belfry is a timbered veranda of primitive mien, from which doors and windows open into the interior, giving to the church the appearance of an inn. It may well be that, for convenience and economy, the priests and their acolytes are housed beneath the ecclesiastical roof. Across the tree-clad square is a long, whitewashed building, having the outward aspect of a convent, and alongside of it is a point of vantage from which to enjoy the broad panorama of mountain and valley. A few steps from the bridge, on a street that drops sharply down, stands the Casa del Rey Moro, or "House of the Moorish King," a name denoting that it may have had royal occupants at one time. It is now a miniature museum and after you have duly paid a fee for the privilege of entry the attendant will insist on showing you its pathetic art treasures, consisting of a few pieces of antique furniture, and other *objets d'art*, distributed about the several rooms. But that is a waste of time, even if you understand the oration in Spanish that goes with the tour of inspection. The house is remarkable, not for its contents, but for its terraced garden at the edge of the rugged Tajo, from which you can look down into the gloom of its abyss and hear the swish of

the rushing waters far below. Here is the underground stairway of three hundred and sixty-five steps, once a secret passage, which descends to the river, hewn out by the Moors to protect their water supply in times of siege. It was the discovery of this emergency way by the soldiers of Ferdinand and Isabella which forced the surrender of the hard-pressed defenders of the town.

The streets on this side of the bridge are almost deserted, for the newer and much more populous quarter has a complete monopoly of the trade and commercial activity. Save at the few street fountains, frequented by women and children, who come to fill their water jars and to gossip, there is little movement. The diminutive town, it must be confessed, is not unduly picturesque, although there are vistas through venerable gateways and along the rambling streets that redeem it from the commonplace. Ronda's chief glory is in its incomparable situation.

The new town across the bridge, new, of course, in a relative sense, for its foundations were laid before America was discovered, is a community of low plaster houses and monotonous streets. The bull-ring, which stands near the edge of the cliff, is undoubtedly its most striking feature. Constructed of simple plaster, and pierced by gates and windows devoid of the slightest ornamentation, its white-washed exterior has a grace of proportion and an honest beauty not possessed by any of the more modern and pretentious arenas that we saw in other cities. The age of this ring is something to conjure with. In all likelihood, it was a Roman amphitheater in the days of the Cæsars, and gladiatorial contests were the progenitors of the bull fights of these latter days. The seats encircling the ring, tier upon tier, are of solid masonry and undoubtedly are the handiwork of the indefatigable builders of Rome. It is said that, after the contests, the ring's harvest of dead ani-



The bridge spanning the gorge between old and new Ronda.

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mals is tossed over the parapet near by, into the gorge six hundred feet below, there to waste away under the all-



pervading rays of the sun. We made no personal investigation of this, but I can well believe it to be true, for, as I

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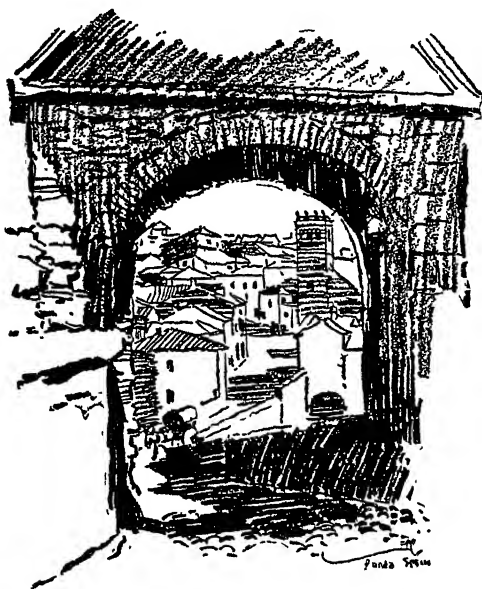
was loitering on the viaduct one day, enjoying the views from its aerial platform, I was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of ashes that the breeze had whisked from the pail of a woman who was disposing handily of the day's rubbish. That papers and other discarded matter find lodgment on the jutting shoulders of the cliff below, does not seem to worry, in the slightest, the complacent inhabitants. This disregard of sanitation and tidiness, I am bound to say, is typical of the easy-going citizens of the smaller cities of Spain.

That the people of Ronda have some sense of the æsthetic, however, is evident in the pleasant little *alameda* which they have laid out at the edge of their lofty platform. It is a refreshing spot, this tiny park, with its trees, shrubs and benches, and a railed-in terrace, a sheer six hundred feet in the air, from which there are lordly views of the distant mountains, the winding river and the fertile *vega*. Nowhere in Spain is there a prospect of greater allurements than that from this lofty eminence. Through the vast floor of the valley, far below, winds the slender thread of the Guadalevin, pursuing its way peacefully, after its mad tumble through the gorge of the Tajo and its plunge into the meadow; along its banks, and as far as the eye can reach, are olive orchards, vineyards and fruit plantations, that look like dots on a figured map; scattered here and there, are homes of the husbandmen, that seem like doll-houses in the immense distance; and in the background rise the naked *sierra*, which rim the horizon with their deep folds of soft shadows, arid and treeless, but painted with broad splashes of color: red, yellow and lavender, such as you find in the desert mountains of the American Southwest.

Adjoining this park are the gardens of the hotel, and just beyond them is the hostelry itself. You might search in vain for a more lovely site, but the structure itself, erected

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but a few years ago, would bring tears to the eyes of anyone with a sense of the artistic and appropriate. It was built by an English syndicate which owned, at the time of its construction, the short railway traversing this region which has since been incorporated into one of the principal Spanish systems. We saw it first from the *alameda*, across the edge

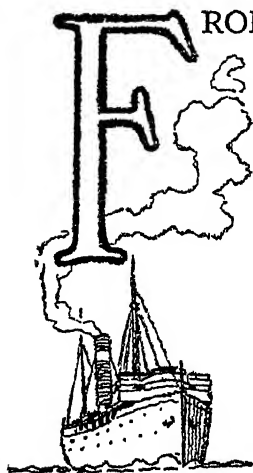


of the cliff and over its terraced garden, and we gasped at its blatant and grotesque inharmony. We had expected a low and rambling inn of balconied windows and gracious *patios*, but what we beheld was a stalwart edifice of stucco walls, spacious veranda and green tiled roof, of such a vivid and uncompromising shade as to defy all competition. A passable hotel, indeed, for a summer resort at home, but for a romantic city of Spain—! It was probably the supreme effort of an architect whose horizon had been limited by Hamp-

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stead and Highgate. Still, we had long since realized that Ronda's beauty lay not in its streets or in its buildings, but in the transcendent glory of its situation. And, as I have said, this hotel was endowed with an incomparable situation—and was uncommonly comfortable into the bargain. Be that as it may, its garden, fringing the edge of the cliff, is a place of delight, and the sunsets from its flower-perfumed walks should be, for their sheer loveliness, one of the reasons for a journey to Spain. As the day draws to its close, the orchards and vineyards in the deep valley below are bathed in deep, soft shadow, and the sun, sinking behind the folds of the distant mountains, throws its golden mantle over the old town and the new, enthroned on their lofty heights. At last, only the towers of the city are splashed in ocher, as the sun drops into a seething furnace of fire. The blue of the heavens gradually closes in on the retreating sun, and the stars appear, one by one, and twinkle over the immense void of the valley, as you sip your coffee on the terrace, enfolded by the all-pervading silence of the night. It is difficult to leave a spot of such magic enchantment, but the morning hours bring the compensating lure of contrast. In the clear upland air of the early day, you have your breakfast on the hotel veranda; the tree-dotted valley is still in shadow, but the distant hills, which the night before were masses of shadowed color against the brilliance of the sky, are heroic mountains of red and orange in the clear sunlight, and the country glows in the vitality of a new day.

XIV. OVER THE TUMBLING MOUNTAINS TO MALAGA.



FROM Ronda, it is a jolly coast down the mountains to Bobadilla, the junction for Malaga, through a country of flourishing orange groves and olive plantations. In contrast to the slow and panting climb to Ronda, the train rattles clamorously down its winding pathway, and slides into the station to the creaking of brakes and the call of the trainmen.

Malaga lies on the coast, forty-three miles to the south, and somewhat off the main line of travel. The journey is made, in part, through the gorges of the mountains that encircle the Mediterranean port and, in rugged splendor, is one of the most magnificent in Spain. The line follows the course of the river, which cuts its way through the wild gorge of the Hoyo de Chorro, crossing lofty viaducts, worming its way along beetling ledges, and passing through tunnel after tunnel cut in the solid rock of the everlasting hills. In constructing this highway of steel, the engineers have carried through the undertaking with

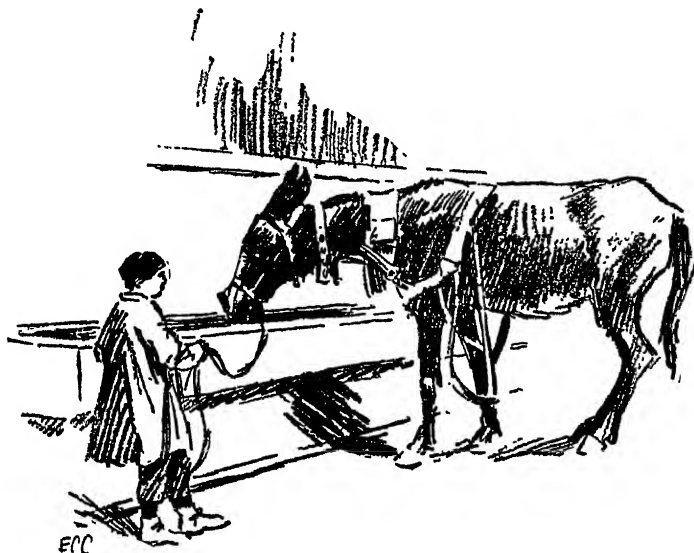
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distinction, both in the efficiency they have given the line, and in the fact that they have made it possible for the traveler to view the grandeur of the scenery that is imprisoned in these mountain fastnesses. Still following the river, which gives abundant life to the valley through which it flows to the sea, you emerge into a country of subtropical exuberance passing through mile after mile of orange and lemon groves, plantations of olives and almonds, orchards of figs and pomegranates, and vineyards drenched with golden sunshine. This smiling valley, flanked by its mountain guardians, is one of the richest in Spain. Dotting the way are the houses of the growers, which gleam with dazzling whiteness in the brilliance of the day. You stop at wayside stations where women and children of the countryside climb to the top of the station enclosures, or thrust their hands through the openings, proffering for sale the luscious fruit of the district. Impoverished in aspect, their eagerness to sell betrays their need and you are prompted to buy as much for the sake of charity as for the attractiveness of their wares. The ubiquitous water seller, with his earthen jars of cooling *agua*, is always on hand for here, as elsewhere in Spain, drinking water is a commodity that is trafficked in because it can be obtained only by dint of labor and transport.

The station stops on Spanish railways are not the casual, transitory affairs of Anglo-Saxon countries, but are attended by the ceremony of time and the presence of many idle spectators. A pause of a few leisurely minutes is given to the most unimportant of depots, and this is much extended, in a spirit of friendship and good fellowship, if the stop be made at a town even of modest proportions. It is far from being a figure of speech that, in Spain, time is an element that always waits on man. Usually, the important stations are equipped with *cantinas*, where beverages

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of all kinds are dispensed, from the warm, sweetish *limonade*, so much in favor, to the abundant wine of the country, sold for a few *centimos* a glass. When the train comes to rest there is a great rush for these centers of refreshment, as well as for the counters that abound in fruit and pastry, and the less decorative but more solid foods. The Spaniards'



chief form of recreation is in the gentle art of eating and drinking, and they gratify their palates at every opportunity. While of bewildering frequency, their drinking is done in great moderation, for a small glass of their favorite beverage seems to satisfy their thirst, which comes easily in a climate so continuously hot and dry, and in a country where water is so relatively hard to obtain. It is surprising, even, the number of men who drink *limonade* or other non-alcoholic beverage in preference to wine.

At these wayside stations the third-class passengers alight,

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weighted down with their huge baskets and bulging parcels of every sort, oftentimes including live chickens and, as frequently, many children, and a new lot of country folk, equally encumbered, crowds into the cars to take their place. Every station has a self-appointed reception committee of picturesque loungers, who stand about in groups, absorbed in the disgorging of the train. The rustics who compose these fascinated groups, are oftentimes clad in a singularity of dress peculiar to the region, and members of the Guard Civil, arrayed in colorful blue uniforms and curious cocked hats of patent leather, are usually on hand to enliven the scene. Somnolent donkeys drowse by the platforms, and dusty diligences await their human cargo. Decidedly, the rural stations of Spain are far from being dreary.

The most striking view of Malaga is that seen from the docks that lie in the center of the city's waterfront. Looking towards the town from this point of vantage, you command the immense basin of the orderly harbor, where ships are loading their precious cargoes of fruit and wine; the towering hill which, crowned by the ruins of its Moorish castle, rises beyond; and on the left, the immense cathedral, with its strange medley of Gothic and Classic, lifts its unfinished towers. Between the harbor and these conspicuous landmarks runs the splendid *alameda*, by far the city's most beautiful feature. It is a combined drive and promenade which, in its modest length, is a veritable tunnel of verdure, for its giant plane trees and stately palms meet high overhead, forming a cover of impenetrable foliage. Under this magnificent cover, and among the flower beds that embellish its walks, the people stroll and sit in contented indolence.

Malaga conjured up in our minds a place of tropical exuberance. Its comparative remoteness from the main lines of travel led us to expect a town more typical of old Spain, with more primitive phases of native life, than we had seen



A corner of the harbor of Malaga looking toward the cathedral and ancient citadel.

FROM RONDA TO MALAGA

in the more traveled cities of the interior. Instead, we found it to be one of the most modernized and, therefore, one of the least interesting of the Spanish cities, hardly worth, we thought, the detour to see it made necessary by its somewhat out-of-the-way, though not by any means remote, location. In common with its sister ports on the Mediterranean, it has every evidence of commercial prosperity. The shops are large and well kept, and the short business thoroughfares are crowded with people. In the late afternoon, the cafés, lining the principal business streets, are the rendezvous of prosperous-looking folk who sit in the open, sip their wine and observe their fellow citizens pass. The prosperity, so evident an attribute of the city, is due to the port's extensive shipping, its market for the rich fruit-growing country to which it is tributary, and its sugar, cotton and other mills.

Malaga is one of the oldest and most famous seaports on the Mediterranean. Established by the ancient Phœnicians, they called their city Malaca, from *malac*, meaning "to salt," because of its importance as a depot of salt fish. Later, it became a Roman city, and for a century and a half was under the Visigoths. They, in turn, were succeeded by the Arabs, who conquered it in their sweep of the peninsula in 711, and, regarding it an earthly paradise, assigned the district to the Khund al Jordan, or "dwellers to the east of the Jordan." So great was its trade that, from the middle of the thirteenth century until it was captured by Ferdinand and Isabella, two centuries later, it was one of the two chief seaports of the Moorish kingdom of Granada. Under the Christians, its population and trade diminished and it suffered almost total eclipse.

The ruins of the Alcazaba, the Moorish citadel, stand on the shoulder of the hill adjoining the harbor, and occupy the site of the earliest Phœnician settlement. Above this,

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on a mighty eminence which soars almost perpendicularly above the city, and upon which its defenses have been situated since the thirteenth century, you get a marvelous panorama of town, coast and sea. To your right, just below, is flung the hill-girt city, in which more than a hundred thousand people move and have their being. Immediately underneath, as you look out to sea, reposes the huge symmetrical bull ring, like a Roman amphitheater, open to the sky, but a lifeless shell without the heat of battle. You look directly into it, as from an aeroplane, and its seats for eleven thousand spectators appear as rings of decoration. Beyond, lies the bathing beach, to which on holidays the town repairs, and then, like a vast carpet of turquoise, the Mediterranean stretches away to the African shore. If the day be very clear, you can look over into Africa and see the mountains near Cetua in Morocco. To the left, the winding beach disappears in the distance, flanked all the way by the coastal hills, which give gentle hospitality to attractive villas. Due to the circle of mountains that forms a rampart to the north, Malaga and its neighboring cities have the mildest winter climate in Europe. So equable is it, that Malaga's imagination has been stimulated, and she has aspirations to become, some day, an international wintering place that will rival Nice. As you stand on this towering hill, by the side of the city, where shepherds tend their goats, you can see the makings of a magnificent Corniche Road, for the coast line, graced by hills that rise to commanding heights, is a counterpart of the Riviera, resplendent in the arid and gorgeous coloring of the Mediterranean coast of France.

In a city which, in climate, offers much to the sojourner, but to the traveler holds little of picturesque interest, its market is well worth a visit, because of its lavish display of grapes and products of the orchards. Early in the morning, the fruit growers arrive with their huge baskets of sub-

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tropical fruits, and not only crowd the market, but preëempt the streets round about with their great piles of fruit from the neighboring country. There are grapes of every hue, in immense hampers, mountains of golden melons, an abundance of ripe figs, skillfully packed to protect their delicate texture, baskets of rosy-hued pomegranates, tables groaning under the weight of velvety peaches and luscious pears, and many other kinds of fruit yielded by the fertile soil. The prices, of course, are absurdly low judged by the standards of northern markets.

We should like to have spent a month in Malaga, idling in the fragrant air by the blue Mediterranean, and eating and drinking of the nectar and ambrosia of the Andalusian Coast. But we were in search of the old and the picturesque, and Granada waited for us just ahead. And so we lost no time in shaking the dust of this fair coastal metropolis from our feet.



XV. GRANADA

THE GLORY OF THE MOORS



FNTHRONED on a spur of the high Sierra Nevada sits Granada, the proud city of the ancient Moorish kings. Approaching it from the west, the way is through a magnificent country of rolling mountains and fertile *vegas*, through scores of miles of orchards that extend to the very gates of the city. As the train winds circuitously along the towering hills and mountain heights, spacious valleys, speckled with geometrical rows of olive trees, unroll themselves, their foliage showing dark green against the dun-colored soil.

In the immensity of the illimitable landscape a hundred thousand trees spread themselves in unbroken ranks under the shimmering heat of the sun, as regular in pattern and in individual contour, as the painted wooden figures in a toy orchard. One panorama of orchards succeeds another, until it would seem that, in these boundless fields, the whole world could eat its fill of succulent olives. Interspersed throughout the country, are the gleaming white houses of

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the *haciendas*, adding life and beauty to the picture. In the north of Spain, as in France, the farmers have their homes in the villages and go forth to their labor in the fields, but here in the south the husbandmen live on the genial soil.

Granada proper rests on sloping ground at the base of two spurs of the foothills of the *sierra*, and consists of a broad thoroughfare, the Gran via de Colon, a street of substantial business buildings which bears the name of the great discoverer whose fortunes were so mightily influenced by events connected with the city, many more streets lined with shops, venerable churches, mostly devoid of interest, diminutive plazas of ancient lineage, and tree-adorned *paseos* and *alamedas* of more modern days. Occupying one of the two mountain spurs on which the houses clamber down the hillside and join themselves to the town below, is the picturesque Albaicin, the old quarter of the Moorish aristocracy. Crowning the other spur, across the wooded banks of the Rio Darro, a narrow stream that takes its rise in the snowy summits of the high *sierra*, rests the glory of the caliphs and the treasured jewel of modern Spain, the incomparable Alhambra.

It is from the heights of the Albaicin, across the wooded gorge, that you get the most comprehensive and striking view of the vast enclosure of the Alhambra. You may be disappointed in this distant prospect of the buildings themselves, because, in the grim plaster walls which mask ancient fortifications of massive strength, there is little beauty save that of virility. The towered and battlemented ramparts, which are part of the palace itself, are plain to the point of austerity and are unembellished by sculpture or ornamentation, so that, in the exterior aspect, there is not the slightest betrayal of the surpassing splendor within. But in the dramatic setting of the Alhambra, there can be

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no possible disappointment. Surmounting the crest of a wooded ridge, the long series of buildings that forms the palace and citadel, glinting with light, rises almost like a phantom shape among the greenery, culminating in the Generalife, the summer palace of the kings. On a lofty ridge at the edge of an intervening ravine, amid the deep foliage of its gardens, the Generalife stands in isolation like a fairy palace. Rising in the distant background are the naked, towering heights of the Sierra Nevada, whose crests, during most of the year, flaunt a heavy mantle of snow which dwindles in summer to a few glistening ribbons.

The Alhambra, the name popularly applied to the palace of the Moorish kings, really embraces the whole plateau of the ridge upon which it is situated, and includes the entire series of buildings and fortifications which comprised the living quarters, the state apartments, and accommodations for the royal entourage and garrison of the caliphs. The Alhambra hilltop, which is nearly a half mile long and two hundred yards across, in Saracen times was completely encircled by massive ramparts strengthened by towers, of which many still remain. The hill falls sharply away on every side, forming a natural fortress which the Moors, without vainglory, considered impregnable.

Thus, the vast enclosure of the Alhambra was not occupied entirely with the palace itself. At the prow of the hill rises the Alcazaba or Citadel; between this and the palace is an open space, a sort of miniature plaza; then stretches the rambling structure of the palace, beyond which are the remains of the living quarters of the courtiers and officials, and other buildings connected with the Sultan's household. This miniature city within the walls was known by the Moors as *Medînat al-hamrâ*, or "Red Town," because of the color of the buildings, which were constructed of a reddish stone found in the vicinity.

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The building of the Alhambra, which extended over a century and a half, was coincident with the growth and advancing culture of the flourishing kingdom of Granada. After the Battle of Las Navas de Tolosa in 1212, in which the Christian army of Spanish and foreign crusaders routed the Almohades, the Arab clan then in power at Granada, internal dissension developed in the Moorish kingdom, culminating in the revolt of the viceroys of the various provinces. After a bitter contest, Mohammed ibn Yûsuf al-Ahmar, of the tribe of Beni Nasr, finally emerged the dominant contender for the control of Andalusia, and in 1238 succeeded in making himself ruler of the extensive kingdom that embraced Granada, Malaga and Almeria. Two years before this *coup d'état*, Ferdinand III had conquered Cordova and pushed forward his dominion to Jaen, one of the outposts of the Granadan Kingdom. Al-Ahmar, who had taken the title of Mohammed I, thus deemed it expedient to make peace with Ferdinand. This he promptly did, acknowledging him as his suzerain, and even assisting him later in his successful operations against the Mohammedan power at Seville.

It was this dynasty of the Nasrides, founded by Mohammed I, that maintained itself at Granada for nearly two hundred and fifty years. To the Moors of Valencia, Cordova, Seville, and other cities which had successively fallen to the Christian power, Mohammed offered refuge in Granada. He fostered trade and industry, built roads, constructed public works, and promoted agriculture. During the next century and a half, the successive rulers of the dynasty proved to be far-seeing princes, and to their influence was due in large measure the brilliancy of the Moorish civilization in Spain—its flourishing agriculture and commerce, its advancement of science, its development of art and architecture. The population of Granada, nurtured by pros-

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perity and augmented by Arab populations expelled by the Christians from conquered territory, grew to half a million souls and became the richest and most powerful city in all the peninsula.

With Mohammed I originated the conception of a palace on the Alhambra hill. From time to time his successors added to the modest beginnings of the original, but it was not until Yusuf I came to the throne, a century later, that the palace began to reach its later glory. Yusuf, and his successor, Mohammed V, added the climactic Courts of the Myrtles and of the Lions, and finished the creation of an imperishable beauty. With them the palace was practically complete.

Ascending the sharply rising Calle de Gomeres from the center of the city, you pass through an old archway, framed in a background of trees, and emerge into the heavily forested slopes of the Alameda de la Alhambra, the park which parallels the walls of the palace enclosure. The road continues to climb sharply upward and you walk under a heavy canopy of foliage, in the middle of a forest, pillared with majestic elms which have survived more than a century of life. Along the roadside is a slender torrent, rushing down its hillside channel, and elsewhere the wood is enlivened by the murmur of flowing waters which, tapped from the Darro, five miles above Granada, pursue their way in irrigating channels and bring life to the thickly planted trees. When you are well toward the end of the *alameda*, you diverge to the left and come to the Gate of Justice, erected in 1348, a towered and embattled archway which gives entrance to the Alhambra. Passing through this double gate, where countless throngs of Moors have gone before, you emerge on a tiny square at the gate of the Alcazaba, the grim fortress of the Alhambra. To the right is the



The Alhambra from the neighboring hill of the Albaicin.

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obtrusive palace of Charles V, and beyond is the entrance to the storied palace of the caliphs.

The ruined Alcazaba, which derives its name from the Arabic *al-kasaba*, meaning "citadel," occupies the prow of the ridge, and from it rises the ancient Moorish watch tower, which soars to lofty heights at the edge of the precipitous hill. From its elevated platform there is a matchless panorama, marvelous in its sweep of the surrounding country. The network of the city lies immediately below. Beyond spreads the disk-like *vega*, cupped by the naked range of hills that encloses it. Santa Fé and other towns of historic importance connected with the contending forces of Spaniard and Moor, lie in the distance. At your right hand rises the hill of the Albaicin, besprinkled with its medley of oriental houses. Back of you stands the massive palace of Charles V, adrift amid the modest buildings of the caliphs, and farther up the slope, in a bower of foliage, is the Generalife. And rising behind all, in a gigantic semicircle, are the enfolding mountains. No wonder the vanquished Boabdil, the last of the Moorish sovereigns, as he pursued his unhappy way turned and wept at leaving this earthly paradise.

On the other side of the little central plaza glowers the square bulk of Charles V's amazing folly. It was Charles who gave permission to the Cathedral Chapter at Cordova to desecrate the priceless glory of the mosque by adding a Renaissance choir, and afterward rebuked the men who had asked permission to erect so obviously a disfiguring addition. Yet this incredibly stupid monarch with criminal deliberation razed to the ground a portion of the oriental masterpiece of the Moors, in order to build, with tribute paid by the Moors, an appendage that is not only hopelessly out of tune with its surroundings, but strides into the delicate

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creation of the Arabs like a Colossus eager to show his brutal strength, overshadowing, as if by intent, something which never pretended to be strong but which rejoiced only in its delicacy.

Even as you enter the door of the palace, you get no suggestion of regal splendor, for, like most buildings of the Moors, it is plain and unadorned. It was a belief of the Arabs that outward ostentation was distasteful to the Most High, and that His displeasure would be visited upon those who made a pretense of riches. And so, the exterior walls are without display, serving only, by way of contrast, to increase the poignant sense of beauty within.

In thinking of a building that is much renowned for its splendor, our minds inevitably gain the impression of immensity. A palace, for example, conjures up a place of great magnificence of size. The palace of the Alhambra can claim no preëminence because of its magnitude, and the visitor who expects to find this quality will be disappointed. It is not in its size that its splendor rests, but in the delicate beauty of its rooms and courts, in the proportions of walls and ceilings, in the exquisite grace of its windows, in the slender perfection of its columns, in its multitude of vistas that enchant the senses. The walls and ceilings represent the supreme achievement in Moorish decoration. They bear designs in the most minute geometrical patterns, and are executed in superb colorings—delicate arabesques, brilliantly colored *azulejos*, exquisite mosaics, honeycomb vaulting, and fretworks in stucco that have all the quality of lace. In one room alone, the honeycomb vaulting of the ceiling contains no less than five thousand cells, each one differing from the other, yet all blending into a perfect harmony. As in the mosque at Cordova, here, in its essence, is the tent of the Arab, the slender columns, like tent poles, supporting vaulted ceilings, and the walls, resplendent in arabesque

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decoration, resembling the colorful rugs and draperies that embellish the tent interiors. Woven throughout this mass of intricate design, with frequent iteration, is the pious and self-effacing motto originated by Mohammed I, triumphant but meek, "*Walâ ghâliba ill' Allâhta âlâ*," "There is no conqueror but the Most High God." And over the arches and in the borders of the walls, are inscriptions extolling the majesty and goodness of Allah and the achievements of the kings, while here and there appear verses of hyperbolic poetry. One of these inscriptions runs: "He who comes to me tortured by thirst will find water pure and fresh, sweet and unmixed. I am like the rainbow when it shines, and the sun is my lord." Considering the relative impermanency of the material used in all this mass of intricate design, for it was executed for the most part in plaster and wood, it is a miracle that, in a building without doors and windows, the delicate traceries should have survived the centuries.

In the marvelously beautiful Court of the Myrtles, with its myrtle-fringed pool, reflecting columned arcade and fortified tower; in the Court of the Lions, with its marble floor, its justly celebrated fountain and its forest of slender white columns, supporting arches and canopies, like carved ivory, forming pavilions for rest within sight and sound of plashing water; in the Hall of Justice, the council chambers, the suite of delicately wrought apartments that constituted the kings' harem; in the Hall of the Ambassadors, which was the state reception room and contained the throne; and in the baths and other rooms is revealed all the voluptuous life of the royal tenants of the palace. None of these rooms is of heroic size. In the aggregate they cover a relatively small area, but there is always a sense of spaciousness and at every turn there is lyric beauty. For the most part, the rooms of the palace open on the *patios*, and their grace-

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fully wrought windows overlook the wooded gorge of the Darro and the tumbled mass of whitewashed houses on the hill of the Albaicin beyond. If every turn within the palace has poetic loveliness, every view from the *ajimezes* or "arched windows" is a vista of enchantment.

In the Hall of the Ambassadors assembled the last great council of the Moors, summoned by Boabdil to consider the surrender of Granada. Some years before, internal dissensions had arisen among the Moorish factions, creating a situation that Ferdinand and Isabella had not scrupled to utilize in order to accomplish the cherished purpose of their lives—the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain. In the main, it was the caliph, Abu'l-Hasan, who was responsible for the final loss of the kingdom, for he partly dismembered it by resigning Malaga to his brother, and thus weakened the whole Moorish power of resistance against the common enemy. Later, he became infatuated with the charm and beauty of a young Spanish slave, Isabel de Solis who embraced Islam under the name Zorayah, "Morning Star," and became the king's favorite wife. 'Aisha, his first wife, seeing that her influence over her husband had ceased grew alarmed, not only for her sons' rights of succession to the throne, but for their very lives. This palace intrigue became more than a tempest in a teapot, because it involved the allegiance of certain tribal factions within the kingdom, some of whom openly sympathized with 'Aisha and seemed to have paid with their lives for their sympathy. In the meantime, 'Aisha and her sons were confined in the palace, but, taking advantage of the absence of Abu'l-Hasan, who was endeavoring by force of arms to recover a city which had been lost to the Spaniards a short time before, 'Aisha lowered herself and her sons from a window in the tower of the palace and escaped. Fleeing to a near-by city, she immediately caused Boabdil, her eldest son, to be proclaimed

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king. After a short but decisive struggle, Boabdil, in 1482, succeeded in dethroning his father, an enterprise in which can be seen the hand of his lion-hearted mother. But Boabdil was not strong enough for the task of saving the kingdom, whose days were already numbered. After being captured by the Spaniards twice within three years, in battles waged in defense of some outlying towns of his realm, Boabdil, in an effort to save himself and his tottering throne, pledged his personal neutrality to the Spanish, and the Christian army advanced against Malaga and Almeria, which were defended by his uncle. Upon their capitulation, Granada, alone of all the Moorish states, remained defiant. Ferdinand and Isabella now demanded the evacuation of the city, in fulfillment of an understanding with Boabdil at the time of his defeat and capture. Realizing at last the immensity of his tragedy, he gathered his famine-stricken forces together in a final effort to ward off the inevitable. But defense seemed useless, and late in 1491 Boabdil rode forth to meet his conquerors, who came from their besieging camp at the little town of Santa Fé, five miles distant.

Riding at the head of their victorious army was Ferdinand and beside him, Isabella, mounted on her snow-white charger, and they halted under the shadow of the red-hued towers of the Alhambra. Surrounding their proud sovereigns were gathered all the chivalry of Aragon, crusaders from distant lands enrolled under the banner of the Cross, and their victorious troops, veterans of earlier campaigns. Here too were the Queen's Castilian troops, who had followed her in the capture of Baeza and in their frantic enthusiasm had shouted "Long live our *King* Isabel." Out from the castle on the heights, attended by a few of his faithful followers, emerged the broken-hearted Boabdil, whose ancestors had maintained the independence of Granada for more than two centuries while one after another of the

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Moorish domains in Spain had fallen before the advance of the Christian armies. Up to the waiting victors rode the vanquished Boabdil who, with a heavy heart, tendered to them the precious keys of the historic Alhambra, while the troops shouted "Long live Kings Ferdinand and Isabel." And with this scene, the Moor was blotted out of Europe forever.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of January second, 1492, Boabdil and his followers evacuated the city, marching out of the Gate of the Seven Floors which, according to the request of the overthrown sultan, was afterward walled up, so that no others might pass that dishonored way. As he made his way over the Sierra Nevada, Boabdil turned, at a spot which history has called "The Last Sigh of the Moor," to gaze with tear-filled eyes at the fair city and kingdom he had lost, but his mother, stern and uncompromising, mocked him with the words, "Weep not like a woman for what you could not defend like a man." As Boabdil passed forth from the gate in the rear, the victorious host entered by the Gate of Justice and from the battlements were unfurled the crimson and gold of Spain, while from the lofty platform of the watch tower gleamed the silver cross of the Christians replacing the golden crescent of Islam.

It was in the Hall of the Ambassadors, too, that the "Catholic Kings," a title recently earned by the capture of Granada, received the waiting Columbus, who had followed their Majesties from place to place, and had been promised that when the last Moorish kingdom was taken his project would receive careful attention.' The Moorish dominion of Spain was now at an end, and the Cross had supplanted the Crescent. When, on top of this achievement, word came that the Sultan of Egypt threatened to desecrate the Holy Sepulcher, Columbus, inspired by zeal for his great scheme

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of discovery, pressed home his advantage—how he would not only open up great sources of wealth for the empire, but that, through his instrumentality, Spain would be enabled to carry the cross of Christ by a nearer route to the East, thus more speedily winning the Holy Land. But, after all these years, fate was to prove false, for the unreasonable conditions imposed by Columbus made it prudent for the sovereigns to decline his offer. Broken-hearted, he left their presence, determined, without delay, to present his offer to the King of France, whom his brother had already approached. But as, mounted on his donkey, he was betaking himself away, on the old Roman bridge at Piños, ten miles from Granada, he was overtaken by the Queen's courier, mounted on a galloping steed, who informed him that their Majesties had changed their minds and commanded him to return. In the meantime, Isabel's ingenious treasurer had shown her how the money to finance the expedition might be raised from the Aragon exchequer.

Not more than ten minutes' walk from the end of the Alhambra enclosure, but considerably above it, on another spur of the distant *sierra*, lies the Generalife, the summer residence of the Moorish kings. It takes its name from the Arabic Jennat al-'Arîf, meaning "Garden of the Architect," named, evidently, for its original owner, the architect of the Alhambra. In its essential characteristics it has much in common with the buildings of the Alhambra, although it never attains the glory of the palace. Porticoed and arcaded buildings open off the principal court, which is graced by a long, rectangular pool, bordered with myrtles, orange trees and sweet-smelling plants. Above the palace are the celebrated gardens, little changed from the early days, which with their terraces, grottoes, yews, clipped hedges, cypresses, and water works show the intricate arboricultural features that delighted the eyes of the Arabs. The love of these sons

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of the desert for cool and murmuring water as a feature of their gardens and *patios*, is clearly evident in these delightful grounds. Waters, brought down from the *sierra*, were utilized in pools, fountains, miniature canals, and im-



petuous cascades. To the greater seclusion of this isolated residence, with its higher altitude and magnificent view of the Alhambra, the city, and the plain, the Moorish sovereigns repaired in the heat of summer. A few minutes away were the multitudinous activities of the city, yet here in the quiet seclusion of the trees and gardens of their hillside retreat,

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the caliphs were far away from its life. The *miradores* of the palace overlook the lightly wooded gorge of the Darro, out of which climb the red roofed, whitewashed houses of the town. There is nothing in Spain more beautiful than the situation of this fairy villa with its alluring prospects. It is just the kind of home that Aladdin might have demanded of the genii of the lamp.

Of all the cities of Spain, none boasts a more picturesque quarter than that which Granada possesses in its Albaicin, occupying the twin ridge of the Alhambra hill. In the days of the Moors, the homes of the wealthy and favored were here, and it is likely that many of the houses which stand there to-day were once occupied by followers of the Prophet. It is certain, at least, that to-day this quarter of the city is as picturesque as it was in those times—and very much dirtier. In the poorer sections of their cities the Spaniards give but scant attention to the process of sanitation, and the streets are often offensive in their filth. The Albaicin quarter in Granada is, unfortunately, no exception in this respect.

At the upper end of the hill of the Albaicin is the famous Gypsy community, the homes of which are burrowed in the cliffs, fringing the road that trails off into the hills. The lower stretches of the hill jut out, like a promontory, into the sea of streets and houses of the lower city. Balconied houses and garden walls, which appear to be fresh from the whitewasher's brush, line the irregular thoroughfares. In places, these are too narrow for wheeled vehicles to pass, although there is little inconvenience in this, because everything moves on mule back. Indeed, wagons, could they be admitted, would be at a disadvantage, because the streets, dropping down the precipitous hillside, become staircases, surfaced with tiny cobbles which, in all probability, are relics of the days of the Saracen. Ancient residences, graced by

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patios and gardens which are glimpsed through the open doorways, relics of better days, are set at angles to the street; cypresses stand like sentinels above the gleaming plaster walls with vines clambering over their parapets; balconies are gay with flowers, and there are many enchanting corners. Only the poverty of the inhabitants, the extreme uncleanness of the streets, and the multitude of begging children that infest them, detract from this quarter's perfection as an example of a medieval city.

In the morning hours, the arteries leading to the market place down in the lower city pulsate with life. Donkeys, laden with panniers of bread, milk, water, and other merchandise, pass along the narrow ways; women and children, carrying market baskets; cutlery sharpeners, attracting attention to themselves by blowing tiny horns that sound like a tuning instrument; and, most conspicuous of all, herds of goats walking solemnly along, turning neither to the right nor to the left, ready to be milked before the houses of the customers, all form the procession. From earliest morning countless herds ply the Granada streets, so that there seem to be as many goats as there are people. In all the cities of Andalusia the goat is paramount, and its milk is delivered on the hoof in this convenient fashion.

The market in Granada is a seething affair. From the square it overflows into the adjacent streets, and washes up against the side of the cathedral, which serves as a background for the stalls of the sellers. The air is charged with the cries of the merchants, and buyers, intent in their marketing, swarm around the booths. Men and women bear away live chickens, slung over their arms, as casually as they carry unwrapped bread.

Many time-worn churches and other public buildings attest to the age, the religious devotion and the greatness of Granada's past. The *chef d'œuvre*, however, is the cathe-

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dral, which was erected as a memorial to the conquest of southern Spain and the annihilation of Moorish power. For some years after the expulsion of the Mohammedans, their principal mosque, which adjoined the site of the present cathedral, was used for Christian worship, as, indeed, it continued to be used, in a subsidiary way, for nearly two centuries. But it quickly proved inadequate for the chief seat of Christian worship, and the cathedral was begun in 1523. This imposing temple is considered to be the best Renaissance building in Spain, but, notwithstanding its excellent plan, here, as in the instance of other churches, it seemed to us to lack the impressive solemnity that characterizes great cathedrals elsewhere. This absence of majesty is partly due to the plan of the building, which fails to create a sense of immensity; to the warm, brown stone used in the walls, which gives an air of lightness instead of solemnity; and to the fact that, hedged closely about with houses, it cannot be seen to advantage. But if its architecture did not make it appear especially distinguished in our eyes, its interior held a greater treasure than any other church in Spain. For, in its Royal Chapel, the "Catholic Kings" were interred, and their mausoleum was one of the most impressive monuments connected with the early history of the country that we had seen on our pilgrimage through the peninsula. The Gothic chapel in which it rests was built in 1506 as a burial chapel for Ferdinand and Isabella, but it was subsequently enlarged by Charles V, because it was considered to be "too small for so great glory." The recumbent figures on the imposing tomb, which stands in the center of the chapel facing the altar, were carved in flawless marble by Domenico Fancelli, the Florentine sculptor who executed the tomb of Prince Juan, in Avila. Ferdinand wears the order of St. George, and Isabella, the cross of Santiago. In the vault below the monument, reached by a

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few steps from the floor of the chapel, are the simple, leaden coffins, containing the mortal remains of the monarchs who made so great a place for themselves in the world's history. Resting beside the caskets of the "Catholic Kings" are those of Philip of Austria and his wife, the Infanta Joanna, the father and mother of Charles V of Spain, who succeeded Ferdinand to the throne. It was this coffin, containing the body of Philip, that his demented wife was in the habit of carrying about with her from place to place. Standing before these crude caskets of somber lead, which contained no semblance of adornment and which seemed to strip away all habiliments of pomp and power from their occupants, we felt a strange nearness to the events in Spanish history which the Alhambra had dramatized so vividly for us. Upstairs, in the sacristy, are the sword of Ferdinand, worn perhaps in receiving the surrender of Boabdil, and the crown and scepter of Isabella, which she is credited with having pawned to raise the funds for the Columbian expedition of discovery.

Of all the glowing cities of Spain we departed from none with so great regret as from Granada, the last meeting place of Spaniard and Moor, where the exotic art of a Moorish civilization is enshrined in a Latin city.

XVI. THROUGH ARAGON TO SARAGOSSA



FROM Granada it was our intention to travel along the Mediterranean coast to Valencia, and to make, thence, an inland detour to Saragossa, ending our journey at Barcelona. We found, however, that, in order to avoid a journey of thirty-six or forty-eight hours, which it takes to cover this relatively short distance, with changes and prolonged waits in the midnight hours to boot, we must travel over two sides of the triangle by catching the night express for Madrid and completing the distance by a through train next day. We could, of course, have made the tour by easy stages, but we were possessed of that impatience to reach our destination that characterizes people of Anglo-Saxon descent. It is a singular thing that no fast trains traverse the natural and direct route along the coast. Indeed, so far as we could learn, no fast communication between these points has ever been established and in Spain that is a sufficient reason for maintaining the traditional facilities of transit. We decided, therefore, to go overnight to Madrid, and there catch the fast morning train to Saragossa, thus reversing the order in which we should visit the three cities.

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To connect with the Madrid express, it was necessary to take the afternoon train from Granada, which was of the more or less local variety, and change at the small junction town of Baeza. In Spain, while the through service is good, local trains, as I have already pointed out, jog along in the most casual manner, enjoying their well-earned rests at the stations, where there is always life and gossip and, frequently, a *cantina*, and they have little objection to prolonging their stay, at well-selected intervals, for any reason that seems good to the gentlemen in charge of the enterprise. Carrying out the custom, established by a sort of divine right, the accommodation train on which we embarked—very accommodating indeed—hastened not at all. The inevitable result was a tardiness which increased as we made our deliberate way, and we arrived at Baeza late by the comfortable margin of an hour and a half. We alighted at the station confident, however, that, in the accommodating fashion of our own train, the express would wait to receive us, with open arms so to speak. But a few moments had passed before we observed a knot of our late fellow passengers in hot pursuit of the station master—a group that, with the lapse of time, increased almost to a mob. Dawning on our consciousness that something was wrong, we betook ourselves to one of the custodians of the station and with our inadequate Spanish gleaned the information that the express train had departed with uncompromising promptness, and that we should have to wait until two in the morning—a matter of four or five hours, until another made its appearance. This unpleasant knowledge had, with amazing swiftness, communicated itself to our erstwhile companions, and it was the stark and naked truth of this discovery that caused such profound wailing and gnashing of teeth, with vociferous appeals to the station master for some manner

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of relief from the intolerable situation. Securing no justice whatever from the station tribunal, the disconcerted and grumbling passengers assembled their baskets, baggage, and numerous progeny, and departed for such hotels and *fondas* as the town afforded, most of them in tow of emissaries who, it was evident, had learned of the catastrophe and had hurried to the station to tout the virtues of their respective caravansaries and gather up the fruits of the windfall. A mere handful remained with us to keep our midnight vigil against the arrival of the next express, that departed at so unseasonable an hour. Not until we mounted the later train did we discover it to be a *de luxe* affair composed entirely of first-class coaches and sleeping cars, and not until then did we understand the dejection of our former fellow travelers, who evidently had tickets for classes of accommodation less distinguished and luxurious than first class, and who, perhaps, were without money to pay the additional supplement required.

Leaving Madrid in the early morning, you reach Saragossa in the afternoon. Midway on the journey, your train first traverses the upland plain of Castile, then ascends a low, barren mountain range and, finally, drops down into the desert and the river oases of Aragon. The Henares River forms the eastern boundary of the great central plateau of Castile and Aragon, its red clay banks rising steeply to the plateau, which is dotted with olive groves and vineyards. Farther on are large fields of grain. Then you enter a region of desolate, red limestone hills, penetrated by many tunnels, and climbing gradually to the Sierra Ministra. The highest point reached by the railroad is in the Horna tunnel, 3,670 feet above sea level, whence you descend through a picturesque rocky region to the valley of the Jalón River. Even the waters of the Jalón are of a reddish hue. To the

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left lies a great saline expanse of marl, dominated by the Sierra de Moncayo. Then the railway turns southeast into the valley of the Ebro, and thence to Saragossa.

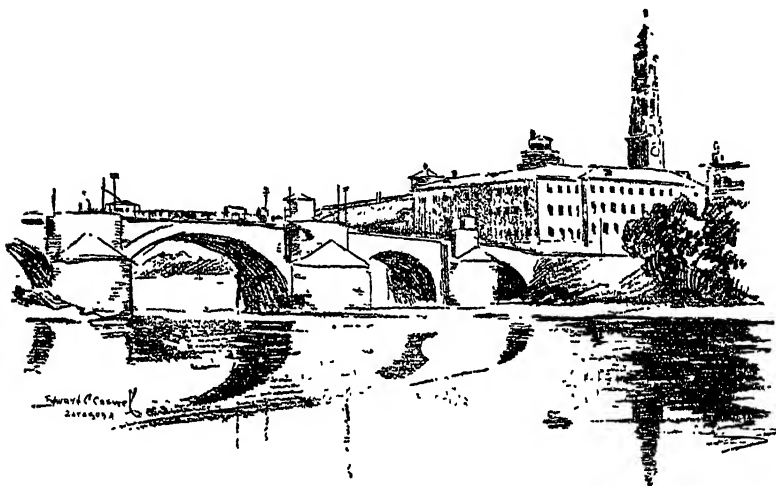
Along the way are many towns and villages, most of which take their ruddy, umbrous color from the soil of which they are made. They crown the rocky heights, and perch on knolls above the often precipitous river basin; they are dun colored or red, dusty and crumbling, for the most part devoid of verdure; they bask in the shimmering heat of the desert sun; they are filled with the crumbling ruins of the past, of Spaniard and Moor; they are rich in the remains of buildings that marked the long struggle between Christendom and Islam; and they are always picturesque in their own individual way.

The journey is a dusty one, through a country that, in its essence, is a desert, and the sun beats upon it mercilessly, parching its treeless expanse and drenching its adobe villages. Its moisture is so scanty, it used to be said of the Aragon country that it was easier for the people to mix their mortar with wine than with water, won by toil from the few insignificant streams. Only in the strip of country along the rivers has man won his fight against the climate and soil, and in this ribbon of fertility, groves of olives, almonds, and figs, with flourishing vineyards, give evidence of a pastoral life. For all that, the country is not monotonous, but is one of great enchantment because of its many moods, expressed in its constantly changing aspects and its exotic character.

I turn to my note book, and find under the heading, "Saragossa"—a blank! The aridity of this page expresses with eloquence our impression of the historic capital city of Aragon, which we found to be, in many ways, the most disappointing city in Spain. We went to see it because of its resounding echo down the long corridors of time.

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Since the earliest days, it has been a place of importance in the trade between the Pyrenees and Castile, situated, as it is, at the central point of the Ebro River basin and at its principal crossing. An ancient Iberian town, its importance was quickly recognized by the Romans when they came to possess the country, and Emperor Augustus designated it *Colonia Cæsar-Augusta*, from a corruption of which the city



gets its present name. Subsequently, it was under Visigoth and Moor, and upon the expulsion of the Saracens in the twelfth century, it became the capital of the Kingdom of Aragon, which gave Isabella to Spain, and a queen to sit on the English throne. Its heroic days, however, came in the Spanish War of Liberation when, unfortified, in a siege of sixty days, it resisted the army of France under four marshals, succumbing finally to the ravages of hunger and pestilence rather than to the devastation of the sword. In this siege, its heroic defenders coined the current phrase, *guerra al cuchillo*, "war to the knife."

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The most picturesque thing in Saragossa (and, I was going to say, almost the only one) is the view over the venerable stone bridge of the fifteenth century which spans the Ebro in seven graceful arches, and the city's two cathedrals which rise above it on the river bank, their domes and turrets, Byzantine in aspect, silhouetted against the sky. The artist, from a lack of inspiration in the meager beauty of the city, refused to sketch any part of it. But at sunset, when the arches of the bridge became, with their reflections, complete circles in the still waters of the river, and the golden rays of the sun tinted the slender towers and lighted up the *azulejo* domes of the cathedrals, his depression vanished and the beauty of the scene was recorded on his drawing board.

Saragossa is distinguished in possessing two cathedrals, one, La Seo, begun so long ago as 1119 and the other, the product of the seventeenth century, which rise almost side by side above the waters of the Ebro. The Cathedral of the Virgin del Pilar, the "Virgin of the Pillar," contains a superb high, Gothic altar, fashioned in pure alabaster, but, what is by far of greater import to the worshipper, a magnet that draws streams of pilgrims from afar, is its sacred pillar, on which the Holy Virgin appeared to St. James one twelfth of October, during his missionary journey through Spain. This momentous relic stands enthroned in the chapel of Our Lady of the Pillar, a temple within the cathedral, of flawless marble and gilded bronze, with altars lighted by silver lamps. Above one of the altars, and only partially visible, the holy pillar is seen. Surmounting it is the wooden image of the Virgin which gives the cathedral its name, an incense-darkened figure dressed in jeweled magnificence, which is held in greater veneration, and is credited with more miraculous powers than almost any other in Spain. This holy relic has an extensive wardrobe, and it is said

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that when the priests change her garments, they shield their eyes from her dazzling glory. Her shrine is always thronged with worshippers, and because of her great holiness, standing on her apostolic pillar, she is credited with having given life to withered limbs, restored the sick to health, and protected the city from disaster. The cathedral has often been struck by lightning, we were told, but has remained unscathed, and during the famous siege of the city in Napoleonic times the shells from the French artillery fell harmlessly on its roof, such was the beneficent influence of the Virgin. The Virgin del Pilar has been the protecting saint of Saragossa these many years. Her image rests in every hut, and, wrought in silver and gold, hangs about the neck of all her followers.

In the Audiencia, Saragossa possesses the former palace of the noble family to which belonged Pope Benedict XIII, who occupied the papal throne at Avignon in the days of the popes of France, and the "Trovatore" of Verdi's opera; and in the Castillo de la Aljaferia, now a dreary military barracks, it has the remains of a building that was once the home of a Moorish *sheikh*, then the residence of the kings of Aragon and the palace of the Inquisition, while in its tower is reputed to be the dungeon of "Il Trovatore."

A few ancient churches, and other minor buildings, make up the rest of the city's interest for the traveler. It is a considerable place, in point of population, but we found it commercial, almost devoid of picturesqueness, its modern streets and business section dull, and its ancient quarter of narrow thoroughfares and towering houses, drab and dreary.

There are two railway lines to Barcelona, and their trains depart from separate stations. In verifying the precise time of our train's departure, the last thing before retiring, we discovered that our tickets were not valid over the route we had planned to take. The time-table, however,

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in the expert hands of the landlord, immediately disclosed the important fact that, over the other line, another train left in just twenty minutes which, much to our delight, would land us at our destination early in the morning. These unexpected discoveries necessitated a lightning change of plan and a feverish packing of baggage. A porter was hastily despatched for a vehicle and, as we emerged from the hotel, in the wake of the landlord, having done our packing and settled our account with a despatch that bewildered the employees, there was waiting an ancient equipage, groomed to win the race for us. Into it we jumped and, in a twinkling, we were bouncing over the cobbled street in full flight for the depot. The train was almost sure to be late, as indeed it afterward proved to be, but it was essential that we arrive at the station before the scheduled time of departure for, otherwise, we should not be allowed to pass the barrier. At all important stations in Spain, the doors to the train platforms are closed at the appointed moment, after which no one may enter. We had but a minute to spare when we clattered up to the station entrance, but that was enough to justify our precipitate haste and the anxiety of the chase. What mattered it to us if the train were nearly an hour late! There was a *cantina* in the station and to it we repaired, with many of the other calmly waiting travelers, to refresh ourselves against the journey ahead of us.

XVII. THE CHIEF CITY OF THE CATALANS



S journeys go, it is not any very great distance from Saragossa, in ancient Aragon, to Barcelona, in progressive Catalonia. It is, to be exact, but a trifle more than two hundred and twenty-five miles over the railway that parallels the Pyrenees, which at times it discloses, climbing over the low, coastal range to the shores of the Mediterranean. Here, we are well to the north of Spain once more, for the Mediterranean coast runs north and south. San Sebastian, on the Bay of Biscay, rests at the extreme western end of the Pyrenees, and Barcelona lies, roughly speaking, due east at the other end. It is but a relatively short distance to the French border.

Half way between Saragossa and Barcelona we cross into Catalonia, distinguished by sharp contrasts from the land of the Aragonese, both in people and countryside. We leave a kingdom of desert and mountain, of isolated towns, clinging for sustenance to the oases of the river valleys, of people superstitious and melancholy, cut off from the pulsating

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world, to enter a state of productive soil and thriving sea-ports, palpitating with industry and trade, of an energetic folk possessing the practical imagination of those who rub elbows with the world. Barcelona has been, since earliest times, a great maritime city, a Mecca of traders from the flourishing ports of the Mediterranean and, thus, the Iberian blood of the Catalan is mixed with that of Greek and Roman, Goth, Saracen and Frank. He is a keen trader, an enterprising business man. In common with the Basque of the northeast, whose strain is unmixed Iberian and Gothic, he energizes the commercial structure of Spanish life. He is, in fact, the Yankee of Spain. He disdains the Spanish language, which he disparagingly calls "Castilian," and clings to the Catalanian dialect, closely allied to the Provençal, which is used in a great stretch of coastal district to the north and south. Indeed, he rises superior to all his surroundings!

On our overnight journey to the Catalanian capital, we awoke before the sun was up and while the mists were still wreathing the low mountain peaks in their feathery veils. We had not yet come abreast of Montserrat, which is but thirty miles inland from Barcelona, and we were still discussing the question of stopping off and ascending the holy mountain, whose monastic occupants, in the Dark Ages, were reputed to be the custodians of the Holy Grail. The peak is readily negotiated by foot, by rack-and-pinion railway or by motor car, but finally we decided against the excursion, in part because the morning was far too young for comfort, and because the weather seemed unpropitious. The final motivating reason, however, was that the monastery, situated on the dizzy heights of Montserrat, the "Serrated Mountain," for all its magnificence of setting amid the rugged peaks that rise from the Catalanian plain, sheer into the blue, is no longer a great monastic institution, but

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in these latter days is merely a school of ecclesiastical music under the direction of only a score of monks. Furthermore, its buildings are for the most part modern. We should like to have seen the wooden figure of the Virgin, blackened by incense and age, that so compelled the allegiance of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, that he abandoned his career as a warrior, hung his weapons beneath the sacred image, and, henceforth, devoted his life to the service of the Church, an effigy held in such veneration that, to this day, it attracts the presence and adoration of scores of thousands of pilgrims every year.

It is to the skilful and sanctified hands of St. Luke the Apostle that the world is indebted for this holy relic for, according to legend, it was he who fashioned it. But it is to St. Peter that Montserrat is debtor, for he it was who carried the image to Spain on one of his missionary journeys. Hidden in a grotto in the mountainside, when the invasion of the Moor brought Islam to Spain, this miraculous image of the Virgin was rediscovered in 880 by shepherds, who came upon it quite by accident, on the very spot on which a sanctuary now stands. The shepherds attempted to bear it away to a town nearby, but the figure refused to move beyond a certain point in the road and there, in honor of this miracle, the monastery was built by pious and believing monks, and has grown with the centuries until, to-day, the group of imposing buildings contains five thousand rooms for the accommodation of visitors. In summer, these buildings are largely given over to the accommodation of the poor of Barcelona, and a visit there gives abundant evidence that La Santa Imagen works miracles of health on the impoverished, who come for rejuvenation to her mountain sanctuary.

The Catalans are a progressive, commercial people, and their greatest port is the most cosmopolitan city in Spain.

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Its broad, tree-planted boulevards, and its wide, residential streets, fringed by handsome buildings and animated with a multitudinous life, have much the appearance of Paris. To Madrid, it has few points of resemblance. It lacks the conscious air of the capital city. It seems less new and set. Where Madrid has deliberately planned its greatness by artificial means, and has every aspect of having been built to order, Barcelona is free from pretense and appears to have evolved without conscious effort. Like good wine, it needs no bush, for is it not the greatest metropolis of Spain and the nation's chief commercial city? The enterprising board of trade "make broad their phylacteries" and claim a population of more than a million people, an estimate that may be subject to some rectification on the part of the meticulous. But that, of course, does not matter. It is sufficient that Barcelona is an ample city, with a great population and a maritime and industrial fabric that sets it apart from all the cities of the peninsula. Its harbor is filled with shipping; its docks are hives of activity; and in its outskirts there rises a rampart of warehouses, machine shops, flour, cotton and textile mills, dyeworks, chemical factories, and the like. But these habiliments of modern industry, quite absent from the other cities of Spain, are never obtrusive here. The city is built on generous lines; the factories are far removed from the haunts of the average citizen, and there is no sense of oppressiveness.

Barcelona spreads itself on an ascending plain, cupped within encircling hills upon the sides of which the houses of the growing city clamber. On one hand is the harbor, lively with shipping, through which passes a quarter of Spain's foreign commerce; on another, rising abruptly from the sea, stands the Montjuich, an isolated ridge from whose summit the Mediterranean spreads into a wide panorama of azure, and the far-off peaks of the Pyrenees are like lazy

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clouds on the horizon. A fortress occupies the eastern end, but that, happily, has not interfered with the conversion of the rest of the hill, graced by wooded slopes, into a park. It is an exquisitely beautiful pleasure ground, created for the exposition that is to be held there in 1927. This park is no commonplace affair with lawns bespattered with trees and conventional flower beds, but instead, its precipitous slopes are covered with a luxuriance of richly foliated shrubs, guarded by cedars and yews, and graced with balustrades and pergolas that are embellished by potted plants, so that it has much of the aspect of a terrace in the Italian lake country. These pergolas, which, because of their contour and setting, might be of great age and grace a private garden, are covered with climbing vines, while ivy and other plants sprawl over the parapets. Viewed from the pergolas the city stretches out to the hills that encircle it, beating against them as the waves of the sea wash upon the shore. Back of the city rises Tibidabo, a greater hill than Montjuich by far, rearing its head almost two thousand feet above the sea. It is an easy journey to its heights, first by tram and then, to the summit by cable railway, but the view is so magnificent in composition and in extent that it repays even an exhausting expedition on foot. Far below, over the villas set snugly in their terraced gardens, and over groves of figs and pomegranates that cluster on the hill slopes, is the gridiron of the city, and stretching away from it are scores of villages sprinkled over the coastal plain. Beyond the gigantic checkerboard of streets and houses, lies the harbor with its forest of masts, which seem but slender lines from this eerie retreat, and in the distance, on the shimmering waters of the Mediterranean, are tiny specks like creeping snails, moving more slowly than the eye can detect—in reality noble vessels forging valiantly through the sea. The broad, blue, liquid highroad of the nations

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seems illimitable. On clear days, the mountain spires of the Balearic Islands, imprisoned in the waters, are faintly visible. To the north are glimpses of the distant Pyrenees, and westward, the needles of Montserrat pierce the sky.

The history of Barcelona is written on her map. A glance at it will show the circumscribed boundaries of the ancient city in the present majestic, tree-shaded boulevards that replace the ancient walls. Within these boundaries are a tangle of wandering streets, unlike the broad, uniform thoroughfares that intersect the newer city that surrounds them. Through the heart of old Barcelona, the Rambla makes its way, cutting the city in twain from the harbor side to the Cataluña Plaza, three-quarters of a mile distant. With its spacious central promenade and its rows of plane trees, it resembles the boulevards of Paris and, here and there, like them, it changes its name as it proceeds on its way. And, like them too, it is lined with shops and is crowded with traffic, awheel and afoot. The greatest point of dissimilarity with Paris, in fact, is in the policemen. Instead of the simple blue worn by the Parisian constabulary, the policemen of Barcelona are gorgeously arrayed in badly fitted, red-coated uniforms with military caps, and in green-coated uniforms with helmets, supplemented by pistols and swords. The broad central promenade is more than a haven for pedestrians. In the morning, a section of it sometimes known as the Rambla de las Flores, is given over to a flower market, and in those hours it is ablaze with color, flaunting blossoms of every shade and hue. Then, presto!—this chameleon thoroughfare becomes the Rambla de Estudios, where a lively bird market vies with the flower sellers adjoining for the trade of the pedestrian. A multitude of tiny cages, imprisoning gaily feathered songsters, are set one upon another and rise in towering ranks for the inspection of the buyers, of which there seem to be no end. For the leisurely

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moving pedestrians, these great community houses of birds flitting about their cages offer a delectable diversion, as is proved every day by the omnipresent groups of interested spectators.

The Rambla, as effective as it is in size and in restlessly moving throngs, is by no means the only shopping street of importance. Branching from its lower reaches, diverge narrow arteries like the Calle de Fernando Septimo and the Calle de Escudillers which, though quite lacking in magnificence, are lively business streets, and on them are situated some of the most fashionable shops of the metropolis. As in the other cities of Spain, the huge retail emporiums that are so common in other countries seem absent here, the Spaniard evidently preferring to deal in the unpretentious shops of specialists, as in the medieval days of golden memory. In this old heart of the modern metropolis there is little semblance of outward magnificence; there are few buildings that flaunt their unseasoned grandeur. Only in the newer districts, where the well-to-do have their homes, is there any pretense of modernity and wealth.

At the bottom of the Rambla, where its throbbing pavements join the Paseo de Colon, or "Columbus Promenade," the equally busy thoroughfare that fronts the harbor, rises the lofty Columbus monument that soars two hundred feet into the air. Surmounting the towering column rests a gilded sphere, upon which there stands a colossal statue of the great discoverer, facing the golden west and pointing with outstretched arm toward the land that brought such a successful realization of his dreams.

It was in Barcelona that the intrepid and triumphant navigator was received by his royal sponsors on his return from the momentous voyage in 1493. He had made the long journey overland from Palos near the Portuguese frontier, where he had landed, acclaimed along the way by

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great throngs which once had tapped their foreheads in derision. At the gates of Barcelona he was received by the nobility of the realm and conducted to the presence of his waiting sovereigns. In his *entourage* were his Indian companions, bewildered by the strange glories of civilization, and borne by his porters were the skins of unnamed animals, the gorgeous plumage of tropical birds, the handicraft of an unknown people, and precious metals and minerals, eloquent proofs indeed of the unexplored lands of the Indies. The city was in gala array to do honor to the discoverer, and his royal hosts, with a multitude of dignitaries, were there to pay him homage. Ferdinand and Isabella received him in the open plaza, under a gold-embroidered canopy and, in signal honor, rose to greet the man who by his learning, vision, and courage had extended their empire to bounds beyond their fondest dreams. Columbus was invested with the title of Lord High Admiral of the Indies and of all lands that he might discover in the future; he was permitted to select his own coat-of-arms, and the King rode beside him in the street as a token of rare favor. In material things, the services to the empire of the greatly honored guest were no less signally recognized, for the "Catholic Kings" caused a new contract to be drawn up and ratified, confirming the conditional Letter of Privilege given at Granada before his departure for the New World, and granting rights far in excess of those embodied in that agreement. This covenant, famous as the Barcelona Contract, has only recently come to light after having disappeared for two centuries, and even now is almost unknown. It is here given as it came from the hands of his royal patrons:

"Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, by the grace of God, King and Queen of Castile, Leon, Aragon, Sicily, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Mallorcas, Seville, Sardinia, Cordova, Cor-

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sica, Murcia, Jaen, etc., . . . in order to reward and benefit you, Christopher Columbus, honoring the great service that you did and do us each day in the discovery and conquest of the West Indies, heretofore unknown to us, do herewith graciously and gladly give you now and henceforth forever, for you and your descendants, the title of Lord High Admiral of the Indies and of lands conquered and discovered or that you may conquer and discover in the future, with the same conditions and prerogatives that Don Alonzo Enrique holds in Castile, and there shall be paid you the rights of said Admiralty and more, the eighth part of whatever said Indies may yield, that you yourself and yours may be the ones to inherit in your house the titles of Viceroy and Commander-General of the before-mentioned Indies;—also, you paying one-eighth of the cost, there shall be given you an eighth part of the profits of the discovery expeditions as well as the eighth part specified by us in our Carta de Privilegios given in the Vega of Granada last year and by other seals and royal letters patent, all of which we herewith confirm and make valid in this document . . . given, written, and sealed in the noble city of Barcelona on the eighteenth day of the month of April, in the year of the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, one thousand four hundred and ninety-three.

“And I the King Fernando. And I the Queen Isabel.”

The wealth that would have come to Columbus and his descendants had the terms of this contract, awarding him one-eighth of all the spoils of the Americas, been fulfilled staggers all imagination. That Columbus was treated shamefully and, impoverished and completely disillusioned, died broken in spirit, is to the eternal disgrace of the wily Ferdinand, who could make a contract, but who could not keep it.

The fourth centenary of the New World's discovery inspired the belated erection of many monuments to the illustrious Genoese, but no city has outwardly more strikingly enthroned the memory of his genius than Barcelona, for, whether you come to it by land or by sea, the heroic figure

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surmounting the golden sphere lifted high above the city, stands forth like a guiding beacon. Only once have the Barcelonians appeared to regret their action. At the end of the Spanish-American war, when Spain suffered defeat at the hands of her ungrateful progeny and was stripped of the last fragment of her once mighty empire in the New World, the indignant populace gathered a variety of unsavory missiles and, in blind fury, pelted the unoffending image of the navigator for having discovered a land that in base ingratitude brought the anguish of defeat to its patron country!

There are many historic structures in Barcelona, churches, public buildings of state, and a lordly cathedral, but they never seem a part of this thriving, bustling, commercial city which, because of its overwhelming size and busy air, dwarfs them into relative insignificance. Inevitably tainted, as you are, by the rampant commercialism of the metropolis, you go and view them in a spirit of compulsion, as though you were looking at something artificial, at something born out of due time. Let the decaying towns—Salamanca, Toledo, Granada—glory in their venerable temples and crumbling treasures of art and architecture! What else have they to offer? Have they trade, population, and commercial significance? Clearly, in the instance of Barcelona, her relics of antiquity are mere incidentals, tucked away obscurely in a corner of the widely spread city. Her main interest is commerce, industry, and pleasure, and when you are her guest you sense this spirit, so that you, too, have heart for little else. You are content to ascend her lofty hills, stroll on her boulevards, attend her bull fights, which are held in two immense arenas, and enter into the life of her restaurants and cafés. Of Barcelona's churches, none is more historically engaging than the former chapel of the royal palace, now the Provincial Museum, where Columbus at-

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tended service with his royal hosts, and where his Indian charges received the baptism of the Church. In its immediate vicinity is the somber cathedral, standing on ground once occupied by a Roman temple and, in later centuries, a Mohammedan mosque. The exterior is so closely hemmed in by the adjoining buildings that it is not altogether satisfy-



ing, but the interior is one of the most majestic in Spain. Compared to the great cathedrals of Europe this Gothic edifice, dating from the thirteenth century, is really not of great proportions, but the lighting is so restrained and so subtly distributed that an illusion of far greater immensity has been created. The church is dark, more somber perhaps than any other in Spain, but that serves only to increase the magnificence and mystery of the soaring arches of the nave, the stately clustered columns that rise through the shadows, and the dimly lighted chapels, and accentuates the

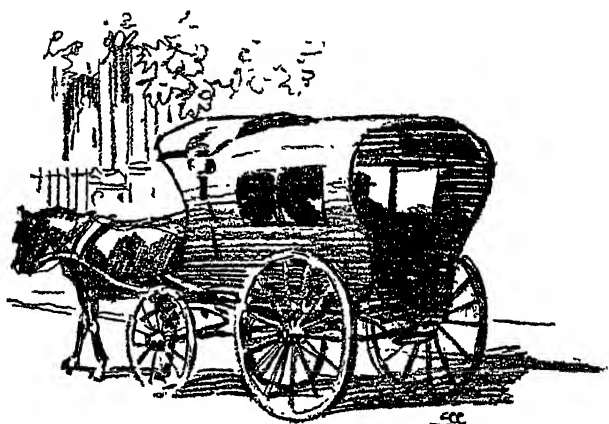
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more the shafts of light which the incomparable stained glass windows of the fifteenth century transmute into glowing spectra of living color. The cloisters, too, are worthy of all commendation, because of their fine proportions and mellow dignity, and because of the row of chapels that flanks their side. Enclosed within this superb Gothic arcade is a moss-grown garden of palms and medlars, oranges, and oleanders, deep with foliage, and on one side, a pool fed by a fountain of falling water, whose musical cadences sound refreshingly through the quadrangle. At the risk of disturbing the sanctity of the holy precincts, a flock of geese is here maintained, as a part of the chapter's household. The tale is told of a siege of the city, when all the defenders slept save a flock of vagrant geese, which, by their timely hissing, revealed the stealthy advance of the nocturnal enemy, and so, saved the city. Whether this flock of snow-white fowl is kept in its churchly environment as a tribute to those sagacious birds of history, or because geese, until recent times, were employed in the practice of augury, we did not know, but we voted that the contrast in color and the animation about the pool that they brought to the utter solemnity of the *patio* was a decided contribution to the picturesqueness of the cloisters.

Our farewell to Barcelona was made from the bull ring. Under a sun of tropical brilliance, twelve thousand people crowded the arena and with intense enthusiasm cheered the skill of the *toreros*. The amphitheater was a riot of color. There were no embroidered shawls and few, if any, *mantillas*, but we faced the seats on the sunny side of the ring, and the bright summer dresses of the women, with their waving fans, and the vivid blue of the workingmen's smocks, were woven into a fabric of dazzling brightness. We had witnessed the dispatch of four bulls, which had fought with

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a stupid but unwavering courage, with the odds all against them, while the crowd, always alert for the acts of skill of the *toreros*, had applauded every display of daring. Two more animals were to try their strength against their intrepid foes, but their fate would be merely a repetition of those that had gone before, and we thought the encounters we had just witnessed furnished a sufficiently fitting climax to our visit, and made our exit to catch the train that was to bear us to other and less sanguinary scenes.



XVIII. VALENCIA THE MOORISH PARADISE

WE came to Valencia along the coast by overnight train from Barcelona, a long side excursion, made necessary in order to avoid the tedium of the local trains direct from Granada. As we embarked on the evening express, I asked my artist companion what, in his mind, would distinguish Valencia from among the various Spanish cities. "Havelock Ellis says," he replied, "that Valencia is the home of beautiful women." That alone seemed a logical reason for making a pilgrimage there, and I at once dismissed from my mind any further speculation. In the



morning, as our train drew into the depot and we prepared to alight, there, standing on the platform directly below us, scanning the train for the familiar face of a friend, stood the most beautiful woman we had seen in the whole of Spain—surely a fitting introduction to the city which the ancient saying describes as, "a piece of heaven upon earth."

It was a gay and pleasant place that we found in Valencia, measuring up, perhaps, more than any other city of Spain,

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to what we had always expected a Spanish city to be. Some writers profess to see in it a town of markedly oriental aspect, a heritage from its days of Moorish supremacy. It has many narrow, irregular streets, to be sure, and rows of gleaming, white buildings which hem them in, but such semblances of Arab influence are more than offset by the wide boulevard that encircles the city, replacing the ancient walls; the ample homes of the prosperous Valencians; the *alameda*, with its waving palms and protecting plane-trees; and the street cafés, where the leisurely folk sit in the open, gossip over an *apéritif* and dream away the hours. The city has no magnificence of situation—the blue Mediterranean is more than two miles away and the view of the distant mountains is not in any way striking—and, too, its treasures from the past are not particularly noteworthy, but it is possessed of a certain restrained beauty, an air of gracious charm, which make a visit to it almost an imperative part of a trip through Spain. In certain outward aspects, and especially, in the somewhat elusive quality of its life, its nearest counterpart, perhaps, is Malaga, but Valencia has infinitely greater beauty and charm, and architectural interest as well. Its prosperous air, its leisured inhabitants, and the activity of its principal streets, are quite reminiscent of Seville, by which you will know that it is an aristocrat among its fellows.

This quality of leisure is far from being a figure of speech. The midday suspension of business, common to all Spanish communities, is a custom intrenched more strongly here, perhaps, than elsewhere, and in the late afternoon, the people stroll in the streets, while the sidewalk cafés are crowded with idlers. After the lunch hour we sought out a bank, wherein to cash a check, but found its doors most inhospitably closed, and learned that at one o'clock the banks close for the day! At the hotel, we fell in with a Spanish business man whose headquarters were in Paris.

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He proved to be the agent for some English and American wares, and he was engaged in making a tour of the Spanish merchants who handled his products. We told him of our discovery, and expressed our opinion of the Spaniards' unwarranted lack of energy in the prosecution of their commercial affairs, but he laughed at our protests and decried our Anglo-Saxon energy.

"Look you," he said, "I arrived here Saturday morning, called on my agent and later returned to lunch with him. Not once was business discussed, even though we might have settled our affairs in ten minutes' time. I must wait here over the week-end and have further parleys with him. I am to have coffee with him after lunch to-day," (it was then Monday noon) "and perhaps in a day or two we shall get down to the discussion of the business in hand!"

"But isn't this a great waste of time, and a serious impediment to the transaction of business in Spain?" we demanded.

"Yes," he replied, "but what can you do? You call on your customer and exchange compliments. He inquires how long you are to be in town. With a seeming disdain of time, you tell him, a week, whereupon he asks you to come and see him again in four or five days. He would refuse to deal with you at once, as is done in England and America, even though he is under not the slightest pressure of other things. It is his way of doing business and he will not accept yours."

For many centuries the kingdom of Valencia has been regarded as much favored of heaven, for its productive soil has always stood as the very symbol of fertility. To the Arabs, the city was known as *Medinat-al*, the "City of Fertility," and *Medina-bû-tarab*, the "City of Joy." Except for five bitter years, the Moors possessed it during the space of five centuries, and regarded it as an earthly paradise.

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During a brief interval in their long tenure, a sort of interregnum, the city was taken and governed by that valiant but boastful warrior, the Cid, who, after his triumphal entry, wrote in vainglorious phrases to his wife Ximena: "Behold the glorious country! See what a garden is here! enjoy thou its beauties; revel in its delights; for I, the Cid, Rodrigo Diaz, have made myself its mighty Lord and Ruler." And the defeated sultan, mounting the watch tower of the city, wept over the fate of so fair a kingdom in the hands of the barbarians. But the tenure of the Cid was of short duration for, within five years' time, the Arabs were encompassing the city and its ruler lay dying. And, when he had passed, and his stout-hearted wife had tried in vain to defend the city against the Saracen hosts encamped against it, according to ballad and legend, she took the lifeless body of her husband, arrayed it in regal attire, seated it upright on his famous war horse Babieca, and with it and the treasure of the city, rode unhindered through the ranks of the astonished and terrified Arab army.

To the district round about, the smiling country of the old kingdom, now the province, of Valencia, is the town indebted for a part, at least, of its fame as an earthly paradise. Though rain seldom falls, the land enjoys a rare fertility. The rivers and streams descending from the mountains are diverted into reservoirs and canals, and are made to water the thirsty plain at will. Immense stretches of grain, interspersed by groves of orange, almond, apricot and other fruits, cover the exuberant *huerta*, and the skilled growers, rotating the crops, enjoy a great variety of produce. The climate is marvelously mild; only twice in the nineteenth century did snow fall, and the weather aids, in valiant fashion, the work of the husbandmen. To the Arabs are the modern tillers of the soil indebted, for their scheme of irrigation. Master cultivators, nowhere were the Moors

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more thoroughly wedded to the soil, and intrenched in civilization, than here. When Jaime I of Aragon made his permanent conquest of the kingdom of Valencia in 1238, the inhabitants consisted chiefly of full-blooded Arabs, and a mixed population, commonly known as Mozarabs, who were Christian in religion, but who had so thoroughly assimilated the Moorish language and customs that it was necessary for the Bible to be translated into Arabic for their use. As late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, a large Moorish population remained, but this remnant, numbering two hundred thousand, who nominally professed Christianity and were known as Moriscos, suffered expulsion in 1609.

Of those distant Moorish days, few customs remain in the modern city, but an interesting one persists and is connected with the soil. Every Thursday morning, in front of the "Gateway of the Apostles" in the Plaza de la Constitución, there assembles the "Tribunal of the Waters," an elected body of farmers and peasants, which has in its charge the irrigation of the extensive *huerta* of Valencia, that exuberant paradise surrounding the city. It is the most democratic of assemblies, for the proceedings are verbal and are without expense to the litigants. Its decisions are equally autocratic, for against them there is no appeal. When the cases have been argued in the public square, the tribunal conducts its deliberation in open session, and immediately renders its decision. The complainants and the accused are thus satisfied that their case has been considered with fairness. The guilty receive no water for their fields, until they have made restitution to the court through the overseers. The proceedings were held by the Moors on Thursday, because that was their old-time market day, and the day has remained unchanged through the centuries. And notwithstanding the sweeping political changes that have taken place in Spain during these countless generations, this court has

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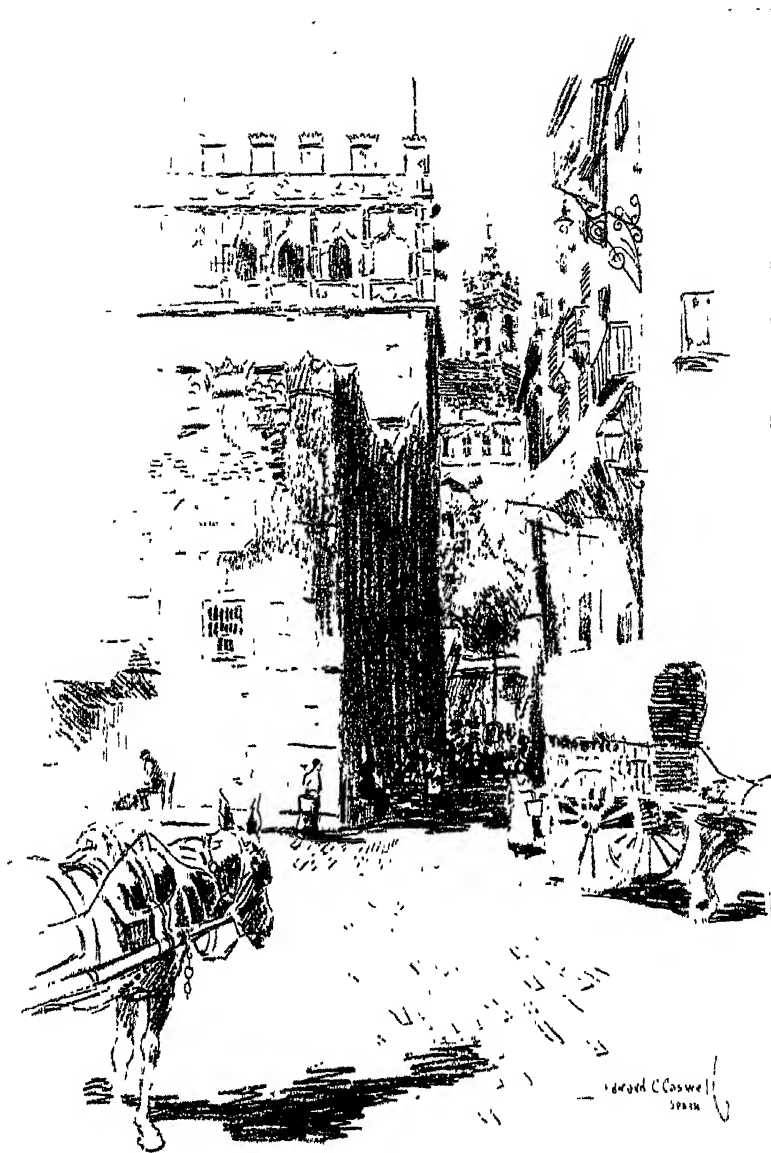
retained its democratic simplicity. In this primitive assembly, however, there is much that is indicative of the traditions of the people, for Spain is the most socially democratic country in the world. What aristocracy of social life can there be in a land in which every man, regardless of his station, from the mere fact of his being a Spaniard, considers himself a peer among all men?



The most famous landmark in Valencia is the Gothic cathedral, conspicuous by the huge but symmetrical bell-tower that graces it. Founded in 1262, and completed a century and a half later, it stands on the site of an ancient mosque, and is notable for its beautiful rose windows and its splendid octagonal lantern. Connected with it by a flying stone bridge which spans the street, is the Chapel of Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados, a curious oval struc-

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ture, Byzantine in interior aspect, and entered from the street by doorways on opposite sides. Over the high altar, which confronts the worshipper at short range, for the almost circular edifice is small, stands a much revered *Sagrada Imagen*, a carved statue of the Virgin, dating from 1410, and a picture of the Virgin distributing gifts to the *desamparados*, or "foundlings," of a brotherhood. The doors give directly into the chapel and, entering, you almost stumble on the devout, kneeling in prayer on the marble floor. Here, at any time of the day, you will find groups of worshippers, who might almost be praying in public, because the chapel, in contrast to the usual place of worship, is well lighted and affords no privacy whatever, and coming from the much frequented square outside, you are projected into the very midst of those within. The entrance of visitors, obviously foreign, rivets the notice of the ever curious folk who are assembled at prayer, and they give scant attention to their orisons, so long as there are strangers to arouse their interest. Throughout Spain, at any hour of the day, you will find in the churches and cathedrals, groups of men and women on their knees at their devotions. They are constantly coming and going, sometimes spending only a few minutes before the shrine of the day's devotion. The women, of course, are in the great majority, and since many of them are of the poorer classes and go without hats, they are careful to cover their heads with their handkerchiefs before entering the sanctuary, obeying Paul's injunction "that every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head." In one cathedral, a group of women, having among them a young girl who had failed to respect the rule of the church concerning this practice, were quickly intercepted as they crossed the floor, by a keen-eyed sacristan who demanded of the offender that she immediately provide her head with covering. A handkerchief was quickly pro-



Looking toward the marketplace in Valencia past a corner of the Lonja de la Seda.

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duced and they were allowed to proceed on their way. Such groups of men and women, constantly on their knees before the shrines and images of the Spanish churches, furnish illuminating proof of the deeply religious character of the people.

The portly Miguelete, or "bell tower," of the cathedral, is as typical a landmark of Valencia as is the Moorish Giralda of Seville or the Roman Aqueduct of Segovia. You ascend it by a winding staircase of stone, emerging at the top, high above your surroundings. Your nearest neighbor is the historic bell, called the Miguelete, the strokes of which are made by a hammer from the outside, and not by a clapper. As with the bell in the Alhambra's watch tower at Granada, the strokes of the Miguelete regulate the opening and shutting of the irrigation channels in the cultivated plain about Valencia. The view from this elevated platform is a striking one. The tilled and watered acres of the vast Valencian *huerta* roll away to the distant mountains. Below are the flat roof tops of the gleaming white city, many of them surmounted by pigeon lofts, as irregular as those of an Eastern metropolis. These are punctuated, here and there, by the steeples, towers, and tiled domes of the churches, and of the cathedral itself directly beneath. The crenelated towers of the two venerable gates of the city, with their watchman's galleries and Gothic tracery, situated on opposite sides of the town, are as fine as any you will see in Spain. They are the final remnants of the walls that encircled Valencia, until, a generation or two ago, its citizens decided for modern convenience as against medieval atmosphere, and razed the obsolete fortifications to the ground, converting the broad foundations into wide boulevards. The Plaza de Toros, one of the largest, if not the very largest, bull rings in Spain, having a seating capacity of seventeen thousand spectators, lies, an empty bowl of gigantic proportions, over beyond

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the railway station at the edge of the city. The River Turia flows by the city and, from where you stand, it is close at hand, but candor forces the admission that most of the time it is really not a river, but only a broad and shallow bed, wherein the garrison is in the habit of drilling.

As befits a city of Valencia's size and importance, being the third city in Spain, there is an air of metropolitan activity about the business streets, and the well-appointed shops display a wide variety of goods. Great retail establishments are absent here, the needs of the inhabitants being supplied, in typical fashion, by the shops of specialists. To delight the feminine heart, there are tiny emporiums purveying the gorgeous embroidered shawls and *mantillas* of yesterday, donned but seldom now, except during *fiestas*, while the windows of other establishments are filled with fans of every shade and texture, from inexpensive paper with highly colored pictures, to costly silk, decorated by hand. The one article of traditional Spanish dress that is still in common use, is the fan, and nowhere is there exhibited so great a display as in Valencia. The fan is the constant companion of womankind in Spain. Possessing a wardrobe of them, she suits them to the occasion, and is never without one in her hand. Women of high and low degree ply the fan as they stroll through the streets or sit, waiting for customers, in the market place. It is always wielded with infinite grace, whether used to bring relief from the heat or merely to adorn the wearer. The shop windows of the Spanish towns are curiously uninteresting, more so, almost, than those of any country in Europe. The reason, of course, is that Spain is essentially an agricultural nation, and is deficient in native handicraft and manufacture, relying on import for practically everything used in dress and furnishing. Only the fan shops, of which there are legion, and the lace and shawl dealers, of which there seem to be rela-

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tively few, savor sufficiently of local handicraft or are sufficiently characteristic of the country to be worthy of notice.

From the principal shopping streets a maze of narrow and irregular lanes leads to the market place. It is worth visiting, for it savors more of medieval atmosphere than almost any other in Spain. The architectural brilliance that characterizes its outlines is largely due to two or three venerable buildings of striking beauty which adorn its sides, and make of its long and narrow contour one of the most picturesque *plazas* in the city. Here tournaments and festivals were once held, and in it, executions took place, as an example, no doubt, to the populace. Here too, it is recorded, the Cid, whose residence, the Moorish *alcazar*, overlooked the square, burned at the stake Ahmed Ibn Jihâf, for his refusal to reveal the hiding place of King Yahyâ's treasure. The building that gives the Plaza del Mercado its principal distinction is the Lonja de la Seda, or "Silk Exchange," which stands on the spot occupied by the ancient *alcazar*. It is an exquisite Gothic structure, erected in 1482, and in its delicate brilliance is like the beautifully wrought casket of a rare and costly jewel. Its sheer elegance of outline and its extreme delicacy make it stand out in my mind as one of the very finest of the architectural treasures of Spain. I would rather own this gem of the fifteenth century, I think; than any other Gothic building in Spain. Perhaps the fact that it is still in daily use, as the exchange of the city, and thus enjoys the advantage of being seen as a living thing, is what gives it special significance. Encircling the upper portion of the interior walls, in imperishable letters of bronze, runs a Latin inscription which proclaims the laudable dictum that the merchant who cheats not and refrains from usury will surely inherit eternal life, a new handwriting on the wall, so clearly written that it could not escape the attention of the most myopic trader.

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On the opposite side of the market is Los Santos Juanes, a baroque church of the fourteenth century, which is devoid of special architectural distinction but which, with its flaunting façade, brings to the *plaza* still more of the atmosphere of bygone days.

In the morning hours of the market, this narrow, longitudinal *plaza* brims over with animated traders. Along the footways and in the open street, the market folk erect their temporary stalls and stretch their awnings overhead for protection from the sun. Girdling the square, the stands of the merchants stretch in continuous ranks, awning meeting awning, so that the pulsating throngs walk under an arcade, as it were, and bargain for their needs in comfort. Only the center of the *plaza* is open, and there is just room for the jostling crowds to pass. In this market an infinite variety of goods is displayed, ranging from cauliflower to crockery. Everything is sold on the cash-and-carry plan, and there are few profits from producer to purchaser, a condition which serves to keep down the cost of living. The scene along this slender and animated *plaza*, flanked by houses and public buildings of hoary age, which glow with ancient splendor, might be one of earlier times, but for the modern garb of the market folk. Here and there, sauntering among the booths or waiting on customers, are seen occasional men and women dressed in the costume of their ancestors, but the vast majority of the people are arrayed in the fashion, though not the latest, of the twentieth century.

In the church of Corpus Christi, attached to the Colegio del Patriarca, is held, every Friday morning throughout the year, the impressive service of the *Miserere*. To the Colegio women are admitted not at all, but to the chapel they may come if they do not wear hats. The chapel is in deep shadow to-day, for the dome, through which the

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only daylight enters, is shrouded. Ribalta's "Last Supper" hangs beside the high altar. High mass has just been sung to old and haunting music, and now, before the altar, kneels the assembly that is to take its silent part in the strange and dramatic ceremony that follows. The women are dressed in black, and on their heads they wear only *mantillas*. Every knee is bent as, from the choir, with infinite pathos, come the plaintive notes of the *Miserere*. Ribalta's masterpiece slowly descends and disappears from view, and where it had hung a purple veil appears. Then, as if by an unearthly hand, this veil is drawn aside, revealing one of lighter hue; next, a curtain of gray is seen, and that, in turn, gives way to one of black. Not a rustle invades the silence. Suddenly, the black curtain is torn asunder, as the veil of the Temple that was rent in twain, and on an incense-blackened crucifix there bursts into view the figure of the dying Savior. The music stops; a murmur runs through the worshippers, breaking the vibrant hush, and the people, silenced by this moving spectacle, pass into the sunlit streets.

That night we left Valencia *en route* for Paris and home. As we sped along the coast, on our way up through Barcelona to the frontier, our trip through Spain unrolled before me in a long series of moving pictures. I realized that, coming into Spain through the north, as we did, the country seemed to us to have put its best foot forward. The climax in medieval color and primitive life had come first and the second portion of our journey, save for the few striking monuments of the past found in the more traveled south, had not held the exotic interest that we had expected, although it is only fair to say that the keen edge of our expectancy by that time may have been dulled. But in any case there are few disappointments to be found. At its best Spain gives something infinitely worth having, and something that it alone is capable of giving, a severe beauty, a rugged gran-

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deur, a noble austerity that cannot be surpassed. It has no littleness, nothing of the rococo—delightful in its place but difficult to live with—; but it has in their stead that continual restraint that is inseparable from dignity, and that fine repose that is compatible only with the consciousness of tradition. And the primitive aspects of its urban and rural life are a constant stimulus to the fancy.

Forty-eight hours later we were in Paris and here we parted, the artist going to Switzerland and I to London. I had expected that the fog and smoke of that dingy and ever charming city would obscure the white walls of Castile and the red glamour of Granada, but I found that they were with me always. I knew then that Spain had passed from the day of militant conquest to that of conquest by means of a power and an atmosphere that it had taken long centuries to bring to full maturity. The Armada has passed into history; the Inquisition is a memory; Spanish fleets and Spanish colonies are to be found to-day chiefly within the pages of dusty books, but they have all made their contribution, all have left their mark. And that contribution is indestructible, that mark ineffaceable. Spain is a magic land where yesterday and to-day meet and mingle in harmony, defying time. It was so I found it, and it will be so that I shall find it when I return.

THE END .

